Scribner's

Volume C, Number 5 MAGAZINE November, 1936

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Cover Photograph by HENRY WAXMAN

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

The Gentleman on the Cover

A month ago the editors decided on a color photograph for the cover of the November issue. The subject should be something relating to the season, perhaps to the harvest. A farmer might be a possibility, but he had to be authentic, and where to find an authentic farmer in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street was a problem.

Then one day the editor-publisher and a friend were riding in the elevator of a midtown office building . . . and there in the car stood just the man they were looking for . . . about sixty-five years old . . . an interesting face with character to spare. Probably a Middle-Westerner who had come to New York in boom times, and stayed on. He was carrying a package.

The man with the package was asked: How would he like to have his picture on SCRIBNER'S cover? Rather taken aback, he nevertheless said he would if it didn't take too much time from his job . . . he was a messenger for a printing house. So time off was secured from his employers, and Edward Anderson was photographed in color.

People have told us that he is a fine farmer type. Mr. Anderson indeed looks the part. His face has character, latent strength, and dignity. As a matter of fact, Mr. Anderson was born in New York City, has lived in New York all his life, and has never been more than twenty-five miles west of the Hudson.

He is now sixty-five years old. His father was Irish; his mother — still living — is Pennsylvania Dutch. Forty-seven years ago, when he was eighteen, he began working on the sloops which brought sand into New York City from outlying points on Staten and Long Islands. These 100-ton sloops would sail down the harbor, anchor over a sandbank at high tide, load up at low, float off again at high tide, and sail back to the growing giant of a city which used up all the sand it could get to build factories, tenements, Fifth Avenue chateaux, and those new office buildings ten stories high. But the old sand sloops were broken up years ago, says Mr. Anderson. Tugboats, lighters, barges, and scows now do the work.

For a time he had a business of his own, was an ornamental plasterer, but in recent years he has done whatever work came to hand. He took his present job to keep from doing nothing.

Mr. Anderson was born on New York's West Side in the section now known as Hell's Kitchen. When he was a boy the district was open country, green with grass and trees, and there was plenty of room between the houses on whose sites now stand dingy lofts, garages, tenements, and warehouses. He says Hell's Kitchen got its name because a rough-housing family by the name of Morrisey used to live in a tumble-down house on West Thirty-ninth between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues. The Morriseys used to rush the growler on Saturday nights with a vengeance, all of them willing — nay anxious — to fight. And, the section being largely Irish, there were plenty of takers. Some newspaperman referred to the Morriseys' house as Hell's Kitchen, and in no time at all, the whole neighborhood was so called. Today Hell's Kitchen may refer, loosely, to the West Side anywhere from Fourteenth to Fifty-seventh. (All Morrisseys filing libel suits against us will please form a line on the right.)

Mr. Anderson is a bachelor, lives in Elmhurst, Long Island, with a bachelor brother, James, two maiden sisters, Sarah and Mamie, both over seventy, and a mother who will be ninety-one on the thirteenth of November. Mr. Anderson is usually rather tired after a day's work and doesn't do much of an evening. He likes to argue politics, and reads a good deal. The family listens to the radio for a while and then goes to bed. The programs they like to hear best are Lowell Thomas, Amos n' Andy, and one which comes from a local station called "Grandma's Night," in which all the people on the program have to be over sixty years old . . . as are all the listening Andersons.

Problem Child

In the October issue it was said that there were still a few kinks to be ironed out of the new magazine. One of the kinks which refuses to be ironed out and which defies the ingenuity of the entire staff is the drawing at the top of this page, "Straws in the Wind." The title was a good one, but have you ever tried to draw straws in the wind and make them look like anything other than matches spilled on the floor? Also, how do you give composition, line, and character to *wind?*

One of our artists, after trying his hand at two or three dozen sketches, said he was on the edge of a nervous breakdown, and could we think of anything else? How would it be to have straw hats — Panamas, boaters, and leghorns — blowing in the wind? The idea seemed imaginative, but was regretfully declined. The artist finally compromised by developing the combination straw-and-leaf which you see above, and said we could like it or else . . .

Reception

The editors would be very strange people if they did not express their thanks for the many letters which have come to the editor's desk . . . nearly two hundred to date, commenting favorably on the new magazine. Quite a few readers offered criticism . . . as to this illustration and to that article, and to the "feel" of the magazine in general. Many of them were extremely helpful in giving us a reaction toward things tried for the first time.

In the production of a new format there was — and always will be — a good deal of experimentation. One or two of the illustration techniques were not as effective for SCRIBNER'S as others, and there is no test like seeing something in print. There have been one or two changes from last month; travel material has been moved up front, to follow "Straws in the Wind," and the book material has been placed further along in the magazine to allow more space for Mr. Chamberlain's article, "Scribner's Recommends," and "Book Notes." Incidentally, quite a few book recommendations have already found their way to the best-seller lists.

Many people ask how the new SCRIBNER'S is being received. Allowing for the interest which mere change is bound to

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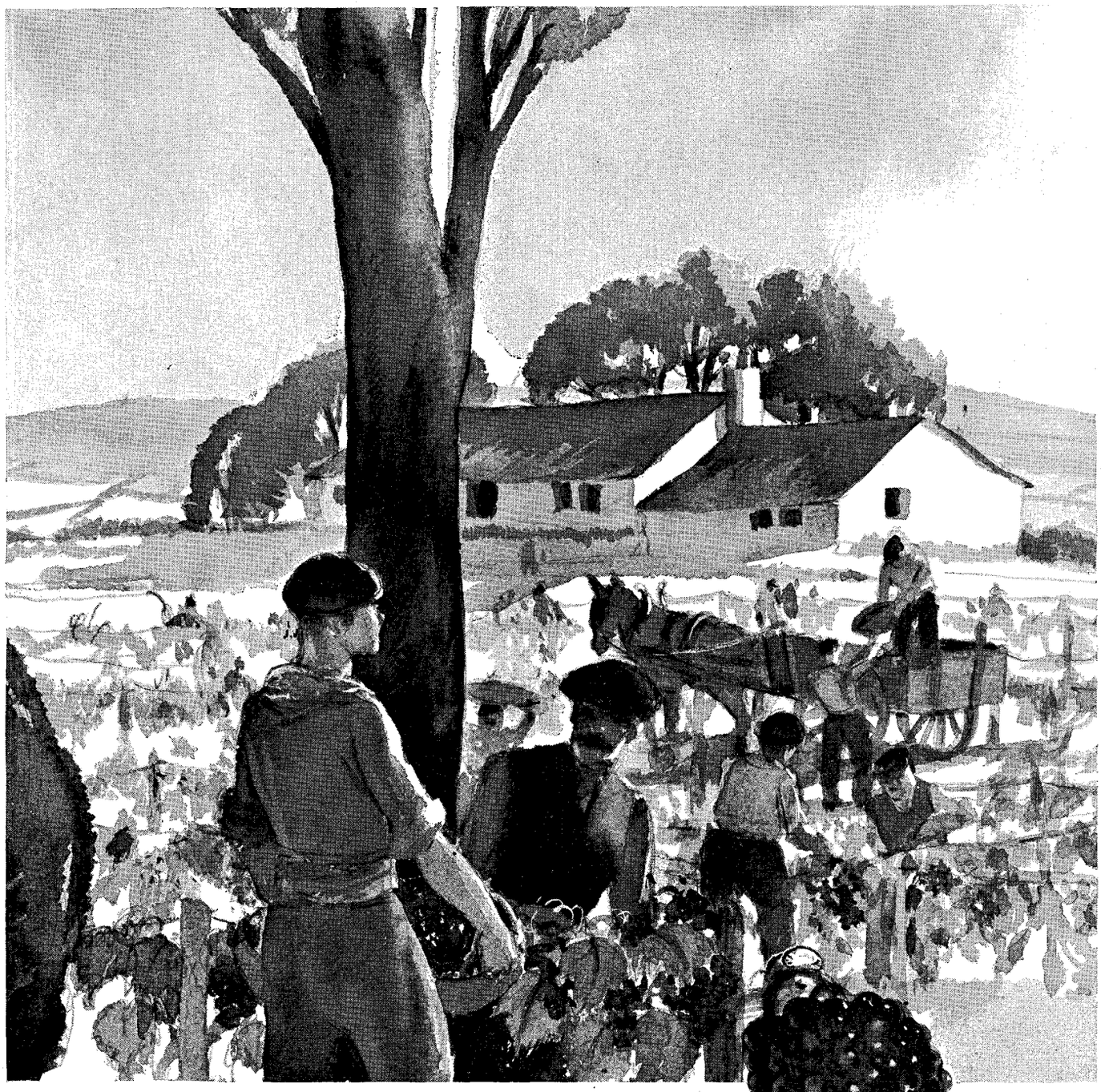

Thank the kindly climate of the Cognac region for the incomparable flavour and bouquet of Three-Star Hennessy. And thank steadfast ideals and tireless patience for the "clean" taste and age-old uniformity that make this delectable Cognac the world's preferred liqueur.

★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

★ FLAVOUR
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

84 PROOF

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encourage, the reception has been far better than the editors had any right to expect.

It is usually the custom when a new magazine comes out, or a drastic change is made, to publish ads in the newspapers expressing the regret of the management that the entire printing was "sold out," etcetera, etcetera. Scribner editors decided such practice was a waste of time and money, and vetoed the whole business. It takes two or three months at the very least to see how things are really going. Meanwhile the preliminary reports are more than good.

When the magazine had been out only two weeks, the newsstand sale had already tripled the best newsstand sale for any month in the past ten years. More reports will come. The editors have the notion that readers are as much interested in the business of publishing a magazine as they are, and intend to inform them of progress made, and problems met — or muffed — as the case may be.

Subscription Extension

In the rush, an announcement which should have been in the October issue was omitted, and by its omission many subscribers have wondered how the reduction in price affected their subscriptions. All subscriptions have been extended to the full value of the unexpired portion. If you subscribed originally for two years and have received only one year of your subscription, you will now receive two more years under the new price. Don't worry if the expiration date on your wrapper is not changed. This means that we have not changed your stencil but that you will receive the copies to which you are entitled.

Interlude

Recently a letter came into the office from a subscriber in Brighton, England, who wanted a good deal in the way of service. Would SCRIBNER'S help him, he wrote, to buy a pair of those "invisible braces" that he had seen advertised, he was sure, in SCRIBNER'S some time ago? Enclosed was a crisp new dollar bill. A diligent search of the magazine in recent years produced no such advertisement. Someone suggested that the dollar be retained, and an empty box be mailed back with a note to the effect that here were the "invisible" suspenders. However, this didn't seem cricket. The letter and dollar were turned over to a large department store, whose officials said they knew just what he wanted, and everyone went back to work.

Of Time and the Photographer

Maxwell Coplan, whose portraits of Earl Browder and Norman Thomas appear in this issue, is used to photographing people in a rush, but the current assignment came perilously close to failure, what with Mr. Browder and Mr. Thomas being so busy and Mr. Coplan having such an extensive battery of lights and equipment to move around. Finally Mr. Browder was cornered in his office for half an hour, and the result is the best picture of him we have yet seen. Mr. Thomas, between trains, managed to stop off in Mr. Coplan's studio, and in five minutes the job was done, Mr. Coplan having arranged things beforehand. Mr. Thomas then rushed off to a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria in such a hurry that he left his speech behind. So he talked, as he does extremely well, without notes. Mr. Coplan didn't find the speech until an hour or so later, and then it was too late to do anything. So he sat down and read it. Reading a political speech in an easy chair, instead of being pushed around in a crowded hall, has a good deal to recommend it, says Mr. Coplan.

At Nineteen He Blew Up

"I first saw the light of day when I was two years old and my family moved out from under the Second Avenue 'L.' We don't believe a word of it, but it's what Elick Moll (author of "Etude in Time Lost") says, so let it stand. He was born in New York, moved to Chicago when he was twelve, went to the University of Chicago, and studied music at the American Conservatory.

". . . At nineteen I blew up with one of those interior explosions vaguely designated as 'breakdowns.' Among other things I was found to be harboring a rare and progressive eye disease which seemed at the time to promise eventual blindness . . . my attempts to make an adjustment were more varied than interesting. One of the things I did was to form a dance orchestra. We played swing music then, though we didn't dignify it with an æsthetic philosophy. I was assistant manager of a movie theater for a while in Chicago, until I realized that I was doing nothing that couldn't be done just as well by an adding machine and a sign reading: Men's Room This Way.

"For the past few years I have earned my living by selling a credit-and-collection service to manufacturers. I am married and have a son six years old. . . . I am devoted in about equal parts to music, misery, the sonnets of Edna Millay, alcohol, Yiddish humor, lobster Cantonese style, and I would rather have written the chapter called 'Snow' in *The Magic Mountain* than have been the father of this country or any other."

Legend

Don Wharton carries out a pet theory that all the best editors worked in print shops in their youth; became subject to its hypnotism; and like good war horses, who have once sniffed the smoke of battle, have never thereafter been able to be happy away from the smell of print. In high school he got a job as printer's devil on a local newspaper. He melted metal for thirty-five cents an hour and wrote editorials free of charge. He went to Davidson College in North Carolina, became editor of two of the college publications and correspondent for the Associated Press. The early magic was having its way.

He graduated in 1927 and the next day went to work as reporter for the Greensboro (N.C.) *Daily News*. After a year of this he went off to Harvard to study history and government in the graduate school, but by 1929 he was back as reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune*. In 1930 he became an associate editor of the *Outlook & Independent*. In 1932 he became an associate editor of *The New Yorker* and was there till 1935. That year he became a staff writer for *Today*. His book, *The Roosevelt Omnibus,* is well known. He is now a regular member of SCRIBNER'S editorial staff.

Better Men in Government

There are some people whose main concern is to lend a hand wherever they think it is most needed. Robert Johnson, who wrote "Merit Marches On," is one of those. He is a trustee of the Boys' Club of New York, a trustee of the Norwalk Hospital (he lives in South Norwalk, Connecticut), a director of the National Better Business Bureau and of *Parents' Magazine,* a trustee of Taft School. In 1935, he served as Relief Administrator of the State of Pennsylvania. Now in addition to his regular job, he is devoting himself to the work of the National Civil Service Reform League of which he was elected president in June. He is vice-president and director of advertising of *Time,* Inc., of which he was one of the original executives.

Opinion Taker

An easy, unhurried air is born with some people, and they never lose it. George Gallup, while holding down three

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THE 22nd AMENDMENT

...an explanation of the League's machinery for making better government personnel fundamental in our law

IT IS quite possible that the next amendment to the Constitution will thread the roots of Civil Service into the fundamental law of the land.

The need for this is vital

As tax bills mount, it becomes increasingly urgent to wrest jobs away from vote-buyers and place them in the security of the merit system.

The opportunity is great

Realizing that there is little hope of acute shrinkage in government spending for some time to come, the public is clamoring for strict economies, wiser expenditures, relief from taxes. In a recent nation-wide survey, the Institute of Public Opinion unveiled the fact that 88% of the people are in favor of the merit system.

• • •

Ever since its birth in 1881, the National Civil Service Reform League has worked to defeat the deplorable spoils system, and to place all government jobs possible on the basis of merit.

Today, there are around 5,000 League and associate members in the country—a public-spirited group, comprised largely of young men and women who were schooled during the boom days, who have struggled through the depression; solid American stock, patriotic, realistic; determined to win America away from the spoilsmen.

This group of people is now working to enlist the interest of at least an additional 100,000. When the hundred thousand has been reached, each member will then be asked to seek 50 names on a petition to Congress, bearing the proposed amendment which, if adopted and ratified, will become the 22nd Constitutional Amendment.

While this may sound very optimistic in the light of past difficulties, let it be said that the League and its aims seem to kindle in youth an unprecedented desire to fight for such a cause.

With the merit system in government, new jobs and new careers will unfold. A democracy of the people should be conducted *for* the people as well as by the people, and not for political piracy.

• • •

On Tuesday, November 3d, the nation goes to the polls to decide its choice of public servants. Regardless of the party empowered, government administration must carry on.

On the desk of every candidate for national elective office, the National Civil Service Reform League has placed a letter stating the suggested Civil Service amendment as follows:

"*Appointments and promotions in the civil services of the United States shall be made according to merit and fitness to be ascertained, so far as practicable, by examination, which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive.*"

• • •

The League has asked every candidate for the Congress to commit himself on the amendment, in principle, either for or against.

Won't you commit yourself? The League needs your help. Its ultimate success will depend upon the strength of numbers. Thousands have already contributed their influence, time and money. Isn't it worth a few hours of your time or a dollar of your money to help the League carry on its work?

Please fill in the coupon and return it to show your interest, whether or not it is accompanied by a check or money order.

PROPOSING THE AMENDMENT

Scribner's Magazine prints this plea for the National Civil Service Reform League in the belief that potentially it is the greatest constructive influence on American Youth today. Founded in 1881, it is non-partisan, non-profit making. Its principles are rooted in the very heart of our Democracy. Its objective is to take politics out of public service and open Federal, state, county and city governments to public careers. We urge this proposal and pass it on to you.

NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE

521 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MR. ROBERT L. JOHNSON, *President*

Dear Sir: I wish to know more about the good work you are doing and herewith enclose $.... to keep the snowball rolling.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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jobs, any one of which would make an ordinary man stagger, always has time to talk to people; has nothing of the big executive about him; laughs often and easily, frequently at himself. His three jobs are: research director for Young and Rubicam, advertising agency; Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, and professor of journalism at Columbia University.

He is a Middle-Westerner, brought up in Jefferson, Iowa. He graduated from the public school there and from the state university at Iowa City, where he edited the *Daily Iowan.* In 1928 he took his doctor's degree in psychology with a thesis on *New Methods for Measuring Reader Interest.* He turned to teaching journalism at Drake and Northwestern and to working for newspapers, such as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Chicago *Daily News,* and the Des Moines *Register.*

He lives with his wife and two sons in Princeton, New Jersey, in an old remodeled farmhouse. Hot Sunday afternoons in the summer he's apt to be the man with the blue shirt pitching hay in one of the fields behind the barn, or catcher in the informal baseball game which he and his two sons have picked up with week-end guests in the front yard.

Engineer

Irving Fineman, who wrote the short "Brainstorm on a Bus," started life as an engineer. He was an officer in the Navy during the War, designed and built bridges and subways in the United States and Canada, and taught engineering at the University of Illinois. His first novel *This Pure Young Man* won the Longmans, Green Prize in 1930. Since then he has written steadily and is now on leave from the literature division of Bennington College while finishing his fourth novel, whose central figure is a modern scientist. He lives on his farm in Shaftsbury, Vermont, with his wife who is a blonde, an excellent cook, and a classics scholar. Jack Spratt himself is thin and brown, a gourmet, and never took so much as freshman Latin.

Late Beginner

Some people give up writing if they haven't written a masterpiece by the time they're twenty-five. Others don't even start till they're well past that mark. William March, from Mobile, Alabama, studied law at the University of Alabama and was a law clerk in New York when the World War broke out. He enlisted in the Marine Corps and went over with the Fifth Regiment, seeing almost all the action that the American troops engaged in. When he came back, he started work for a steamship company of which he is now vice-president. He started writing about six years ago, and has written two novels, *Company K* and *Come in at the Door,* and a book of short stories. His new book, *The Tallons,* is just out. He is forty-two years old.

Rootless Woman

Some of Jane Reitell's story appears in "A Race of Rootless Women." Some that doesn't is that she was born in rural Pennsylvania, but lived, from the time she was six until she married, in Elmira, New York. She took her master's degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1915. She has a daughter in Lincoln School, in New York, and a husband who writes books and articles on fishing, his hobby, and factory management, his job. Aside from moving, packing and storing, trying to alter curtains, and reading a great deal, Mrs. Reitell knits and plays andante movements on the piano.

Picture Maker

Creighton Peet's first job was that of police reporter for the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.* Once he wrote a daily column on the movies for the New York *Post,* later a film page for the old *Outlook,* also one for *Stage.* During the depression he made what he calls a "slight excursion" into photography and did two children's books: *Mike the Cat* and *Captain Teddy and Sailor Chips.* Most of the candid camera pictures in the recent *Chinatown Inside Out* are also his.

Just Write It Down

Born in Fayetteville, Arkansas, Gene Shuford knew even when he was in high school that he wanted to write. He's never had much time to do it, what with teaching at the University of Arkansas and Alabama Polytech. "Why I write poetry I have never been able to explain successfully to others — my friends told me ten years ago that no one ever made a living at it. But poetry is one of the few remaining approaches to reality. Most of us have lost it just as we have lost a feeling for the earth, for timelessness, for the dream that enfolds the American soul. I mean an artistic perception of all around us, the little square on Saturday night, the town drunk in the lock-up, the aged virgin cupping her hand for the Sunday sermon she cannot hear. . . .

"It seems to me that American life has scarcely been touched by the American artist and that all the things that have been said are to be said again and there are new things to be said when we sit in the hot little rooms in the hinterland towns and listen and set them down. So I had a little to say about American politics this summer and I set that down. To get what I had to say I did not have to go far outside my room — to the newspaper at my door, the little radio by my bed, the knot of loafers on the corner, the neighbors who sat on their front porches those hot summer nights and talked about the election. All I had to do was listen. There are so many things to hear it sometimes seems a shame to spend too much time not listening, but talking in a classroom about matters of lesser importance."

Scribner Fiction

Quite a number of people have asked what kind of fiction SCRIBNER'S wants, what kind will be used in future. Well, the fiction policy conforms with the general editorial policy, and that is to publish something of new movements, ideas, and trends *before* they have been widely spread before the American public.

In fiction this can be done by publishing fiction straws-in-the-wind and by stories more solid than straws which may indicate important developments in the literature of today. No story will be printed merely because it is experimental, or because it is modern, popular, or sensational. No story will, if we can help it, be heavy or dull reading, even though it may be thought-provoking and substantial. There will be no light, inconsequential fiction, but the element of entertainment will not be overlooked. Variety will be sought for each issue.

That most of the better stories written today are still morbid and depressing is a fact, but even those people who are still suffering from the lean days, and are a little grim yet, are asking for brighter reading matter. As soon as it is written and well written, the editors will present it, for they've been diligently looking for it. In the December issue will appear one of the funniest stories, we believe, which has ever been written.

The trend in fiction at present indicates more plot and more characterization than in the recent past. With fiction it is quite possible that new trends may receive their impetus in these pages, for the new writer will have equal chance with the established author. There is no editorial satisfaction quite so great as that experienced in developing new and worth-while talent — the kind that every one acclaims later on.

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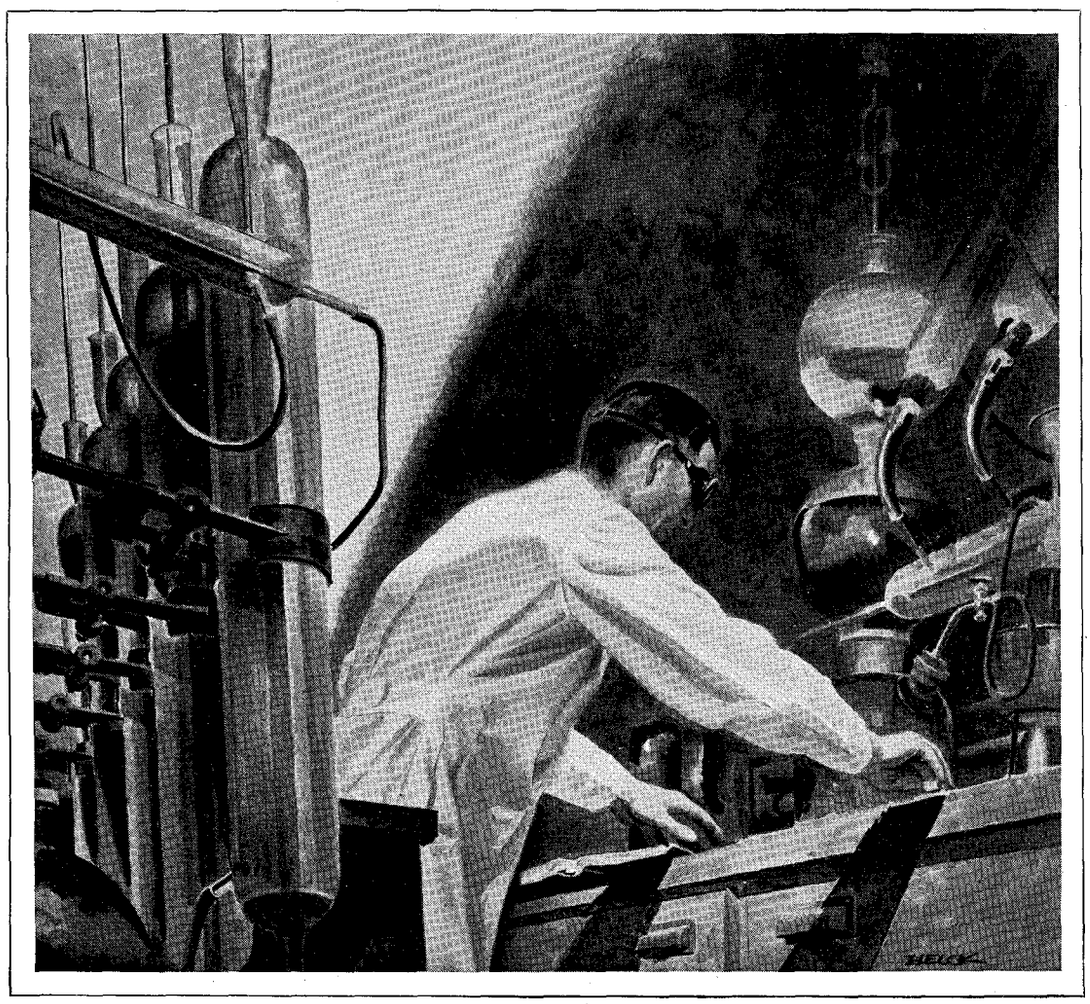

IF HE'S LUCKY, A MILLION MEN WILL DIE!

He was top man in his class when he graduated from college. It was predicted he'd have an exceptionally brilliant career.

And here he is, on the way to fulfilling those predictions. Do you know how? *By working on the development of a more deadly and inhuman poison gas!*

He might have been the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. He might have held the key to the discovery of a preventive for infantile paralysis. He might have saved millions from agony, and heartbreak, and twisted limbs.

But the world couldn't spare him for that. He's needed to make poison gas. If he succeeds, a million or more men will die horribly when the next war comes.

Behind the lines, planes will zoom over cities and towns, and children will fall down strangling from one breath of air that a second ago had been clean and sweet. Death will have the greatest picnic of all time . . .

. . . when and *if* the next war comes. Will it? That's largely up to you — you and all the other decent people of the world. You'll have to fight hard to preserve peace. You'll have to keep your wits about you in order to resist extremely clever appeals to your emotions, and extremely ingenious propaganda. You'll have to throw the weight of aroused public opinion against the handful who want war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely its own way. And in the future ? ? ?

***What* YOU *can do about it*—**

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so too we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.

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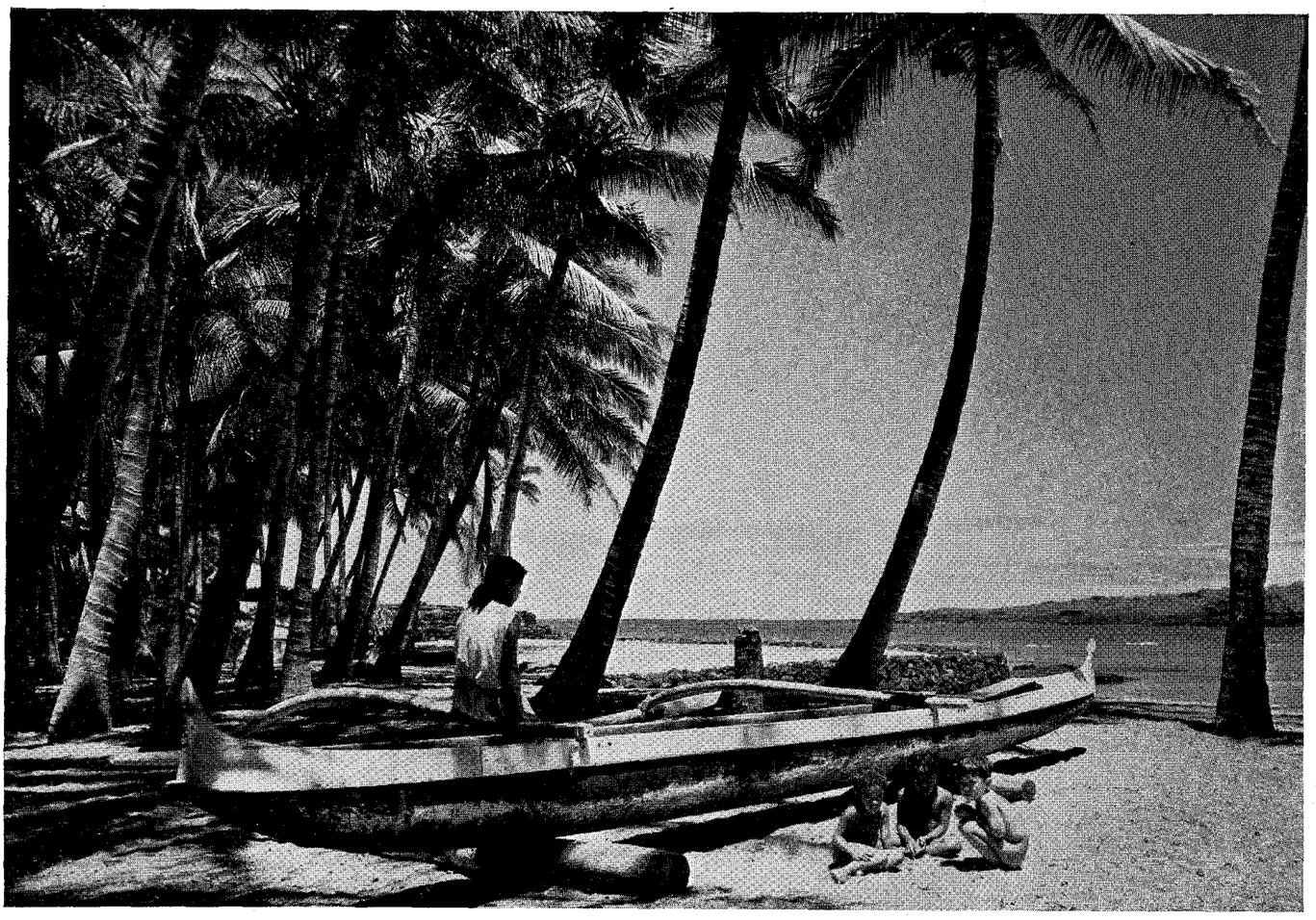

PAN PACIFIC

The average tripper to Hawaii never sees Hawaii

Hula and Lariat

WEBB WALDRON

How many people know that there is an American cattle ranch of five hundred thousand acres in the middle of the Pacific ocean? The very words "cattle ranch" and "five hundred thousand acres" contradict all the popular conceptions of Hawaii: Waikiki, the hula, seductive moonlight, and the idea that the isles of the Pacific are all neat, small, and polished, like the properties on a movie-set.

True enough, when we glance at a map of the Pacific its islands look like specks in the blue immensity. But in my recent Pacific wanderings I have seen many islands that are anything but specks. The "big island" of the Hawaiian group, Hawaii, is almost as large as the State of Connecticut.

It, to me, is the best of Hawaii. Yet the average tripper to Hawaii never sees Hawaii. When I made this seemingly paradoxical statement to a distinguished American sculptor the other day, he exclaimed, astonished: "But doesn't every one go to Honolulu?" "They do," I said, "but Honolulu is not on the island of Hawaii. It is on another and smaller island called Oahu, one hundred and fifty miles from Hawaii." My friend gazed at me in perplexity. It is a firmly rooted conviction in those who have never visited the islands that they are mostly one island whose chief city is Honolulu.

Passengers on the ships from California to the Hawaiian Islands glimpse the dim coasts of Maui and Molokai on the port side in early morning before Diamond Head of Oahu rises from the sea. Hawaii is invisible over the horizon to the southeast. The ship swings around Diamond Head and ties up alongside a concrete tower labeled "Aloha," an Hawaiian band plays softly, and the traveler walks down the gangplank into a crowd of plump Polynesians in holakus selling leis, hops into a taxi which whisks him out to Waikiki. And Waikiki may be all he sees of Hawaii.

Not that this is a deplorable fate. Far from it. As an escape from ringing telephones, mud and sleet, husband, wife, or political ballyhoo, I can scarcely imagine a solution more effective.

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To sit on a terrace under a silver-lined canopy, served by white-jacketed Ilocano boys, lunching or dining on baked opakapaka and filet of kahala, wainaku lehua poi and Lilioukalani salad, while just beyond the terrace the surf-boarders and outrigger canoeists vault and tumble in an ocean that one moment is violet, another moment purple — all that has a refreshing, startling theatricality which you can find nowhere else, I think, under the American flag.

Of course there is more to Oahu than this. The gangs of blackened Filipino cane-cutters in the blazing smoke-choked cane-fields, the Chinese in their parasol-hats paddling through their rice paddies, the dives of the native quarter, Japanese picnics at Kapiolani Park, sugar mills, and Kawaiahao Church with its quaint gravestones carved with the names of those indomitable New England missionaries whose grandsons now sit on Bishop Street in the thrones of power.

But to get a glimpse of the old Hawaii, the Hawaii that was a part of the South Seas, one must go to the Island of Hawaii. There, too, at the Parker Ranch, I encountered that incongruity of circumstance which for me is one of the chief delights of travel.

The ship that carried us to Hawaii sailed out of Honolulu Harbor late one summer afternoon. Diamond Head and the strange furrowed cliffs of the Nuuanu Pali faded into the sunset. Ahead loomed a dark shape that was Molokai, another that was Lanai. We steamed between them and came, at nine in the night, to Lahaina, the port of Maui, which was only a flicker of lights in the blackness. For the rest of the night the little steamer forged toward Hawaii, bucking the northeast trades.

In the morning I got my first glimpse of the old Hawaii. For an hour or more the ship ran along the Hamakua Coast of high cliffs crowned by intensely green sugar plantations and broken by deep gorges, down which waterfalls foamed and tumbled. Then we swung into Hilo Harbor, landed, got into a car, and drove out through Japanese truck gardens and then upward across vast lava fields to the crater of Kilauea. After a while we pushed on toward the Kona Coast. Sugar plantations gave way to coffee farms, clothing the steep slopes to the sea. Then, pausing just beyond a village, we discovered a group of children practicing the hula on a rough dance floor under an old shed.

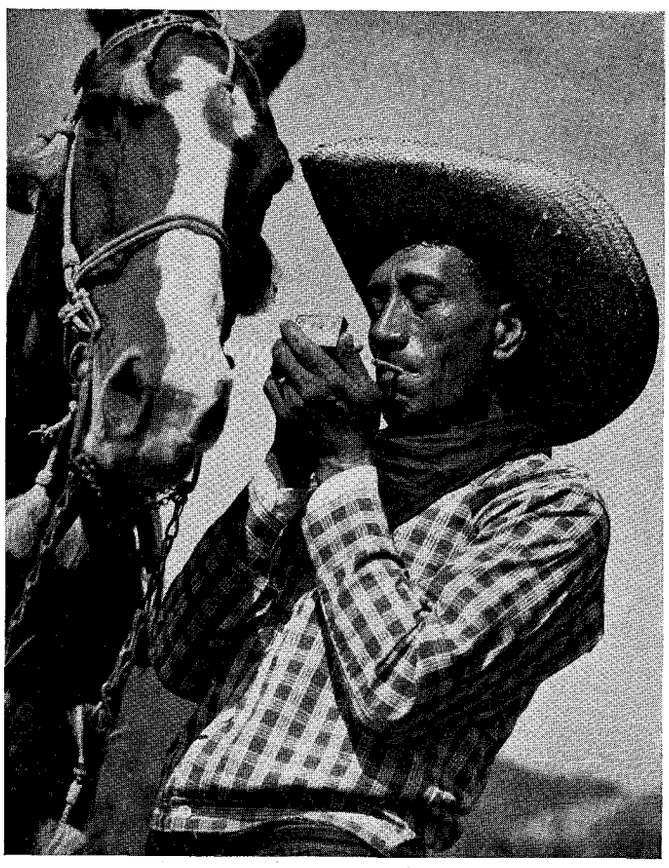
I had seen the hula at the so-called "native village" in Honolulu, danced for the benefit of tourists, and even there had found it strangely lovely. The steps of the hula are of the simplest. Like a waltz or a two-step done without turning and in a few inches of space. The hips are pivoted from the waistline, but the hula is not, as some people suppose, primarily a stomach dance. It is essentially a dance of the hands. Lifted in air, flattened sidewise Egyptian-fashion, touching the shoulders, crossed on the breast, the hands are in a continual flowing pantomime of unutterable grace which reaches its pure expression in the fingers, which seem to be plucking invisible flowers.

Never had I understood how deeply the hula is rooted in the hearts of the Hawaiians till this moment. These little girls ranged in age from perhaps twelve down to seven or eight. The teacher was a vigorous, middle-aged woman, and she was sharp in her instruction. Over and over, to the strum of two guitars, these children practiced tirelessly certain rhythms of body and hand. They danced with a sort of ecstatic concentration.

To the ancient Hawaiian, the hula was intimately interwoven with religion and art. The early missionary, seeing only its erotic aspect, denounced it as a dance of the devil. The tourist today hopes it is a dance of the devil and is disappointed. But you must see it as I saw it, simple and unadorned, to perceive the fascination it had and still has for these people.

That night we settled in the inn at Kailua, a charming little seaport, once the home of the royal family of Hawaii. Here, a little over one hundred years ago, the first missionaries landed and built the first Christian Church in the islands. From Kailua we wandered up and down the Kona Coast, visited the ancient heiau on Kealakekua Bay, where Captain Cook was worshiped as Lono, the god, and hired an old Hawaiian boatman one afternoon to paddle us across the bay in his outrigger canoe, past the tall cliffs honeycombed with caves where the islanders once buried their chiefs. We came to the exact spot on the north shore where the great navigator, endeavoring to entice the king, Terreobo, aboard his ship as a hostage, was stabbed from behind and fell face down in the water that foams over the black lava.

On our way back to Kailua, we discovered the villages of Kahaluu and Keauhou, tiny places lost in the cocopalms, farther from Honolulu in time and seeming farther in geography than Honolulu is from Harrisburg. I had been in Fiji and Samoa before I visited the Kona



His ranch is in the middle of the Pacific

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Coast, and here in these two villages I had a sharp illusion of the South Seas. The only thing lacking was the old native house. The grass house as an authentic thing has, with kava and the kapa, vanished from the Hawaiian Islands. Today it exists only as a curiosity erected for the tourist at Waikiki.

Then, one morning, we drove out of the warm lush beauty of the Kona Coast, up through forests of koa, and abruptly we left the forest behind and found ourselves in another land, another world. A great jagged treeless upland, sprinkled with sparse broom grass and *panini*—barbary fig. I have traveled in five continents and visited many islands of the sea and nowhere else have I met a contrast as sudden and startling as this between the palm groves, the banana and coffee plantations of the Kona shore, and this vast, bare upland which, as we pushed on, looked so much like our Southwest that I would have sworn I was miraculously somewhere between the Pecos and the Rio Grande, had it not been for the vivid splash of tropic sea far below. Then our driver pointed to a shape in the northwest, hanging far up in the sky like a mountain peak without a base. It was Haleakala, the peak of Maui, ten thousand feet high and sixty miles across the sea.

This upland we were traversing was the Parker Ranch, "biggest cattle ranch under the American flag," they tell you impressively on Hawaii, "largest herd of pure-blood Herefords in the world—thirty-three thousand."

The Parker Ranch stretches for twenty-five miles or more from the sea up the wide valley between the Kohala Mountains and Mauna Kea, the silent one of the two fire-sisters of Hawaii. It was founded long ago by a New Englander, John Parker, who married the daughter of an Hawaiian chief. His descendents have married again and again with Hawaiians until many of them today are more Hawaiian than white. But no Parker lives here any more. The heir is somewhere on the mainland and this half-million-acre ranch is managed by a tall, shy, handsome bachelor named Hartwell Carter.

Up the road a short distance from the ranch office is an inn. There we lodged, and in the following days, by the kindness of Hartwell Carter, I rode the range with Joe Pacheco, the Portuguese-Hawaiian boss of cowboys, and his gang.

That gang is the most picturesque lot of cowmen I have ever laid eyes on. They dress and act like authentic cowmen, save that some of them wear feather

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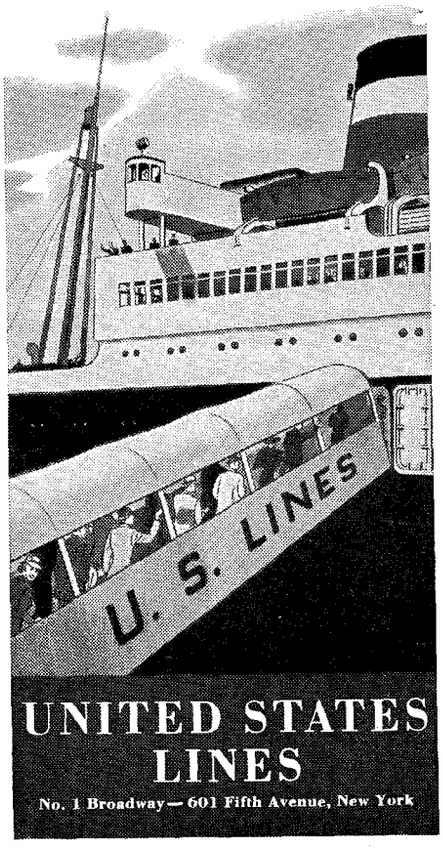

UNITED STATES LINES

No. 1 Broadway — 601 Fifth Avenue, New York

leis around their sombreros. But their physiognomies and their language are an incessant surprise and delight. One of them, for example, Alec Aku, is three-fourths Hawaiian and one-fourth Chinese. Another, Bob Sakato, one-half Japanese, one-half Hawaiian. Another, Albert Lindsey, one-fourth Scotch, one-fourth Spanish, one-half Chinese. Another, one-quarter Portuguese, one-quarter Chinese, one-half Irish.

They are all American citizens. And they speak an amazing mixture of Hawaiian, Japanese, and English. The most capable riders all in all, I learned, are Hawaiians, though the best cowman the Parker Ranch ever had was a pure-blood Japanese, Matsu Yamaguchi, killed a few months ago in a fall from his horse.

Roping, branding, breeding, training racers and polo ponies, shifting herds from section to section, cleaning out ditches, looking after water tanks and reservoirs, a dozen different things were going on every day in this wide upland empire, and I had a glimpse of all of it, a part in some of it.

One midnight I set out with Joe Pacheco and half a dozen helpers to drive a herd of steers down to the loading port at Kawaihae. We rode ghostlike under the stars and came at dawn to the port, where a steamer waited at anchor half a mile off shore. Then I saw the most surprising cattle-embarkation you can imagine. A cowman ropes his steer, drags it out of the corral into the sea — angry, fighting, and frightened — swims his mount out to the yawl, towing the swimming, raging steer after him. The steer is lashed by the horns to the gunwale, the cowman swims back for another. When the yawl has a row of steers lashed along both gunwales, a motor launch makes fast and tows it out to the slip, where the cattle are hoisted aboard in slings.

At noon we started back toward the ranch house. It was hot down there at the port, but as we mounted the trail, it grew steadily cooler, and then the wind, the incessant northeast trade that sweeps the upland, caught us in the face and we put our horses to the gallop, shouting . . .

I know that my deepest pleasure in all this was the constant sense of incongruity — the realization that this hard, lean, wind-burned life of the saddle existed on an island in the Pacific which to most Americans symbolizes delicious languor under the rustling palms. This is not the Hawaii of the guidebooks and travel-folders. But it is Hawaii. It is there, and you can find it.

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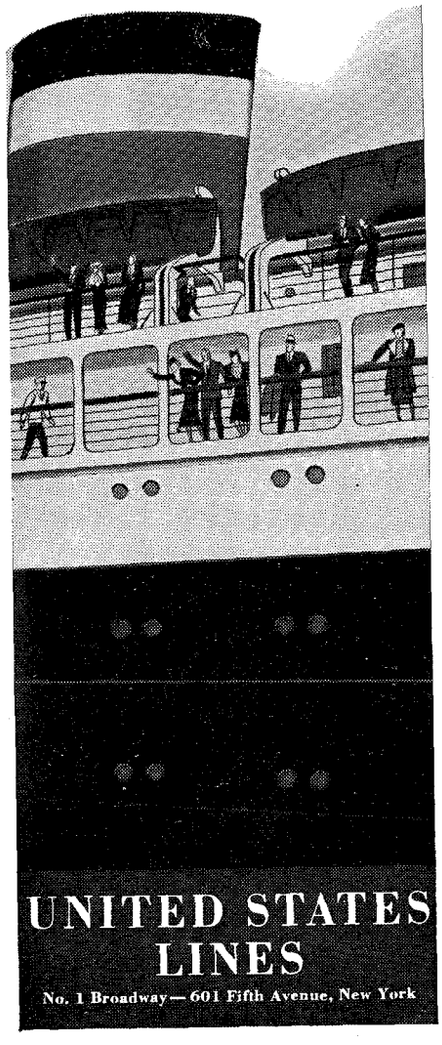

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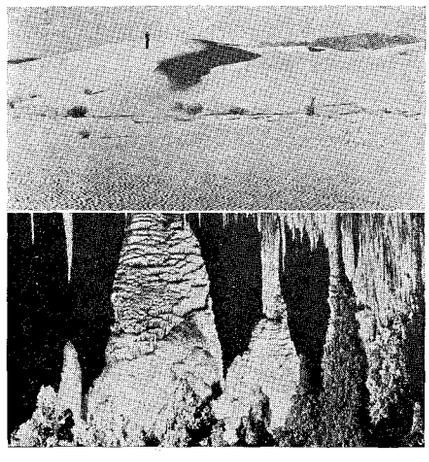

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Travel Notes

No wonder travel agents insist "Make your plans early," for never before have such varied and out-of-the-way voyages to far places been offered.

The Far Harbors Cruise (limited to "good travelers and better sports") adds to the wonders of world-cruise plans eleven days in houseboats through the exquisite, myth-sung Vale of Kashmir. The S.S. *President Coolidge* of the Dollar Line leaves San Francisco on January 20 under the guiding genius of the Dickersons and the expert management of the American Express Company.

This year the world cruise of the S.S. *Reliance* (Hamburg American Line) promises more than ever cosmopolitan flavor, for in Europe she picks up the first of her round-the-world passengers, taking them to the West Indies before arriving in New York. Leaving the Manhattan skyline on January 10, she'll make straight for Madeira and summer, instead of following her last year's course. Then come visits to Mediterranean ports, the Holy Land, and French Somaliland before she traces her blue furrow through the Arabian and Indian waters to the China Seas. More than thirty ports in a bit over four months — the world at your feet, adventure at your call!

Great refurbishing and extensive alterations are going on throughout the Cunarder S.S. *Franconia* in preparation for her world cruise early in the new year. Even her least expensive accommodations are being reorganized for greater long-cruising comfort, and her promenade deck will now include a new cocktail bar. Out of the midwinter snows the S.S. *Franconia* will slip swiftly down to the warmth of the Southern Hemisphere, calling at ports in Brazil before spanning the South Atlantic to Africa and the Orient. Three new ports of call have been added to her long list: Zamboanga on the Zulu Sea, Chemulpo in Korea, and Nagasaki in Japan.

South America and the little Americas are fast becoming Meccas for those who want new and unexploited scenes. Cruises that *completely* circle our sister continent have been few and far between, but with the New Year a number of such trips await the lucky traveler who has seven weeks or more to explore the lands of the Incas, the glories that were Colonial Spain, the magnificent peaks and vast plains below the Southern Cross.

Early in February the S.S. *Columbus* (Hamburg American Line) begins her second cruise of this kind; shortly after, the S.S. *Rotterdam* (Holland-American) will set out over South Pacific and South Atlantic waters. Thomas Cook and Sons also offer a splendid Sunshine Cruise around South America, with motor and rail trips inland from the longer ports of call.

For the airminded, there is an unparalleled tour around South America in the great Flying Clipper Ships of the Pan American Airways and those of the Pan American-Grace Airways. Leaving Miami late in January, the cruise wings over the Caribbean Islands, up the Amazon for a thousand miles, down to Rio for the Mardi Gras Carnival, and then to six of the Southern Republics. In thirty-five days a continent spanned and two score stops for pedestrian sight-seeing!

Mexico and the Central Americas have exerted such a fascination upon the holiday-minded that the Panama Pacific Line has made an important change in its intercoastal service. At Cristobal passengers now have time to go ashore for sight-seeing and for those far-hailed bargains in perfumes, Panama hats, Spanish shawls, and jewelry.

The traveler to Mexico will also find improved rail service this fall and winter. Very recently five hours were cut off the running time from the border to Mexico City. This, added to the five hours dropped from the St. Louis-to-Laredo run, brings Mexico City ten hours closer to our northern cities. And for the off-the-beaten-track adventurer there's good news in the sleeping-car service just established between Mexico's capital city and Guatemala by way of Vera Cruz. The line, they tell me, passes through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where live the ravishing Amazonian Tehuanas.

Speeding the Traveler

Quite the cleverest thing I have seen in grooming equipment is the Ski Pak. The perfect gift for the winter sports girl. It's made of rubberized suede (Chanel red and French blue) with a zipper closing arranged to strap over the belt of a ski suit, windbreaker, or mackinaw. Primrose House equips this brainchild of theirs with a white-pigskin loose-powder pouch, a lipstick, a tube of dry-skin-mixture cream, a comb, snow goggles, and last, but far from least, a pomade stick for chapped lips. There's room in the pack for cigarettes and change purse. Five dollars.

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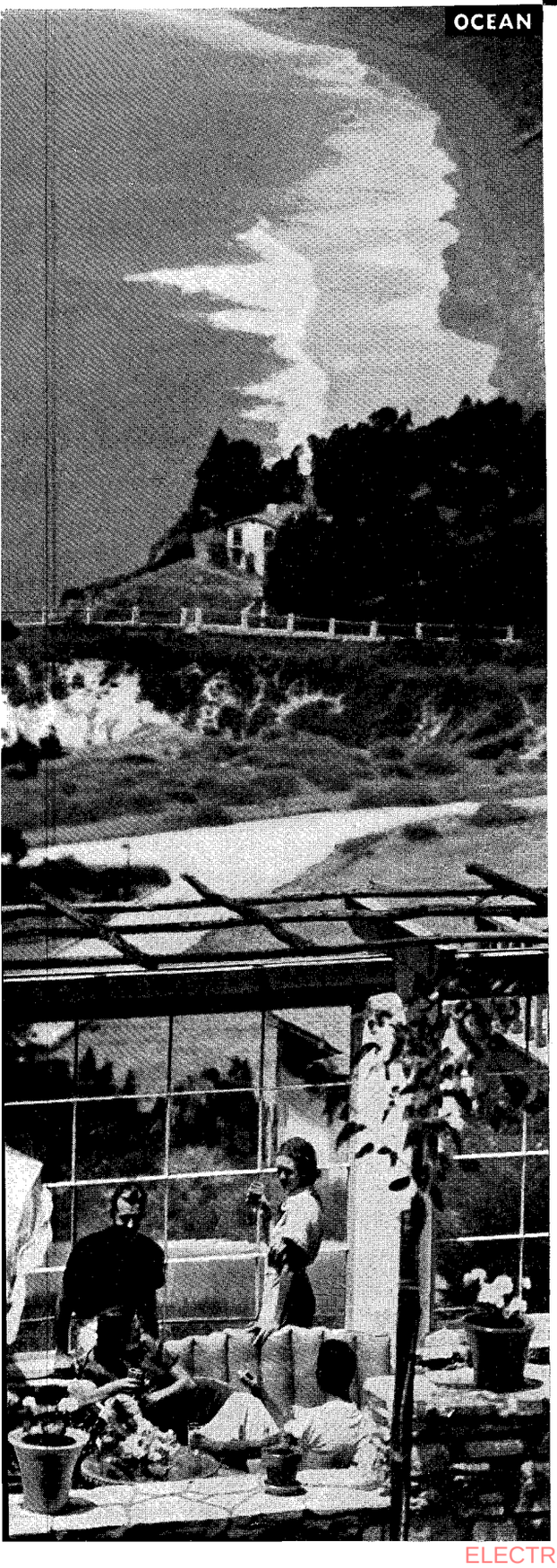
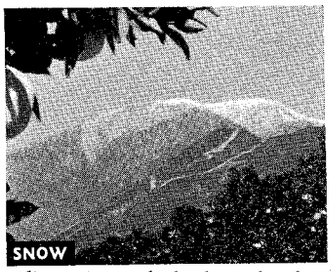
Strangely Contrasting fun

FOR WINTER DAYS IN

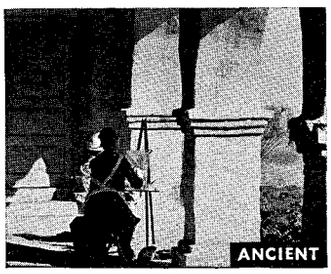
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



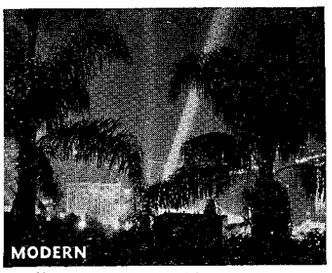
Strange exotic fruits and flowers: agave, mimosa, mango, loquat, jacaranda. Starlight among the deodars. A whole new world for you.



Glimmering mile-high peaks that encircle valleys of perpetual summer. See miles of blossoming orchards. Pick an orange from the tree!



Missions whose walls and tiles took shape at Indian hands, before America was born. Now drowsing through their second century.



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*

The click of knitting needles, I'm told, is losing its chaste, solitary note these days where cruise passengers gather, and is growing into a lusty swell. Here's a break, then, for deck-chair drop-stitchers and for their stay-at-home sisters as well. No more guesswork, no more counting stitches to the row, rows to the inch, and inches to the skirt, for Jean Lamont, Columbia Handknits stylist, has devised a Block-knit Pattern that eliminates all such maddening calculation. Pick out the style that pleases you, then ask for it in your size, as you would when buying a dress pattern. It's life-size, so as you knit, you simply measure against it, with no need to resort to row-counting. You'll find the patterns wherever Columbia Yarns are sold.

*

Among catalin novelties are (1) a brand-new scarf holder and (2) a series of game spin tops that make dandy little bon-voyage gifts.

The scarf holder is as clever as it is practical. A scarf clip and pin in one. Imagine a three-inch pin, hinge to either end, and long clips that snap into the center, and you'll begin to get an idea of this indispensable gadget. For the lamé ascot, there is jewelstone catalin; for evening, rhinestone affairs; and for sports, daytime and shipboard vagaries — all sorts and colors in carved catalin, wood, and metal. One dollar at Franklin Simon's, Bloomingdale's, Wanamaker's, and other shops.

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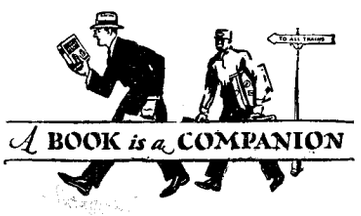

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Don Wharton asks two Presidential candidates

What Will Happen—

If Roosevelt Wins?

EARL BROWDER

SCENE: The somber, bare office of the head of the Communist Party in the United States . . . worn floors without carpet or rugs . . . walls splotched with photographs of Lenin, Stalin . . . windows overlooking the drab roofs of New York's Union Square . . . a scarred, flat-topped desk, behind which Mr. Browder sits, a stenographer at one side and Mr. Wharton in front.

MR. BROWDER, *what position do you hold in the Communist Party?*

General Secretary.

This year you are the nominee for President?

Yes.

In how many elections has your party had a Presidential nominee?

Three—in 1924, 1928, and 1932.

In those three elections what was the position of your party in reference to the Democratic and Republican parties?

Our position in all previous elections was that there was no practical difference for the working people between the two main parties.

Is there any change in that position today?

In 1936 we make a sharp differentiation between the two major parties. We think there is taking place a social regrouping in the country in the course of which all the most reactionary forces are tending toward the Republican ticket, many of them coming out openly and breaking old party lines. Some who still remain in the Democratic Party are conducting secret work to help elect the Republican nominee. We consider that this arises out of the determination of the ruling circles of the capitalist class to move more rapidly, more decisively, toward fascism in America. We consider the Republican Party represents this trend toward fascism. It is not a

If Landon Wins?

NORMAN THOMAS

SCENE: The high-ceilinged living-room of an ancient brownstone-front house between Stuyvesant Park and the Third Avenue 'L . . . ecclesiastical-looking books in great rows and large, gilt-framed mirrors . . . old furniture scattered around a fireplace with brass andirons . . . deeply cushioned chairs in which are seated Mr. Thomas, Mr. Wharton, and a stenographer.

WHAT *position do you hold in the Socialist Party?*

I am a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party.

And, Mr. Thomas, you are the Socialist nominee for President?

Yes.

In how many Presidential elections has your party entered a nominee?

Since 1900 the Socialist Party has entered all Presidential campaigns.

In these campaigns what has been the general attitude of the Socialist Party toward the Democratic and Republican parties?

Complete opposition, and about equally as to both parties. The Socialist Party is still opposed to both parties. There is more difference between them; more between their leaders. We don't think the difference between the men is equivalent to the difference between the parties. Both express a capitalistic viewpoint which will lead to about the same thing. Just as President Wilson got us into the same war in 1916 that Hughes would have got us into, so the country will come about to the same end whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Landon is elected. The drift in either case is toward war and fascism. We Socialists, however, completely repudiate the notion that the issue this year, as the Communists say, is between democracy and fascism. In no vital sense do the Demo-

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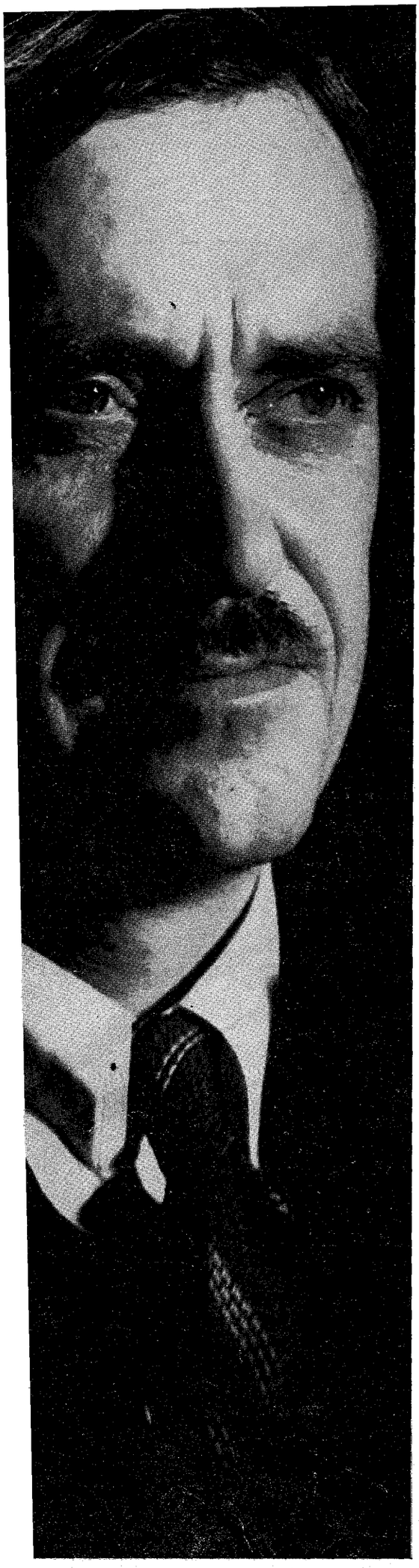

If Roosevelt Wins — *Earl Browder*

fascist party, but it represents the concentration of fascist forces today for immediate political action. Roosevelt represents that effort to maintain a middle course between reaction on one hand and a progressive policy on the other. It is not clearly progressive, it is not clearly reactionary. It hesitates and vacillates in response to pressure of these conflicting forces.

Does this distinction you make between the two parties prevent you from speaking objectively about the Democrats?

We have tried to evaluate frankly and openly the forces exactly as we see them. The very moment that we are concentrating our main attack against the Republican nominee we do not intend in the slightest way to minimize the reactionary tendencies of the Roosevelt camp, the weaknesses, and what we consider the reactionary policies of Roosevelt himself on particular questions.

Do you think Mr. Roosevelt's reelection would produce a dictatorship in the United States?

No. Mr. Roosevelt's reelection would be a defeat of those forces which are immediately moving toward dictatorship.

Do you think Mr. Roosevelt's reelection would hasten the arrival in this country of communism?

No. It would not have any decisive influence one way or another as to the date of a fundamental change in the United States. One could speculate that the victory of the Landon forces would hasten the revolution in America, but it would be a very painful process of hastening, and we would not be in favor of hastening the revolution through that means. If there is any influence on the future social change as to the date when it will come, one would have to say that the election of Roosevelt, if it influences this, would probably be in the nature of postponing it by alleviating some of the worst features of the capitalist system for a time.

What effect do you think the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt would have upon the Supreme Court?

That would have to be taken in connection with possible effects of the Roosevelt defeat, which would mean the victory of Landon and tend to confirm the present course of the Supreme Court as the supreme dictator of social and economic questions in the country. Assuming that is true, then the election of Mr. Roosevelt would be an undermining of this dictatorial position usurped by the Supreme Court.

Do you think the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt would result in constitutional amendments curbing the Supreme Court?

I have no expectation that the reelection of Roosevelt would result in curbing the Court immediately through any constitutional changes.

Then it would be more a matter of lessening its prestige?

By public mass psychology and the play of political forces in the country.

Do you think Mr. Roosevelt's reelection would result in a succession of constitutional amendments?

I doubt it. There would be no immediate results flowing out of the election in the way of amending the Constitution. I cannot see such immediate objectives.

Now, should Mr. Roosevelt be reelected, do you think the Democratic Party would make a sharp turn either to the left or to the right?

I seriously doubt that it would make any sharp turns in a fundamental sense. I think it would make brief tactical turns, right and left, as it did in Roosevelt's first term. Its general course, I think, would be more likely right than left.

As a result of having to meet pressure groups?

In an immediate sense, yes. In the larger sense, only as it reflects, in the pressure groups, the main class line-ups in the country. I think that the partial pressure groups have influence only in a momentary sense. They influence tactics but not policy.

Do you think that with Mr. Roosevelt reelected there would be any reason to expect a business crisis between election day and inauguration, as in 1932–33?

I see no reason to predict a crisis between election and inauguration, but regardless of the outcome of the election, there is reason to expect an economic crisis in the term of the next President, whoever he may be.

Prior to the arrival of that crisis, do you think Mr. Roosevelt would have to enlarge the relief rolls rather than be able to cut them?

I am very much afraid that the tendency of the Roosevelt Administration in case of his reelection would be to try to meet the attacks of the reactionaries by cutting relief, although this would not

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If Landon Wins — *Norman Thomas*

crats stand for democracy, and while Landon and his party may be reactionary, they are not fascists in any legitimate use of the word fascism. The party that comes closest to fascism is Coughlin's party — the Union Party. The issue this year is between socialism and capitalism.

Do you think Mr. Landon's election would have any immediate bearing upon the possibility of a dictatorship in the United States?

No. He would neither end the so-called — and miscalled — Roosevelt dictatorship, nor would he establish a dictatorship of his own. In short, the Republicans exaggerate to a degree amounting to falsehood when they claim that the powers of Roosevelt are those of a dictator. It is no more true than the statements of some Democrats who say that Landon would establish a dictatorship. Landon is not the type, and the interests that back Landon do not want a dictatorship — yet a fascist dictatorship is second choice for business. American business interests, including the Liberty League, do not want as first choice a Hitler candidate — they want to go back to the Coolidge régime.

Do you think that four years of Mr. Landon would have any immediate effect upon the growth of fascism in the United States?

Four more years of capitalism and indecision would have a great effect upon bringing fascism. But I do not honestly think that Landon as Landon would have much. Landon as Landon would probably try in a confused way ostensibly to favor little business, but with big business getting most of the benefits, the tendencies are that way. New social crises — not Landon or Roosevelt — will be the decisive factors.

Do you think Mr. Landon's election would help the Socialist Party?

It would be very difficult to dogmatize on whether Landon's election or Roosevelt's would be better from a narrow Socialist point of view. I could argue either way, and personally I am not much concerned. I think it is about fifty-fifty. The Socialist Party desires a genuine Farmer-Labor Party of which it would be a federated part. I think it is at least possible that the election of Mr. Landon might put new iron in labor's determination to get such a party — although the first effect of his election might be discouraging to labor.

The Republicans are emphasizing two issues — the Supreme Court and a balanced budget. I understand that all nine members of the Court are past sixty and that six are past seventy. If Mr. Landon is elected, he will probably have the opportunity to fill several vacancies. What type do you think Mr. Landon would appoint?

I am rather pessimistic. I think Landon, under pressure from his advisers, would appoint pretty conservative judges.

More conservative than Mr. Roosevelt?

Possibly. But I do not feel the certitude some people profess that Roosevelt would appoint judges of a broad, constructive viewpoint and that Landon would appoint those of a reactionary type. Wilson appointed Mr. Brandeis, but he also apppointed McReynolds, who is one of the worst judges from my point of view. Of the three thoroughgoing liberals on the bench, two were appointed by conservative Presidents — namely, Stone by Coolidge and Cardozo by Hoover. Roosevelt's record on judicial appointments is not good. There is a belief that one of the appointments by Roosevelt would be Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas — than whom Mr. Landon could not do worse. You will see, therefore, that I am fairly pessimistic about the personnel of the Court, whoever is elected.

Do you think Mr. Landon's election would have an effect upon the Court's prestige?

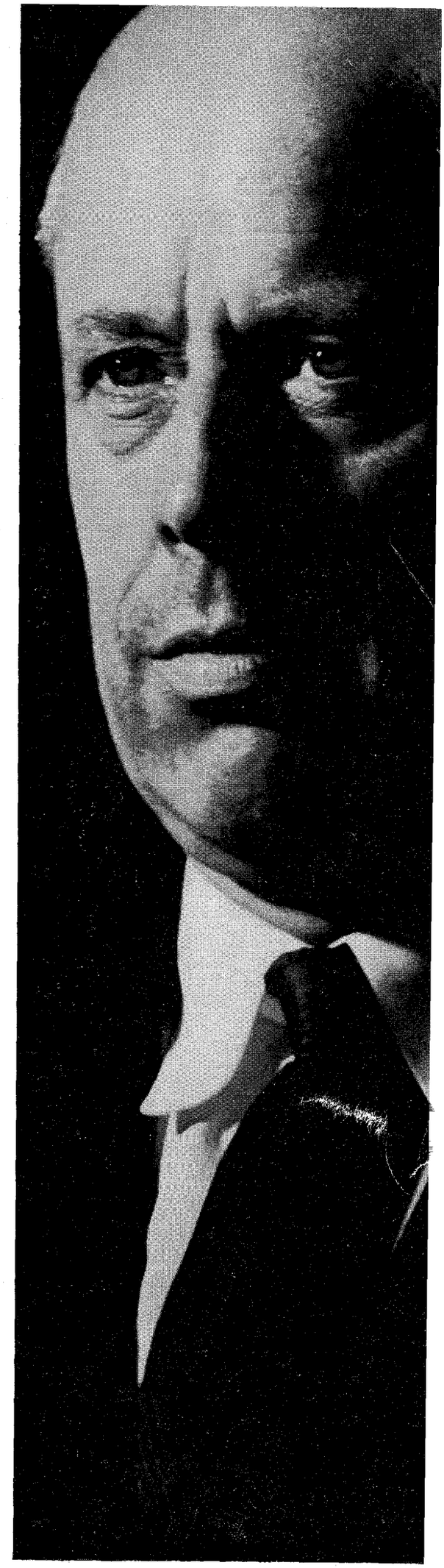
Mr. Landon's election would probably be taken consciously or subconsciously by the judges as encouragement in what I regard as ill-doing. But the Supreme Court appointments follow the election so far off that I don't know that it would make a whole lot of difference.

You are constantly referring to and emphasizing Mr. Landon's advisers. Who in your opinion are they?

At present their name is legion. I think one reason his acceptance speech was so poor was a case of too many advisers. It is ominous that Hearst is supporting him so actively. But, then, Hearst supported Mr. Roosevelt in 1932, as I remember, and even today Mr. Elliott Roosevelt has a job under Hearst.

Well, what type of man would Mr. Landon adopt as adviser?

I think increasingly that if Landon should be elected, he would accept as advisers the Liberty League type of man. Already he has gone so far in re-



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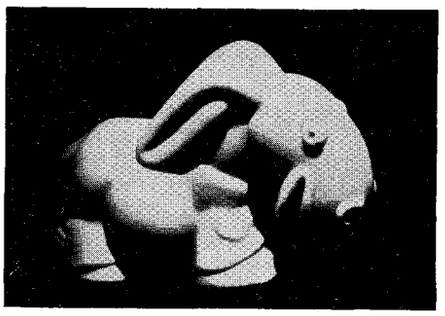
If Roosevelt Wins

Earl Browder



be justified by conditions in the country. Roosevelt's course in this regard would undoubtedly not be so drastic as that of a Landon administration.

Do you think Mr. Roosevelt would make an attempt to balance the budget for the fiscal year ending in June, 1938?

The problem of balancing the budget can be approached in two ways: from the point of view of reduction of expenditures and from the point of view of increase in income. The best course would be to try to balance the budget by increasing income by taxes on accumulated wealth and surplus. I seriously doubt whether any strong efforts would be made in that direction by the Roosevelt Administration. You can move in the direction of a balanced budget by yielding to the reactionary demand of forcing down social expenditures. This would be a concession to the reactionary camp. It would not be progressive.

Why would Mr. Roosevelt make concessions to the camp he had just defeated?

This has been Roosevelt's whole course, to try to stand in the middle and hold arguments on both sides. There is no reason to think that he would change this fundamental course. One cannot make any positive predictions, of course. All predictions must be based upon the experience of what has been up to now.

What about inflation?

It seems that the Roosevelt Administration would pursue a line, on the whole, against inflation, against any direct currency inflation. There were strong tendencies in the first period of the Roosevelt Administration to play with the idea, or to examine with an open mind ideas of inflation without strict limitations. I think that that period was ended in 1934. There are no signs that these ideas play any large rôle in the Roosevelt Administration today. We consider this is one of the positive features of the Roosevelt Administration. We are absolutely opposed to inflation. The inflationary forces in the country on the whole are going to be supporting Governor Landon.

Despite his gold-clause telegram?

Yes. That is one of the contraditions of the present political situation — that the inflationists, having despaired of realizing their aims through Roosevelt, hope that the heavy shake-up in the country may force inflation in spite of the slogan of the Republican platform. The inflationary forces by nature are short-sighted, speculative, and they are manipulated by the stronger and more far-seeing groups of finance capital who, as far as currency is concerned, play both sides of the game anyway. They are not sound-money advocates or inflationists in principle. They are pure opportunists on this question. They will even be prepared to carry through inflationary measures under Landon, if they see an opportunity for profit, just as they supported the inflationary measures of Roosevelt in 1933.

The Communist Party is particularly interested in laborers and farmers, I believe. What would they get out of Mr. Roosevelt's reelection?

The principal gain that they would have is the absence of the Landon-Hearst-Liberty-League forces in the government offices. That is a negative gain. Positively, workers and farmers would gain little. They would have to rely on their own organizations and efforts for improvement in their situation.

Do you think the Roosevelt Administration would bring shorter hours and higher pay for labor?

No. Only a greater movement to organize the workers in the basic industries can fundamentally achieve this result. The obstacles to this organization would not be so great under Roosevelt as under Landon.

For the farmers, do you think Mr. Roosevelt's reelection would bring higher prices or increased bounties, or both, or neither?

I question whether the direct policies of the government would result in any serious improvement in the lot of the farmers. Here, as with the workers, the main thing that the farmers would have is that their own efforts to organize and work out their problems would be easier under a liberal Roosevelt administration than under a reactionary Landon administration. There would not be such a great difference in the economic policy of the government itself.

There has been a lot of talk about the political machine supposedly built by Mr. Farley. What do you think four more years of power would produce in that connection?

I do not think the political machine built by Mr. Farley is a progressive factor in the country, and it would be built upon some very reactionary foundations as well as some progressive foundations. The main question with regard to the rôle of a political machine is the comparative question as to which machine could be most dangerous to the country, that built by Farley or that built by Hamilton. That is the immediate practical question we are faced with. In a machine built by Hamilton, I think Hearst's men would play the chief rôles.

What rôle do you think Father Coughlin would play if Mr. Roosevelt defeats Governor Landon?

That would largely depend upon the political exigencies of the Catholic hierarchy, and where they might want Coughlin to be at work for them. Coughlin has changed his position so often that he might switch back to Roosevelt and away from Roosevelt again three or four times before the 1940 elections. Coughlin is not predictable because Coughlin doesn't follow any principles. He is only a tool in the hands of larger forces behind the scenes.

What immediate effects do you think Mr. Roosevelt's election would have upon social-security measures?

I very much doubt that the reelection of Roosevelt would bring any improvement of the inadequate social-security measures enacted at the last Congress. There would be more opportunity in the Roosevelt Administration for the demands of the masses to register themselves in Congress, and in that sense — in a limited sense — there would be opportunity for more improvement under Roosevelt, whereas under Landon there would be almost a certainty of a serious disintegration of social legislation.

Do you think Mr. Roosevelt's reelection would be followed by more rural electrification projects?

There are certain progressive forces in the Roosevelt Administration who are seriously interested in certain progressive measures, such as rural electrification, and would sincerely like to promote them. How far they could realize their progressive ideas under the Roosevelt Administration is seriously questionable. I do not anticipate any great steps forward in this and similar

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pudiating his mild progressivism that one must look for further drift that way. His present campaign manager is a thoroughgoing conservative. Hamilton is completely *simpatico*, as the Italians say, to the Wall Street crowd. Some one said when Landon was nominated that the elephant moved West, but I still say that his fodder comes from Wall Street.

By that, do you suggest that Mr. Landon's election would mean increased power of Wall Street over the Federal Government?

Unquestionably.

Do you think that Mr. Landon would balance the budget?

No. To balance the budget it would be necessary either to institute a rate of taxation that Landon's backers, both the big and little business men, would not stand or it would be necessary to reduce relief to a level that would provoke serious riots. Landon might try the latter, but not for long. The most conservative Roman emperors found it necessary to increase, rather than decrease, bread and circuses to keep the Roman masses quiet. Landon would not be better off than the Roman emperors in this respect.

Do you think he would abolish many of Mr. Roosevelt's alphabetical agencies?

Practically none. Did Roosevelt abolish the Hoover commissions he attacked? He changed the names and made more of them and gave them more power. Landon would discover that the first thing necessary is to see that deserving Republicans fill the commissions, some of which might be renamed and their functions changed.

Would you anticipate any drastic economy in Washington, following Mr. Landon's inauguration?

No. As I have already said, the first place for drastic economy would be relief and that would not be safe. The second place for drastic economy would be military and naval expenditures, but the Republican Party is as thoroughly committed as the Democratic to an increased Army and Navy.

Do you think Mr. Landon's election would produce any major change in governmental policy?

No major change, but probably a somewhat important change in that intangible but very important thing known as "attitude." Unquestionably Roosevelt is temperamentally more experimental, more actively sympathetic with labor and the underdog in general than Landon. I say this in spite of the fact that

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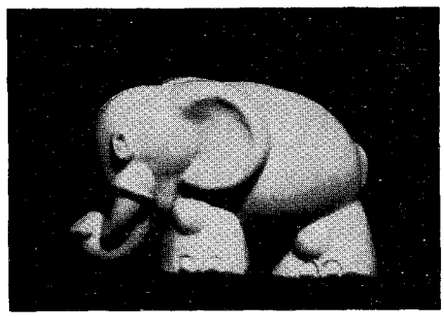

Mr. Roosevelt's underdog sympathies have not extended to the share-croppers who cannot vote anyway. But in Pennsylvania, he is generally more sympathetic where the underdog votes — *e.g.*, the steel areas and coal areas. This temperament, this different attitude, is not negligible. I do not think it is important enough to warrant the weight the pro-Roosevelt forces, including the Communist Party, put on it.

Do you think that attitude could, as the Republicans promise, bring back prosperity?

No. No policy is going to bring back prosperity. The working of the business cycle may give us a temporary respite, but much as a chronic invalid has his good days. Actually, the United States is only about fifteenth in the list of nations now in respect to economic recovery, taking 1929 as a standard.

Do you think that after four years of Mr. Landon big business would be pleased at having elected him?

I think big business is politically extra-stupid. They might be pleased because Landon would try harder to please them than Roosevelt, but Roosevelt by making some concessions in the past four years has actually done more to prolong the system than Hoover could or would, and I am inclined to think the same thing for the next four years.

Do you think there would be any marked difference between Mr. Hamilton's post-election activities, in the event Mr. Landon wins, and those of Mr. Farley during the past four years?

A difference in manner. Substantially it is the nature of American politics that some one has to play that rôle.

Do you think the Republicans would carry out their platform promise to put all Federal employees below policy-making ones under Civil Service?

No, not without some bad jokers in it. At any rate, not until they had thrown out a lot of bad Democrats and put in good Republicans to take their places.

Do you think Mr. Landon would eliminate waste in administration of relief?

I think there would be as much waste and a little less humanity. In other words, the percentage of waste would be as high but the total amount would be smaller.

Where do you think Mr. Hoover would fit into the picture if Mr. Landon is elected?

I think Mr. Hoover would continue to be a Director of the New York Life Insurance Company. He might try the rôle of the Sage of Palo Alto, but he would not cut much ice politically.

What about the Breckenridge Democrats who are now flocking to Topeka?

Well, "flocking" is a large word. Who was it in Kansas who said, "That may mean a large amount of money for us but very few votes"? In terms of votes, I do not think the Breckenridge-Ely type of Democrat means much.

Do you think Mr. Landon would put Al Smith or any of the men of his type into the Cabinet?

I doubt it. I do not think Al Smith would want to play second fiddle to Alf Landon, and I doubt if the Republicans would be smart enough to try to bring about a permanent coalition. There are too many hungry Republicans.

Do you think there will be any general realignment of the parties?

No, I do not. I think any realignment is more likely to be forced by the rise of a strong Farmer-Labor Party rather than to come about by any logical difference between the Republicans and Democrats. You see, the Democratic Party does not know what Mr. Roosevelt wants. It is for Roosevelt and office — but it does not really understand the Roosevelt doctrine. In the South it is as reactionary as ever. One of the likely aspirants for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1940 is Governor McNutt of Indiana — an able man who is very reactionary. His military law is one of the most dangerous things that has happened in America. It is a virtual Hoosier Hitlerism.

How does what you call Hoosier Hitlerism differ from what has been called Sunflower Fascism?

Very markedly. Landon, from what I learned, did not do a good job with the militia during the strike, contrary to what he says, but Landon never dreamt of doing what McNutt did — keeping one county, Sullivan, under military control for more than two years and

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questions under the Roosevelt Administration. Serious improvement in rural electrification or any other large-scale technical advance that affects the masses in America is dependent upon an adoption of a fundamental new course in government which takes up the direct challenge to monopoly capital and serious limitation of its powers and profits. This, Roosevelt would not do. This guarantees in advance that rural electrification would be strictly limited and experimental.

Is substantially the same thing true in regard to housing, slum clearance, rural rehabilitation, and the like?

Yes.

Who, in your opinion, would be the President's principal advisers?

The President changes his advisers so often that we have no precedent for anticipating any stable course in the future.

Mr. Tugwell has stayed through it all. The Republicans are making him one of their campaign issues. Do you think that if Mr. Roosevelt is reelected, Mr. Tugwell's prestige would be greatly increased?

Whenever the most reactionary camp concentrates on attacking any individual, it always increases his prestige among the masses of people. I think Tugwell has gained prestige beyond his merits. Because of this circumstance he has served as a scapegoat for the Liberty League. He is really not such a radical as they picture him, as far as I can find out. I have never met the gentleman; I have nothing against him. My impression is that he is simply a capitalist-progressive type.

Would you expect to see the Federal debt mount as much during Mr. Roosevelt's second term as during the first?

There is a peculiar angle to this question of the public debt that is largely ignored today. The increase in public debt is popularly measured in dollars, but if we should take a stable yardstick

If Roosevelt Wins

Earl Browder

to apply to the debt before and after the Roosevelt Administration — if, for example, we should take the gold value of the debt — we would find the increase in the public debt for the first three years very small. It is only in the fourth year of the Roosevelt Administration that there has been a substantial increase in the public debt measured in terms of gold. If we continue this gold measurement of the public debt, then we might say that the second administration would see a larger increase. That is why the problem would be more acute in the second term than in the first, because the measures in the first term were largely based upon the deflation of the dollar and the changes which this brought about in the debt structure of the country, the relief of tensions brought about thereby.

If Mr. Roosevelt wins do you expect to see a great migration of business leaders to Washington, such as we witnessed in 1933, around the beginning of the NRA?

There is a different situation today. The capitalists have their profits restored almost to pre-crisis levels and instead of looking to Washington for help, they are bending all efforts to make Washington the sub-office of Wall Street. With the new crisis, there would, of course, be a new scurry to Washington of all big business men to get their profits restored, no matter who might be in office, Roosevelt or Landon.

If Mr. Roosevelt is returned, do you expect to see an exodus of wealthy people?

Where would they go? Taxes are higher elsewhere than in the United States; security is less.

Would a second Roosevelt term be greatly influenced by a general scrambling among his followers to become his heir?

I think between 1936 and 1940 there is going to be such a fundamental realignment in political life that the 1940 election will bear very little relation to the political line-up in 1936. I think in 1940 there will be two major parties also, but quite different from the present. I expect to see the Farmer-Labor Party as one of the major parties, challenging the elections for power. If you want to know what the most reactionary party will be like, one cannot clearly say yet. It may conceivably be a fundamental development of the present Republican Party with the Liberty League Democrats and Southern reactionaries. It may be a compromise between that grouping as we see it taking place today and a Roosevelt democracy. It may have an openly reactionary face or it may try to continue some of the progressive traditions of the Roosevelt Administration into the conservative or reactionary party of 1940.

What appears most clear to me is that there will be many parties, but two main camps, one of which is definitely Farmer-Labor. The other will have as its main base the Republican-Liberty-League Solid South, with perhaps an attempt to put a progressive coloring over it. That of course means a very fundamental shake-up in the political life of the country. It means the present line-up will have very little significance except this fundamental line-up of powers directly controlled by finance capital. Members of this group are certain to play the leading rôles in the reactionary party of 1940.

That would be a rather swift realignment wouldn't it — four years wiping out both Mr. Farley's and Mr. Hamilton's machines?

Not a much quicker realignment than in 1856 and 1860, and we are living today in an age of airplanes and radio. It is not so swift when you compare the present tempos of political change. Four years is a long time today.

another, Vigo County, for about six months. They were peaceful — they did not need troops — but Major Weinar was director. He could prevent meetings, and so forth. Landon never did anything like that. My opinion is that Landon is a bewildered Kansas progressive who would like to do the best he can, but that the people who took him for a symbol are too strong for

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him. I do not think he is personally very reactionary.

If Mr. Landon is elected, it seems possible that he will have a Democratic House as well as the Democratic Senate that is assured. In your opinion, what effect would that situation have upon the one we have just been talking about?

It would tend to make government indecisive at a time when we need a government that can act. I regard our political situation, with its lack of party responsibility, as a serious thing. It will make it easier for fascist drift. It must be remembered, however, that the vote on all major (*continued on page* 73)

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Brainstorm on the Bus

IRVING FINEMAN

She pushed the typewriter down into its well, got her towel from the lower right-hand drawer, and went into the wash room. Miss Coburn, who took charge of the files, was in there washing her face. She had rolled up her sleeves and opened her dress at the neck. Her skin was yellowish, shriveled; her breasts undeveloped. Miss Coburn had been with the Bellaman Company for twenty-odd years.

Miss Coburn said, "I forgot to tell you, Miss Bates, that an extra copy of all foreign letters is required for Mr. Morrison's files."

Miss Bates finished drying her hands, then powdered her nose. She leaned toward the mirror — in how many years would *her* smooth skin begin to shrivel? She put on her hat and went out.

The elevator dropped with a rush that lifted your heart. It was crowded, but nobody spoke.

Going west in the hurrying stream pouring out of the buildings, she could look straight into the sun. It was a huge orange ball wedged into the foot of West Forty-third Street. It painted the pavement orange and the faces of all the hurrying people. Their backs were black. They dragged their long black shadows on the pavement behind them.

She was lucky. There was a seat in the very first bus, a seat by the door. It was a relief. What a dull job *that* had turned out to be. Scrubbing floors, washing dirty dishes, working your fingers to the bone for someone who loved you would be heaven, instead of the dictaphone endlessly droning: "Yours of the 20th . . ." But a job was a job, these days.

The conductor was coming to get her dime in his metal box; looking down, she saw his leather encased calves. She held out the dime and looked up at him, and he was not even looking at her; but as his little box chimed and swallowed her dime and he turned away, she saw the sturdy shapeliness of those legs and how straight and wide his back was in the tight-fitting uniform, how strong his back, though it narrowed down toward the hips, how solid-round his trunk; your arms round his ribs would be like holding a tree, and a lump was in her throat.

He stood on the platform staring out into the street with his blue eyes hard and steady while women brushed by him at the stops, going up the ladder to the upper deck, with his big strong hand behind them to steady them as he rang the starting bell. And oh — it was mad, never had she thought such things — at sight of his firm round chin with a cleft in it she thought of dried-up Miss Coburn and of her own nice body; and was *she* going to dry up and never have a baby with staring blue eyes and a dimpled chin?

And here he came again collecting fares, and on his breast was a badge with his name, Mr. George Andrews — she would call her baby George — and on a scroll, enameled, "Civility, Loyalty, and Service," and couldn't she ask for the service just once so she might have a baby — George she would call him — and not dry up her nice white body, and he like a tree, so that she wanted to reach out and touch him, the sturdy round of his ribs. But he went out on the platform again because the bus was going to stop.

And a man came on who went up the stairs to the upper deck without giving him the dime first as he might have, and saved him going up the stairs after the man, which made the conductor mad, so that his blue eyes suddenly blazed, and he jerked the bell cord hard. "Bastard!" she heard him hiss out of the side of his mouth — the baby George would be a bastard — and she saw then how fierce his eyes were, how dirty his hand, how men were brutal, how he glanced, appraising, at the legs of a woman going up the stairs. And she looked again and saw there was nothing attractive in the likes of him — it was mad; what was she thinking of! Her corner was coming.

She pushed the button, the bus swerved to the curb and stopped with a grinding jerk, and in her hurry to get off she brushed by without seeing him.

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France at the Crossroads

JOHN R. TUNIS

"Liberty," said Matthew Arnold, "is a good horse to ride, but to ride *somewhere*." Surrounded on the north, east, and possibly the south by dictatorship nations, France is desperately trying to ride the horse of liberty. Will she be able to remain long in the saddle, and if not, what will happen?

On Monday, August 10, I debarked at Le Havre from the *Normandie*. Shortly after we docked, the Brazilian steamship *Bage* came into the harbor bearing three Roumanians and four Poles, Communist agitators who had been expelled from Brazil and were to be repatriated via Hamburg.

A wire from the Communist Party of Pernambuco warned the Syndicalists of Havre of their arrival, and when the *Bage* docked at the Quai de Pondicheery, three thousand dockers struck, closed the gates, cut off communication with the town, and demanded the release of the Communists aboard. After a consultation with the local police, the Consul of Brazil, and the steamship company, they were debarked, and took a night train for Paris under guard of a special inspector.

At two-thirty in the morning, when the train stopped at the little station of St. Pierre-de-Vauvray, the seven gentlemen opened the door of the carriage, jumped across the tracks, and escaped. Three days later the gendarmerie of Notre-Dame-de-Vandreuil in the Eure arrested two of them. By a decision of M. Roger Salengro, the Minister of the Interior, they were released, and all search for the others was stopped.

Does this mean that the Blum Government was Communist? Not at all. This government, which came into power late in May, not only contains no Communistic elements, but is not even supported by them, although these elements have to date refrained from voting against it. At the start, Blum attacked the vested interests with vigor, and his early record was impressive. In the few weeks of the parliamentary session of the summer he actually accomplished more reforms than most French cabinets in many years.

While the English and Americans have been talking about the risk of private munition makers subsidizing wars, the French passed a bill enabling the government to take over any armament concern, and placing them all under control. A forty-hour week, compulsory holidays for workers with pay, the reorganization of the Bank of France (long overdue) — these were the more important items in his program, but there were others almost as important, if less spectacular.

By adopting them, the Blum Government went far enough to alienate its enemies and not far enough to please its supporters. Salary rises, paid holidays, the forty-hour week, and other reforms produced their inevitable result. The worker often returned from his paid vacation to find that his patron had either closed the shop or fired him. Prices rose. Costs of production rose. The burden was shifted to the back of the petty bourgeois and the small shopkeeper, and the latter was unable to carry the burden. The price of bread, that gauge by which all France judges the cost of living, went up. A rise of five sous a kilo in bread can overthrow the most secure of French governments.

The diverse elements, radical and socialist, which make up the Popular Front, are in confusion. The situation has been likened to that of Russia in 1917, and Blum called the Kerensky of France. Will France go Communist? The casual observer might think so if he trusted only his eyes and ears. It gives a stranger accustomed to the individualism of the Gaul something of a shock to see factories occupied by workers who hoist the red flag above the building. It astonishes him to watch the hammer and sickle pass by in long lines of workers' processions round the Bastile, or to take a train for Lyon and run along the Seine with its lines of barges all flying the red emblem. A fairly large proportion of the elementary schoolteachers of France are Communist, and openly teach Communist principles.

Now there are today all over Europe two distinct philosophies of life clashing with each other for the possession of men's souls and for the power of nations. The fight has been won — and lost — in Russia, in Germany, and in Italy. The result is, at the moment of writing, in the balance in Spain. With the conflict at her front door and in her backyard, can France escape trouble? The issue is being drawn, and the next few months will prove decisive in the history of the world. Beyond question, a Communist France would prove sufficiently displeasing to Germany to provide the spark that would start another world conflict.

That France may follow Russia is possible, but to those who know the French, unlikely. Granted the Communist strength throughout the country, and even among the lower bourgeoisie and the peasantry, where one would not expect to find it, the French, by instinct, training, and tradition, are about as far removed from the principles of Communism as any race on earth. They are a nation of *petits proprietaires,* of *rentiers,* and small

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ILLUSTRATED BY JEAN CHARLOT

They ask only to be left in peace to earn their living

owners. This has been said ad nauseam, but one should remember it when, if, and as stories of battle and murder, of death and revolution, should begin to come this winter from Paris. They are essentially — unlike their neighbors across the Rhine — a race of individualists. Only a Frenchman could have imagined or could have written the sentiment I saw chalked across the front of a church in the Midi last summer: *"Les Soviets partout, même dans la merde."*

Which brings to mind the classical line of that German who understands these people better than any foreigner, Sieburg: "The French have order in their minds and disorder in their railway stations." If you visit the outer edges of Paris along the ruins of the old fortifications, you will see here and there scores of squatters living in what seems like, and is, filth and squalor. That scene may be a disgrace to the city, but these huts are occupied by people with a fierce sense of property. Georges de la Fouchardière illustrates the point in a story of his native village in the Vendée.

A friend of his owned a villa and considerable land, and had as neighbors a pair of savage gypsies, Com-

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Blum

munists who resented his placing signs along the edge of his property warning trespassers to stay away. These signs, they said, were an insult to honest people, and they told him this to his face, along with other less complimentary remarks. Last year his friend decided to offer the wretched couple shelter in an abandoned windmill on his estate, and moved in a bed, a couple of chairs, and a stove to make them comfortable. Three months later La Fouchardière visited his friend. "Come and see what my guests have done." They approached the windmill, near which was a sign nailed to a tree and written in an almost illegible hand:

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER THE ESTATE
SAVAGE DOGS — BEWARE!

The millions of electors who voted for the People's Front last May did so, not as Communists or even necessarily Leftists, but as a protest against the old régime, and in hope of averting a blow from the right. The enthusiasm of the thousands who carried flags and banners to the Place de la Republique on July 14, has unquestionably been succeeded by disappointment as they see chances of such a coup by no means lessening. Although unemployment up to the middle of September had slightly declined since the Blum Government took hold, the cost of living had advanced everywhere. The rise of prices, the continued and alarming flight of capital, and the general lack of confidence which strikes every visitor point to a crisis that must be faced soon, if indeed it has not already arrived. Predicting the future in France is of all pastimes the most dangerous. Having visited that country every summer for ten years, I am astonished at the changes which take place from month to month. Five years ago the French Right was violently opposed to the German Government and favorable to a rapprochement with their former ally, Russia, whereas the Left distrusted Russia and sympathized with the German people. Such are the changes in French politics, that today the Right is cordial with Hitler and his beliefs, while the Left has fostered and supported the alliance with Russia which practically duplicates the old line-up of pre-war days.

Doriot

Consequently one must admit that in France today, anything can happen. It is even possible that Blum may be able to keep his balance for a few months longer, that he may succeed in postponing the devaluation of the franc which Frenchmen everywhere now admit to be inevitable. It is possible, provided a war does not burst, that Blum may remain in power for some time yet. It is possible because the forces against him are not as yet provided with leaders who have the confidence of the masses. With one exception.

There is one group in France that seems to be organizing. It is a strange conglomeration of all sorts and conditions of men: intellectuals who dream of Russia as their spiritual home, chevaliers of the Legion d'Honneur, peasants angry at seeing the price of their meat go down, small shopkeepers unable to make both ends meet, workers excited by the success of the strikes last June, rentiers annoyed and worried by the increase in taxes, teachers eager for real social reform, and a host of good bourgeois tired of the everlasting game of political factions; a few months of the Left and some decorations given out, then a few months of the Right-Center with a few decorations given out, and so on. This group is undisciplined. It is not yet a force, but it has a leader. His name is Doriot.

Few names in France today arouse such hatred as Jacques Doriot, Mayor of St. Denis, an over-populated industrial suburb of Paris, the heart of the famous Red Belt. Disliked by the Right, distrusted by the Left, hated and despised by his former friends the Communists, he may yet prove to be the man of the hour in France. Strange things happen now in French politics, none stranger than the possibility of power coming to this man who in 1927 passed a year in the Sante prison for subversive activities.

Yes, Mussolini also was imprisoned for his Leftist activities, at one time. Doriot, like Mussolini, is a son of the people, child of an ironworker in the Oise. He was attracted by the mystery and promise of the Russian Revolution, was at one time the representative of the Internationale with the Jeunesse Communiste, fought, spoke, and went to prison, came out, was elected to the Chambre where his force and vigor soon made itself felt.

Elected Mayor of St. Denis at the most critical moment in its history, this virile Frenchman had one object: to make the city administration simple and effective. He yielded to no pressure, he submitted to no demagogy, he was dictator of his small world, he ruled and ruled well, feeding the workless, decreasing infant mortality, constructing swimming pools and public works, laboring

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desperately to form a Communist government within the bounds of the capital. Success was his. Then came his break with the leaders of the party in France.

"Renegade," they say of Doriot.

To which he replies, "Yes. Because the Communist Party, completely submitting to Stalin and Moscow, is now preparing a bloody revolution with the inevitable consequence — war. For it is to Stalin's interest that France should sacrifice her sons to protect his dictatorship, and for this reason Thorez (leader of the French Communists) has delivered his party to the most shameful task of social disorganization this country has ever known. People who in Soviet Russia have been incapable of keeping their promises, and who practice inside their borders the most bitter nationalism the world has ever known, ask the French nation to make a revolution in the name of Socialism."

No thank you, says Doriot. And he has founded the Parti Populaire Français. Here is the beginning, at any rate, of Fascist movement, and the man who could head it. It is likely to grow, for it has two things in its favor: first, the discontent of the middle classes in France who see things tumbling to pieces about them, and are looking for a leader; second, the character of Doriot. He is a worker, he is a middle-class Frenchman, he understands his compatriots, he is simple, easily understood by them. The comparison with Mussolini is far more than a mere resemblance in physical and facial characteristics.

Chiappe

It is generally believed in France and elsewhere that a victory for the Spanish revolutionists, and a Fascist government in Spain, would make a Fascist government likely in France. Paradoxically, for we are talking of a country where the paradox is the rule and not the exception, I believe a Communist success in Spain would be far more likely to worry the French bourgeoisie and cause a sudden Rightist seizure of power. On the other hand, a Fascist victory to the south might well cause the middle classes to pause in their rush to safety with a leader, for fear of a civil war like that in Spain.

Win, lose, or draw, it is certain that democracy in one of the few remaining democratic countries in the world is being attacked. The situation appears ripe and may grow more so for a Fascist blow. If it comes, who will the leader be? Doriot? Chiappe? Or some second-class steward from the *Isle de France* who is today unknown except to his mates?

Herriot

But although a Fascist coup is possible, there is hope for lovers of democracy in the fact that it is by no means inevitable. I think the political attitude of the average Frenchman can best be explained by the remark of a Parisian friend of mine: "I am neither of the Left or the Right. I only ask to be left in peace to earn my living." One forgets that the extremists from both sides are the ones who make the noise. There are a million Communists and about the same number of Fascists in France today. But there are thirty-nine million French who support neither and desire no dictatorship of any kind. They only ask to be left in peace to earn their living.

Furthermore, this nation still has amazing resources of moral and intellectual strength. What race but the French could, in one of the most critical periods of her history, pour forth its energies and talents in constructing a great exposition for the future? It takes sturdy courage at this hour to look steadfastly away from the threats of war and trouble that loom on every side, and think of the arts and humanities. This they can do, are doing, and that is one reason to believe they will surmount the difficulties before them. For France is a queer land where the most unexpected things happen, a land where Doriot the Communist is not a Communist, where Herriot the Radical-Socialist is a conservative, where Chiappe the Monarchist from Corsica is a Republican. It is a land where even the rulers are peasants or of peasant stock, men with an instinctive feeling for the land and for keeping it secure, for themselves and for the people whom they rule. These men are coolest in the crisis. It is therefore early to predict the downfall of democratic institutions in the country which brought them into existence.

Thorez

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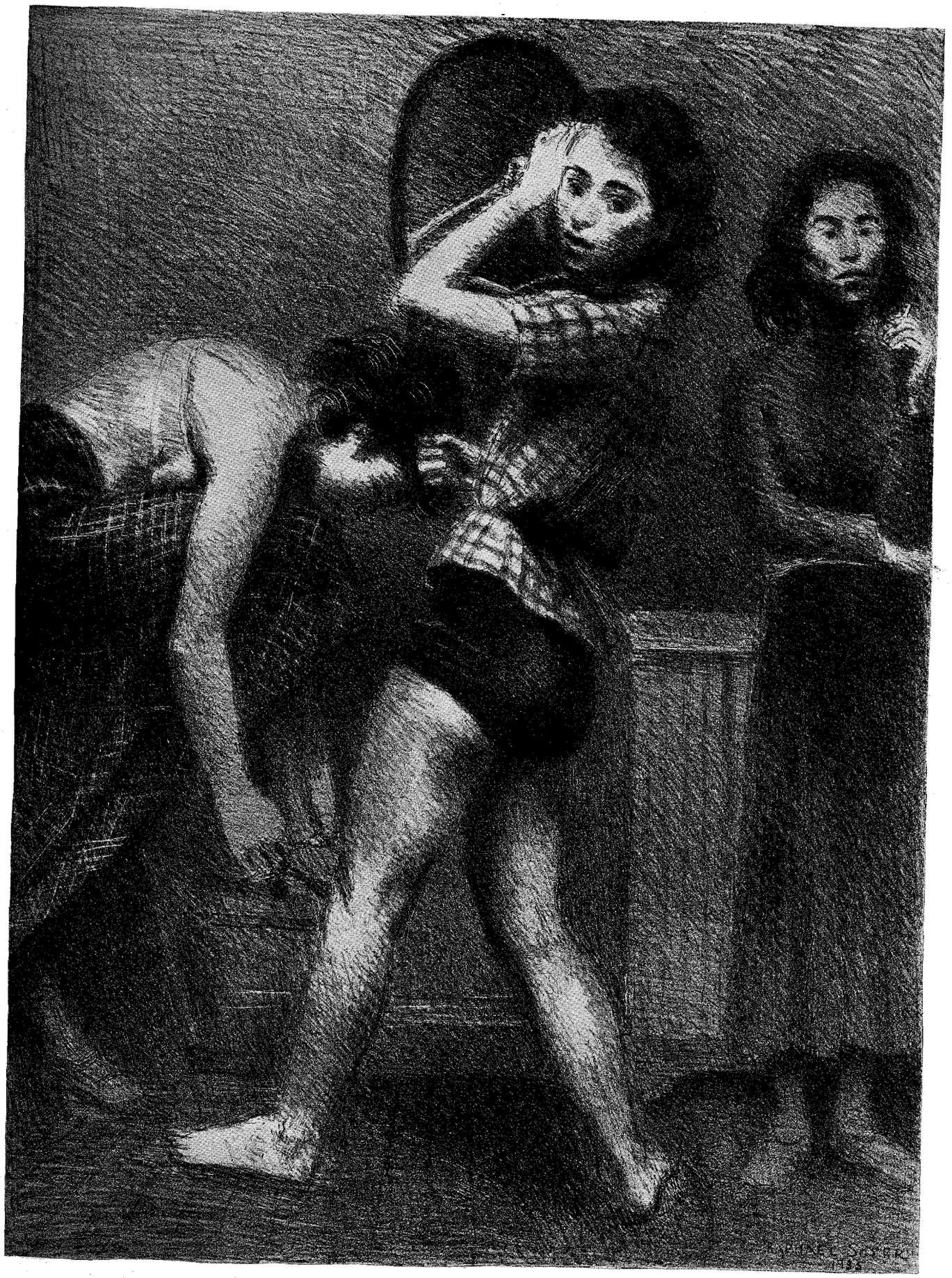

Backstage

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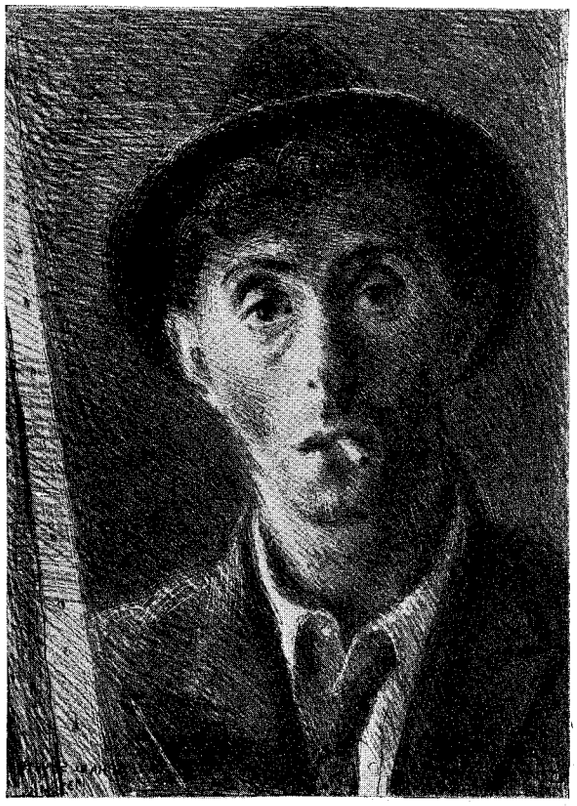
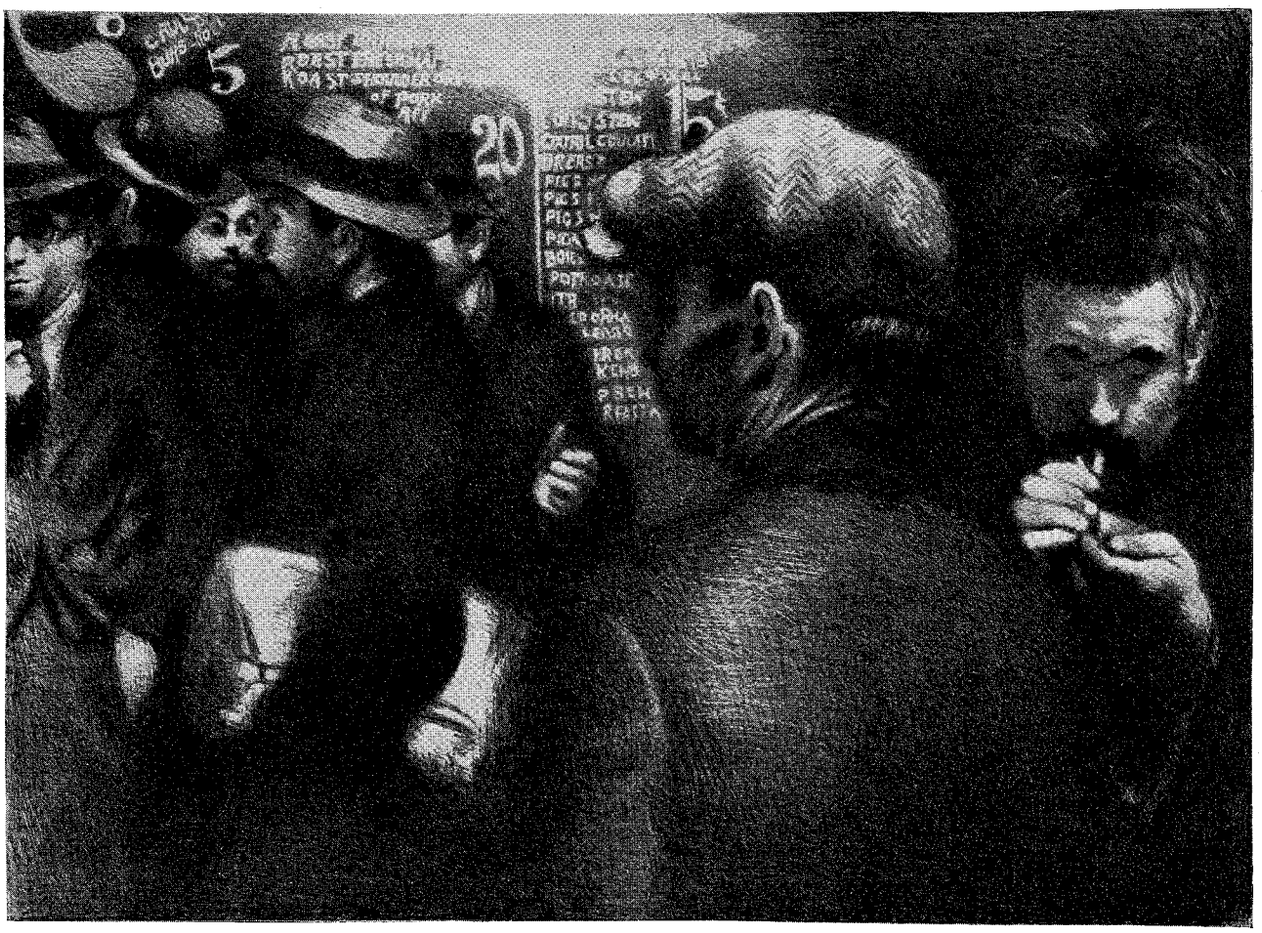
Scribner's Presents
RAPHAEL SOYER

Born in Russia thirty-seven years ago, Raphael Soyer came to New York with his family at the age of ten, and grew up in poverty among the scenes and people he portrays with such rare understanding. He studied at night at the Art Students League, and in the daytime eked out a living by distributing newspapers and by working in shops and factories. When the Whitney Studio bought two of his paintings, he decided to devote all his time to being an artist. Since then he has sold paintings to some of the leading art galleries in the country. Soyer's paintings and his lithographs are distinguished by a warm feeling of humanity and by a vibrant suggestion of atmosphere. There is nothing posed about them; he tries to capture the feeling of a casual, spontaneous moment in the lives of his characters and makes of them intimate presences, caught among the lights and shadows of their surroundings.



Self-portrait



Bowery Nocturne

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Maybe the Sun Will Shine

WILLIAM MARCH

THE NURSE came into the room where Bill sat and glanced around to assure herself that everything was in readiness for the doctor. They weren't used to such famous men in hospitals of this sort, and she was afraid each time he came to see Bill that he would ask some question which she could not answer, some technical thing which she had learned in her probationary days and had promptly forgotten, such as, "Define lymph, Miss Connors, and state briefly the purpose it serves in the economy of the body."

She dragged her forefinger over the table, examined it critically for smudges, and looked briskly about her for a dustcloth. Since there was none, she lifted her uniform above her knees and held it away from her body while she wiped the table clean with her underskirt. She was conscious of the exposure of her thighs, and she turned her head slowly and looked at Bill. He was a strong, thick-set man with a muscular neck and a chest so solid that it seemed molded from the metals with which he had once worked. He was, she judged, about twenty-five. The fact that such a young, full-blooded man could neither see the charms that she exhibited, nor react to them, because of his blindness, as a man should, excited her, and she began to talk nervously:

"Well, I guess you'll be glad to get this over with. I guess you'll be glad to know for certain, one way or the other."

"I know now," said Bill. "I'm not worrying. There's no doubt in my mind now, and there never was."

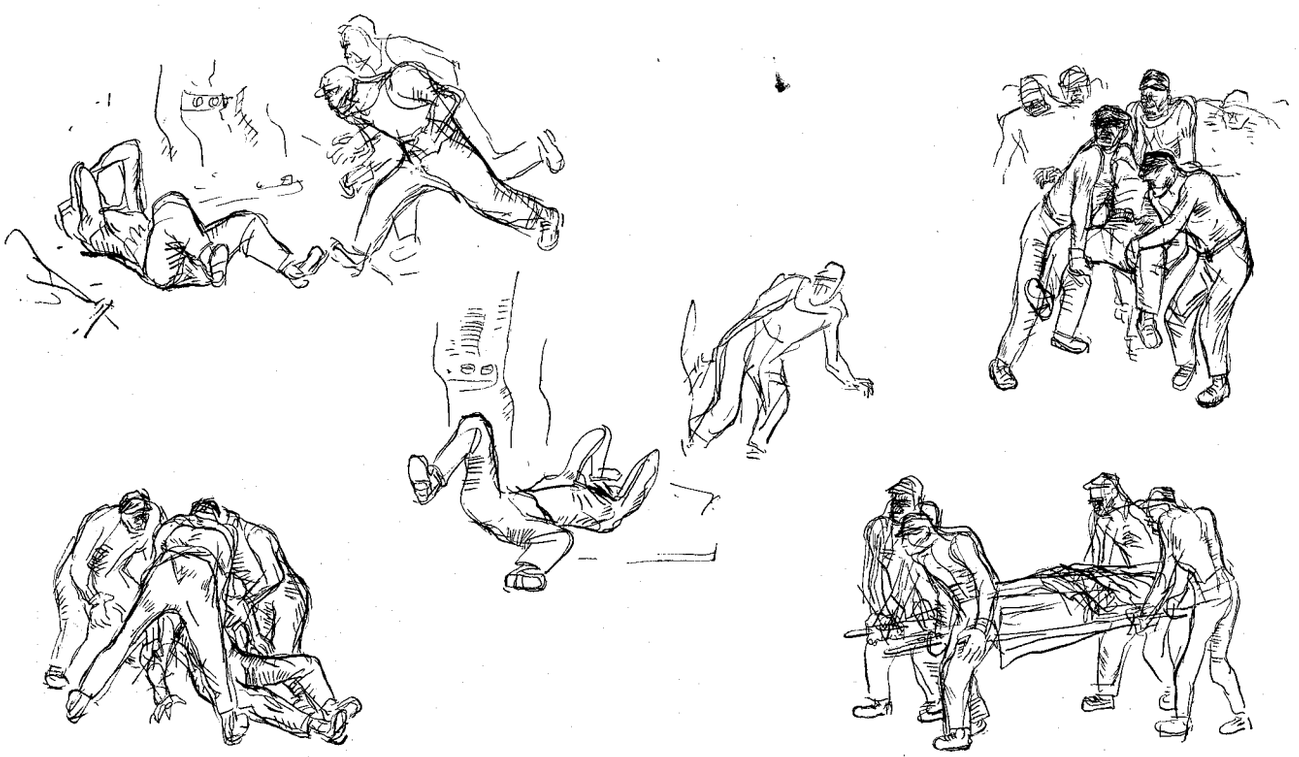
"I must say you've been a good patient. You haven't been upset like most of them are."

"Why should I worry?" asked Bill. "I got the breaks this time, if ever a man did. If there ever was a lucky man it's me, if you know what I mean. I was lucky to have that big-time doctor operate on me for nothing just because my wife wrote and asked him to." He laughed contentedly. "Christ! Christ, but I got the breaks! . . . From the way he's treated me, you'd think I was a millionaire or the President of the United States or something."

"That's a fact," said Miss Connors thoughtfully. "He's a fine man." She noticed that she still held her uniform above her knees, and she dropped it suddenly, smoothing her skirt with her palms.

"What's he like?" asked Bill.

"Wait!" she said. "You've waited a long time now, and if you wait a little longer maybe you'll be able to see what he looks like for yourself."



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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

"I'll be able to see all right, when he takes these bandages off," said Bill. "There's no question of maybe. I'll be able to see all right."

"You're optimistic," said the nurse. "You're not downhearted. I'll say that for you."

Bill said: "What have I got to worry about? This sort of operation made him famous, didn't it? If he can't make me see again, who can?"

"That's right," said the nurse. "What you say is true."

Bill laughed tolerantly at her doubts. "They bring people to him from all over the world, don't they? You told me that yourself, Sister! . . . Well, what do you think they do it for? For the sea voyage?"

"That's right," said the nurse. "You got me there. I don't want to be a wet blanket. I just said *maybe*."

"You didn't have to tell me what a fine man he is," said Bill after a long silence. He chuckled, reached out and tried to catch hold of Miss Connors's hand, but she laughed and stepped aside. "Don't you think I knew that myself?" he continued. "I knew he was a fine man the minute he came into the hospital and spoke to me. I knew—" Then he stopped, leaned back in his chair, and rubbed the back of one hand with the fingers of the other. He had stopped speaking, he felt, just in time to prevent his sounding ridiculous. There was no point in explaining to Miss Connors, or anybody else, just how he felt in his heart about the doctor, or of his gratitude to him. There was no sense in talking about those things.

Miss Connors went to the table and rearranged the bouquet of asters which Bill's wife had brought for him the day before, narrowing her eyes and holding her face away from the flowers critically. She stopped all at once and straightened up.

"Listen!" she said. "That's him now."

"Yes," said Bill.

Miss Connors went to the door and opened it. "Well, Doctor, your patient is all ready and waiting for you." She backed away, thinking of the questions that a man of such eminence could ask if he really put his mind to it. "I'll be outside in the corridor," she went on. "If you want me, I'll be waiting."

The doctor came to where Bill sat and looked at him professionally, but he did not speak at once. He went to the window and drew the dark, heavy curtains. He was a small, plump man, with a high, domed forehead, whose hands were so limp, so undecided in their movements that it seemed impossible for them to perform the delicate operations that they did. His eyes were mild, dark blue and deeply compassionate.

"We were just talking about you before you came in," said Bill. "The nurse and me, I mean. I was trying to get her to tell me what you look like."

The doctor pulled up a chair and sat facing his patient. "I hope she gave a good report. I hope she wasn't too hard on me."

"She didn't say," said Bill. "It wasn't necessary. I know what you look like without being told."

"Tell me your idea and I'll tell you how right you are."

He moved to the table, switched on a light, and twisted the bulb until it was shaded to his satisfaction.

"That's easy," said Bill. "You're a dignified man with

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snow-white hair, and I see you about a head taller than any man I ever met. Then you've got deep brown eyes that are kind most of the time but can blaze up and look all the way through a man if you think he's got any meanness in him, because meanness is the one thing you can't stand, not having any of it in you."

The doctor touched his mild, compassionate eyes with the tips of his fingers. "You're a long way off," he said laughingly. "You're miles off this time, Bill." He switched off the shaded light on the table, adjusted a reflector about his neck, and turned back to his patient, entirely professional again.

"The room is in complete darkness now," he said. "Later on, I'll let the light in gradually until your eyes get used to it. I generally explain that to my patients so they won't be afraid at first."

"Christ!" said Bill scornfully. "Did you think I didn't trust you? . . . Christ! I've got too much faith in you to be afraid."

"I'll take off the bandages now, if you're ready."

"Okay!" said Bill. "I'm not worrying any."

"Suppose you tell me about your accident while I work," said the doctor after a pause. "It'll keep your mind occupied and besides I never did understand the straight of it."

"There's not much to tell," said Bill. "I'm married and I've got three kids, like my wife told you in her letter, so I knew I had to work hard to keep my job. They were laying off men at the plant every day, but I said it mustn't happen to me. I kept saying to myself that I had to work hard and take chances, being a man with responsibilities. I kept saying that I mustn't get laid off, no matter what happened."

"Keep your hands down, Bill," said the doctor mildly. "Talk as much as you want to, but keep your hands in your lap."

"I guess I overdone it," continued Bill. "I guess I took too many chances after all. . . . Then that drill broke into about a dozen pieces and blinded me, but I didn't know what had happened to me at first. Well, you know the rest, Doc."

"That was tough," said the doctor. He sighed soundlessly and shook his head. "That was tough luck."

"What I am going to say may sound silly," said Bill, "but I want to say it once and get it off my chest, because there's nothing I'm not willing to do for a man like you, and I've thought about it a lot. . . . Now here's what I want to say just one time: If you ever want me for anything, all you got to do is to say the word and I'll drop everything and come running, no matter where

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I am. And when I say anything, I mean *anything,* including my life. . . . I just wanted to say it one time."

"I appreciate that," said the doctor, "and I know you really mean it."

"I just wanted to say it," said Bill.

There was a moment's silence, and then the doctor spoke cautiously: "Everything that could be done for a man was done for you, Bill, and there's no reason to think the operation was unsuccessful. But sometimes it doesn't work, no matter how hard we try."

"I'm not worrying about that," said Bill quietly, "because I've got faith. I know, just as sure as I know I'm sitting here, that when you take off the bandages I'll be looking into your face."

"You might be disappointed," said the doctor slowly. "You'd better take that possibility into consideration. Don't get your hopes too high."

"I was only kidding," said Bill. "It don't make any real difference to me what you look like. I was kidding about what I said." He laughed again. "Forget it," he said. "Forget it."

The doctor's small, delicate hands rested against his knees. He leaned forward a little and peered into his patient's face. His eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and he could distinguish Bill's individual features plainly. He turned on the small, shaded light, shielding it with his palm. He sighed, shook his head, and rubbed his hands against his forehead with a thoughtful movement.

"Have you got some kids at home, too?" asked Bill.

The doctor went to the window. He pulled gently on the cord, and the thick curtains parted and slid back soundlessly. "I have three little girls," he said.

The autumn sunlight came strongly into the room and lay in a bright wedge across the floor, touching Bill's hands, his rough, uplifted face, and the wall beyond.

"Well, now, that's funny. I've got three little boys. . . . Can you beat that?"

"It's what they call a coincidence," said the doctor.

He came back to the chair and stood between Bill and the sunlight. "You can raise your hands now, if you want to," he said wearily.

Bill lifted his hairy, oil-stained hands and rested them against his temples. He spoke with surprise.

"The bandages are off now, ain't they, Doc?"

"Yes."

The doctor shook his head and moved to one side, and again the strong sunlight fell on Bill's broad, good-natured Slavic face.

"I don't mind telling you, now that I got my eyesight back," said Bill, "that I've been kidding about not being afraid. I've been scared to death most of the time, Doc, but I guess you knew that too. That's why I've been acting like a kid today, I guess. It's the relief of having it over and knowing that I can see again. . . . You can turn the light on any time you want to. I'm ready."

The doctor did not answer.

"My old lady was in to see me yesterday," continued Bill. "She said they're holding my job for me at the plant. I said to tell 'em I'd be there to claim it on Monday morning. I'll be glad to get back to work again."

The doctor was still silent, and Bill, fearing that he had sounded ungrateful, added quickly: "I've had a fine rest these last weeks, and everybody has been pretty damned good to me, but I want to get back to work now, Doc. I'm a family man and I've got responsibilities. My wife and kids would starve to death without me there to take care of them, and I can't afford to waste too much time. You know how it is with your own work, I guess."

The doctor went to the door, and spoke gently. "Nurse! . . . Nurse, you'd better come in now."

She entered at once, went to the table, and stood beside the vase of asters. She looked up after a moment and examined Bill's face. He seemed entirely different with the bandages removed, and younger, even, than she had thought. His eyes were round, incorruptibly innocent, and of an odd shade of clear, child-like hazel. They softened, somehow, his blunt hands, his massive chin, and his thick, upstanding hair. They changed his entire face, she thought, and she realized that if she had not seen them she would never have really understood his character, nor would she have had the least idea of how he appeared to the people who knew him before his accident. As she watched him, thinking these things, he smiled again, pursed his lips, and turned his head in the doctor's direction.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked jokingly. "What are you waiting for? . . . You're not looking for a tin cup and a bundle of pencils to hand me, are you?" He laughed again. "Come on, Doc," he said. "Don't keep me in suspense this way. You can't expect me to know what you look like until you turn on the lights, now can you?"

The doctor did not answer.

Bill threw out his arms and yawned contentedly, moved in his chair, and almost succeeded in facing the nurse who still stood beside the table. He smiled and winked humorously at the vacant wall, a yard to the left of where Miss Connors waited.

The doctor spoke. "I'm about five feet, eight inches tall," he began in his hesitant, compassionate voice. "I weigh around a hundred and seventy-five pounds, so you can imagine how paunchy I'm getting to be. I'll be fifty-two years old next spring, and I'm getting bald. I've got on a gray suit and tan shoes." He paused a moment, as if to verify his next statement. "I'm wearing a blue necktie today," he continued, "a dark blue necktie with white dots in it."

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Putting Public Opinion to Work

GEORGE GALLUP

An accurate yardstick for measuring public opinion may result in a far more sensitive and effective democracy — the test will come on November 3

THE November election may prove the first close Presidential election in a generation. Ever since Woodrow Wilson won his second term on a platform of triumphant neutrality, in 1916, Presidential elections have been lopsided, often landslides. As this is written, however, ballots from all parts of the country in the polls of the American Institute of Public Opinion show only a small lead for President Roosevelt over Governor Landon. A cursory glance at the newspapers will reveal how unanimously the commentators expect a close election.

The Institute is attempting to register the tension of that race — to register it accurately and scientifically. But its attempt is not so much to let American newspaper readers know what is going to happen before it actually does happen as to put a new method of measuring public opinion to its most exacting test.

In a sense the November election means not only the success of a candidate for the Presidency but the vindication — or possibly the condemnation — of an almost three-year-old experiment in assaying public opinion at work in a democracy. Institute polls, in quite pragmatic fashion, will be rendered either true or untrue by the results of the election. But something more important than a single organization is to stand the test. The possibility of scientific reflection of public choice will be determined and, in all probability, a new and more sensitive method of political procedure may become feasible.

The democratic theory of government ascribes intelligence as well as sovereignty to the people, implying that the people, altogether, are able to find solutions for their common problems.

This theory has had strenuous opposition, to be sure. It has suffered the quips of Bernard Shaw and the denunciations of Adolf Hitler. There are those who question the sincerity of Theodore Roosevelt's pronouncement: "I believe that the majority of the plain people of the United States will, day in and day out, make fewer mistakes in governing themselves than any smaller class or body of men will make in trying to govern them." Some will wonder if Roosevelt was presenting an honest opinion or an oratorical flourish. Yet few will deny that his statement expresses the underlying political philosophy of the United States, and of other democracies which are standing off the siege of dictatorship.

The willingness to have the public mind direct legislation, and to rest one's faith in the intelligence of that mind, has become well established in our democratic tradition — a willingness which the statesman and the ward-heeler are equally ready to display.

Nor is the tradition lacking in roots. Thomas Jefferson so earnestly desired to keep the government directly responsible to the people that he could countenance such a violent expression of the public mind as a revolution every twenty years. The New England town meeting grew from the principle that the expressed attitudes of its citizens should be the accepted guide to town affairs.

It is possible to be somewhat skeptical of this tradition. I believe, however, that in these polls we can do two things that have a bearing on the democratic tradition: first, make the people's day-by-day sentiments articulate; second, reflect for discussion and analysis the exact nature of the aggregate intelligence.

For many months the Institute of Public Opinion has polled the country on issues of governmental policy, of labor, and of armaments, on the varieties of political belief in different sections of the population, and on subjects of similar importance. After months of experimental work in discovering how many persons are on each side of controversial questions, it is my belief that the views of the electorate are quite as intelligent as those of their elected representatives.

Once I suggested that a poll of scientists and specialists, such as those who assembled for Harvard's Tercentenary, would reveal results strikingly similar to those received from a poll of the general public. The suggestion was challenged, of course. My best evidence came from a group of twenty questions to which we had nation-wide answers. We submitted the same questions to a group of about a hundred teachers and experts.

On the highly definitive question, "If there were only two political parties — Liberal and Conservative — which would you join?" there was immediate disagreement. The specialists would have joined with the Liberals by more than two to one, whereas American opinion favors the Conservatives by a slim margin. Yet on the other questions the persons with special knowledge agreed with the mass about four times out of five. Both

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insisted that the United States remain aloof from European sanctions; both thought expenditures by the government for relief and recovery too great, and both favored an amendment to the Constitution to regulate minimum wage standards. Voters throughout the country indicated their approval of an enlarged merit system in government by a vote of 88 per cent to 12 per cent. The specialists approved by 99 per cent to 1 per cent.

Their disagreements are no less instructive: the average voter believes it is necessary to balance the budget at once and to make a start toward reducing the national debt. He thinks the responsibility of caring for all persons on relief should now be returned to the state and local governments, and he objects, in general, to limiting the power of the Supreme Court. The teachers' group, however, was in no hurry to balance the budget, opposed return of relief to the states and communities, and was in favor, generally speaking, of limiting the power of the Supreme Court to invalidate acts of Congress.

While it may be true that the aggregate mind of the voting population indicates definite intelligence, it is quite as true that individual comments often reveal ignorance and naïveté. A Negro in Brooklyn, for instance, was asked by one of the Institute interviewers whether the President or Congress should determine the gold content of the dollar. "The President," he said, firmly. "He's the figurehead of the State, ain't he? That means he's supposed to do the figurin'." Another interviewer discovered a quarry worker in Vermont who had voted the straight Republican ticket "ever since Stonewall Jackson was President." In Indianapolis a WPA worker expressed fear of "this dictatorship" because it was "one of those bills they slipped over just before Congress went home for the summer."

Inconsistencies have little dread for many voters. One man, when asked what issues he considered most important today, discharged all the barrels of his discontent. "Get back to God," he said. "Then get rid of booze. Then get strong enough to whip the rest of the whole damned world if necessary."

Yet many ballots come to us with comments that indicate perception and experience. When asked if he approved of teaching the facts about communism, socialism, and fascism, a textile worker in North Carolina said, "We never had a chance to learn about those things. I want my children to learn all there is they can get in their heads." And a seventy-nine-year-old farmer scribbled in a shaky hand his answer to the question, "Do you think there is a life after death?" "I don't know now, but I'll damn soon find out."

I recall the experience of a friend of mine, a professor of physics, who drew a chalk line on the classroom blackboard and asked the class to guess its length. The guesses ranged from three feet to eight feet. Not a single estimate was correct. Yet the average for all the guesses was exactly right.

Perhaps the parallel between physics and democracy is rather apt. It suggests, in all events, the method of the American political tradition: disregard individual views as such, but credit them when they are added together. It is with something of the same predilection that the Institute of Public Opinion, in the past year, has asked thousands of persons in all levels of society their views on major political, social, and economic issues.

RITTASE - BLACK STAR

People with special knowledge agree with the mass about four times out of five

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THERE IS NO EVIDENCE WHATSOEVER

Among questions we have sought answers for are questions concerning government spending, the Supreme Court, the AAA, old-age pensions, state rights, the nationalization of munitions manufacture, inflation, hours of labor, relief, the CCC, amendments to the Constitution, and the present labor cleavage between the advocates of craft unions and the advocates of industrial unions. From the answers — statistical rather than personal ones — we attempt to draw an accurate picture of the aggregate American mind.

Naturally the question arises as to the means of drawing this picture. One asks what is the technique that makes possible the claim of accuracy. The Institute maintains a research office at Princeton, New Jersey, which sends out thousands of ballots every week. Thousands of ballots come back every week, too, both as mail ballots and as the result of a predetermined number of personal interviews by nearly three hundred staff reporters stationed across the United States.

Researches have shown that the number of ballots alone is rather unimportant; of more significance is the accuracy of the cross-section of the public which the ballots and interviews reach. Just as a physician learns the condition of all the blood of a human body by analyzing a drop of it, so the Institute takes a sample of opinion and from it learns the proportion of the electorate which favors or disapproves of any particular measure.

The personal interviews are particularly vital, since they reach both a section of the population not easily reached by mail and a section which returns mail ballots poorly yet includes citizens who will go to the polls. In addition to these contacts, mail ballots are sent to persons whose names appear in city directories and voters' lists, as well as telephone directories and other commercial lists.

It is extremely important for the establishment of a reliable cross-section that the number of ballots considered be in correct proportion to the number of persons who make up different groups in the nation. Obviously, a correct percentage must come from each of the forty-eight states. Maine on the one hand and Mississippi on the other could never be trusted as exclusive barometers of opinion, nor would they reflect nation-wide sentiment on most issues.

It is just as important to establish the correct percentage of votes from persons in different income levels. A person on relief is hardly likely to have the same views as an influential member of the Liberty League. Differences in points of view exist between rural and urban residents, and any cross-section must draw from these districts in correct ratio to the population. Furthermore, in all polls on political questions, that is to say, polls which ask people the way they intend to vote, two further controls are considered. A correct percentage is maintained of those who voted for Hoover, Roosevelt, or Thomas in 1932, as well as a correct percentage of young persons who have reached voting age since that election.

In every case in which a comparison has been possible between an Institute poll and an official expression of voter sentiment the correctness of the above proceeding has been upheld. In the Congressional elections of 1934 the poll was within one per cent of the nation-wide vote. The Institute poll was the first to show Governor Landon out-distancing all other candidates for the Republican nomination and to foreshadow his easy success at the Cleveland convention. The real test, however, will come in the Presidential election on November 3. We expect on Sunday, November 1, to name correctly the next President of the United States and to predict figures accurate within three points for all doubtful states and for all other states that have sizable populations.

One has only to announce a Presidential poll to be regarded with alarm. Until the time that the Institute polls were first published, I had a fair reputation for honesty in the research business. Yet from the day the polls made their first public appearance, I was regarded

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GLOBE & EWING GALLOWAY

THAT THEY BEHAVE LIKE SHEEP

with suspicion, not to say alarm. The print was hardly dry on our first release before Mr. Charles Michelson, Publicity Director of the Democratic Party, decided that the Institute poll had an evil bias because it appeared in some Republican newspapers. That many Democratic papers quite firm in their editorial policy were printing the same results, he completely overlooked.

Once started, the vituperation which had at first seemed unreal began to appear definitely fantastic. An irate Southerner wrote a letter to his paper which ended in this vein: "If tricks, manufactured sentiment, fake organizations, and false issues can defeat a man, there is no doubt but that Roosevelt will be defeated, and the Institute of Public Opinion will chuckle with glee at the result of its own deep, dark cunning."

A newspaper editor asked proof that ballots were being received by anyone in his district. A satchelful of returned ballots, with postmarks which the editor should have found significant, was forwarded to him.

It is not alone with fanatics that we are concerned. Research workers in the field of politics labor under a handicap far more real. It is exceedingly difficult to convince the public that a sample or a cross-section of the general population can be selected in such a way as to represent with a high degree of accuracy the entire population. In most fields of research, particularly those in which the public is relatively untutored, findings are readily accepted, but the average man is quite vocal when political opinions are involved. Tell him that it is possible to select a few hundred or a few thousand persons in his state who represent the divergencies in point of view of the entire voting population of that state, and he will laugh, if he does not swear. And yet in most fields of commercial research a sample of three or four thousand cases has been found to be entirely adequate for a national survey.

More serious students of public opinion cast no doubts on our impartiality, but worry lest our reports will tend to create a band-wagon movement. They believe that the American people delight in voting for a pre-announced winner and that a pool which might report a preponderance of voters on one side of an issue will produce shifts of allegiance among the minority. It has been believed for some time that the American people behave like sheep; there is, however, not one bit of scientific evidence to support it. An analysis of the *Literary Digest* poll figures will disclose the similarity of early and final reports for any given state in a Presidential year.

In the Institute's own polls on Republican candidates for the nomination, Governor Landon received 56 per cent of the total vote of all Republicans as early as April of this year, a percentage which represents twice the number of votes cast for the next highest candidate. The May report announced that Landon was retaining his support but not making gains. The final report, gathered just before the Cleveland convention, showed him one-half of one per cent lower than in April. Had the voters shown a tendency to be herded, Landon's popularity as a nominee would have increased each month after the April report which was highly favorable to him. The American public, it would appear, clings too tenaciously to its views to shed them and follow the winner — perhaps another bit of evidence of the intelligence of the electorate.

Frequently we receive the inquiry: "If you are running a national poll, why didn't I get a ballot?" It does not occur to persons who ask this question that if the Institute mailed out a million ballots a week it would take a year and a half to reach all the potential voters in the nation. Again, since most of the newspapers which print the results of the polls express definite political convictions, readers often assume that the poll is colored by the newspaper's own political views. There has not been a single case in which the Institute has found a client newspaper changing or distorting the results of its surveys.

Newspaper editors may swallow hard on occasion when our results come to them, (*continued on page* 73)

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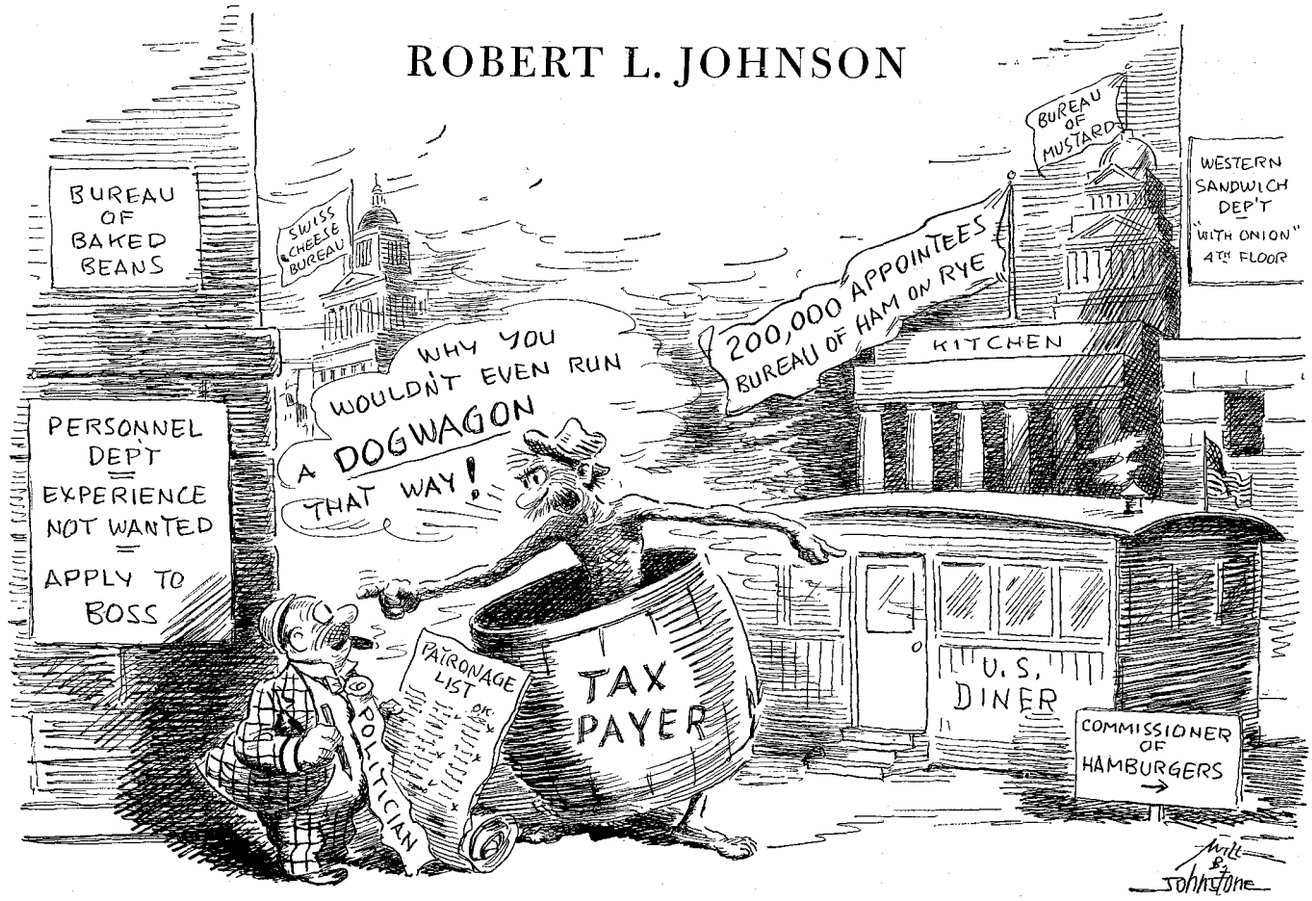
Merit Marches On

ROBERT L. JOHNSON



From my earliest memories I can recall discussions about the origin of the expression "O.K." Some people said it came from the "O.K. Overalls" worn in Civil War days, others that "O.K." was an Irish railroad man's way of signifying "All Correct" on waybills. But I have heard that "O.K." was the cry that went up all over the United States when Martin van Buren left the White House — for oblivion — after the inauguration of his successor, William Henry Harrison.

Martin van Buren, sponsor of the present American spoils system, lived in the town of Kinderhook in the Hudson River Valley. The people, realizing the harm he had done, cried "On to Kinderhook," which they shortened to "O.K." But unfortunately his disappearance from national politics was not enough; the partisan patronage system had been re-established in America.

Partisan patronage in English-speaking countries came to its full flower during the reign of George III, and was so outrageous and so offensive to the people that by the middle of the next century a civil-service reformation was well under way in England. In the meantime, however, patronage had contributed its part to the causes of the American Revolution, through the mistakes and ineptitude of officials appointed as a reward for political services rather than for their diplomacy, ability, and knowledge of colonial affairs.

Thomas Jefferson, shortly after his inauguration in 1801, said, "I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt, and not for a multiplication of officers and salaries merely to make partisans."

Van Buren, unlike Mr. Jefferson, could have had no personal knowledge of the Royal abuses of patronage. He was not born until 1782, only a year before the American Colonies threw off the yoke of England. But he was no fool, and he read Jefferson's remarks with close attention. Conversely, could not Jefferson's words mean something else — a self-perpetuating machine that would last as long as life itself!

Van Buren was not interested in efficient government. He believed in getting *his* while the getting was good. Acting on this converse political slant, he had a machine (The Albany Regency) operating beautifully in New York State by 1820. His theme song was simple and ran something like this: Do unto me as you would have me

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do unto you, and between us we will do everybody else.

Andrew Jackson leaned heavily on Mr. Van Buren for support and listened eagerly to his words of political advice. He espoused his political philosophy and paid him off with (1) the Secretaryship of State, despite the fact that Mr. Van Buren "wrote crudely"; (2) carried him into the Vice-Presidency during his second term, and (3) successfully used all the power of a grateful political giant to make him his successor in the White House.

For forty years thereafter the spoils system was the beginning and end of all political campaigning, but here, as in England, a culmination was finally reached. It came with the assassination of President Garfield by Guiteau on July 2, 1881. Guiteau was a victim of the system. He thought he deserved a job in the Federal Government, and he hadn't been given one. The accepted theory of the day was that a person who had worked for the winning party deserved a sinecure. Crazed at the thought that he had been left out, he took his horrible revenge.

Guiteau, unbalanced as he must have been, unwittingly kindled the spark that set the torch aflame for civil-service reform. Within a few months of his act, the National Civil Service Reform League was founded, and within two years had aroused the people to a point where civil-service reform legislation was demanded and secured. Even then, America was twenty-eight years behind England, which had passed her first civil-service laws in 1855.

The Civil Service Act of 1883 made three fundamental principles the law of the land. These are: (1) selection by competitive examination for all appointments to the classified service, with a probationary period of service before absolute appointment; (2) apportionment among the States and Territories, according to population, of all appointments in the departmental services in Washington; (3) freedom of all employees of the government from any necessity to contribute to political campaign funds or to render partisan political services.

The Civil Service Commission was set up to administer the law, see that its terms were not violated, determine qualification requirements, and arrange examinations.

Since that time, different administrations have increased the classified services from 13,924 in 1883 to about 500,000 employees today. This is about sixty per cent of all Federal employees at the present time. On March 3, 1933, the percentage was 80.8 (467,161 out of 578,231 workers), the decrease of twenty per cent being largely due to new governmental agencies not classified. In 1900 the classified services included some 94,000 employees, or only forty per cent of the total. It would seem that we are making progress despite setbacks in various administrations.

The National Civil Service Law of 1883 has been followed in state, municipal, and local administrations, most of them fostered and all of them assisted by the National Civil Service Reform League. The total covers ten states, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, and nearly 400 cities.

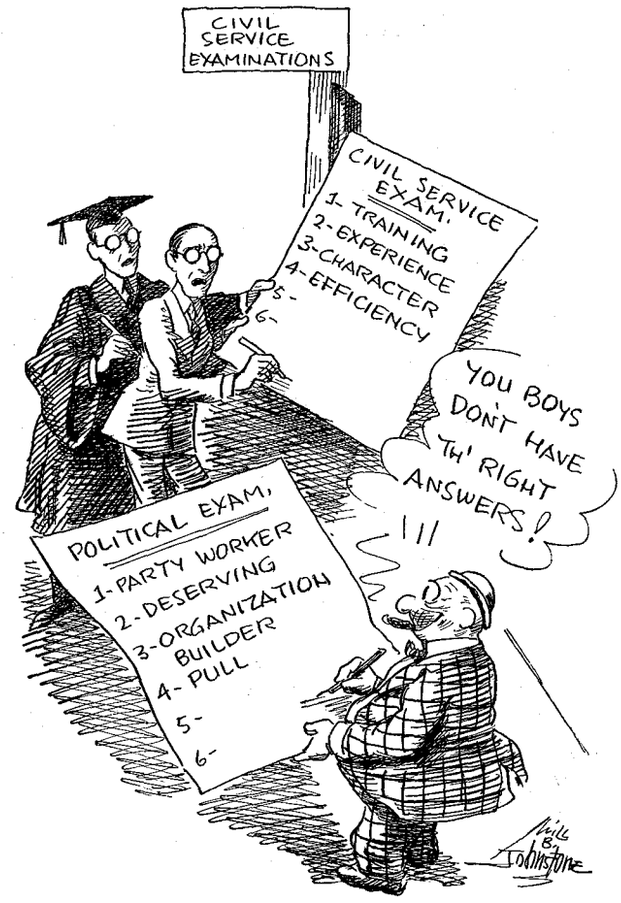
Reviewing the history of the civil-service reform movement in the Federal Government, I have found that the first forty years of our history were without need of reform. The Electoral College chose Presidents who were chiefly concerned with the welfare of the country, and who subordinated their personal political ambitions. Employment with the government was on a merit basis without need for legislative control. True, there were not as many jobs, and they did not pay as well as they do now.

Jefferson, in 1801, was the first President under whom the two political parties had become clearly defined. He found the positions in the Presidential class entirely filled by his opponents. He deemed it necessary or expedient to remove 109 of 433 officers. Today, he would probably replace them all.

Madison was the first President to be confronted with war patronage. He ducked the issue by leaving military nominations for the War of 1812 almost wholly to the State Delegations.

De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York, in his notorious "green bag" message to the New York Legislature in 1820, charged that the officers of the Federal Government were an "organized and disciplined corps." His cry was "bureaucracy," but it was a signal, even in Monroe's time, that a partisan patronage system was desired by some elements, the danger that Jefferson had foreseen and warned against.

In 1820 the Four-Year Tenure Law was passed. It established a fixed tenure of office for all Presidential ap-



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pointees and was without question the beginning of the spoils system and its corner stone. William H. Crawford, then Secretary of the Treasury, was not entirely frank when he sponsored it on the ground that it would assure a complete accounting from all officers within that period, at least. He also put forward a weak claim that it found a means of discontinuing unsatisfactory officers without putting "any stain upon their characters."

Andrew Jackson was the first of our politician Presidents. Before him had gone Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and J. Q. Adams, all statesmen. With Jackson, the rabble-rouser, came King Mob. Government employees were hired or fired according to their political affiliations. Merit and experience did not count. To the victor, indeed, went the spoils. Let me quote Jackson in part:

"Office is considered as a species of property, and government rather as a means of promoting individual interests than as an instrument created solely for the service of the people. . . ."

"The duties of all public officers are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple that men of intelligence may readily qualify themselves for their performance; and I cannot but believe that more is lost by long continuance of men in office than is generally to be gained by their experience. . . ."

"In a country where offices are created solely for the benefit of the people, no one man has any more intrinsic right to official station than another. Offices were not established to give support to particular men at the public expense. . . ."

The astonishing thing is that the sentiments Jackson expressed were nationally popular for forty years, and have not, even yet, been entirely discarded.

An amusing incident took place during those halcyon years of inefficiency and waste. Count Gurowski, master of most European languages and a linguist whose superior probably never existed, was proposed in 1857 as translator for the Department of State. The office went to a Tammany man whose sole qualification was a knowledge of several American Indian dialects.

Lincoln turned the tide toward civil-service reform. Outrageous as it sounds to us today, it was proposed to him that the Four-Year Tenure Law be applied rigidly throughout the Federal service. This meant that Lincoln would dismiss all appointees of his first administration and appoint new ones for his second term, if reelected in 1864. Lincoln politely declined.

Grant favored civil-service reform. In his second Annual Message to Congress he advocated a law that would govern, not the *tenure,* but the *manner* of making all appointments.

Hayes backed the civil-service reform movement. William Cullen Bryant, a Democrat and opposed to Hayes, refused to allow himself to be named a Democratic Elector because the Democratic candidate, Samuel J. Tilden, who had long fought corruption, had not gone on record as favoring civil-service reform. Garfield, we know, was assassinated by an irate office seeker.

ANY EXPERIENCE?
SURE, I HELD A JOB EVERY TIME OUR PARTY WON TH' ELECTION!
GOVERNMENT JOBS
WHAT DO I DO NOW?
GOOD LUCK IN OFFICE
WELL, HAVE TH' GUY WHO HAD TH' JOB BEFORE ME STICK AROUND AND LEARN ME THE ROPES!

Now let's see what has happened since the enactment of the civil-service reform law.

The law automatically brought 13,924 Federal employees, mostly in clerical positions, under the merit system. President Arthur increased the number by 1,449. Cleveland, in his first administration, added another 7,259. Harrison contributed 8,690 jobs. Cleveland, back in the White House again, put 42,511 more positions under the selective system. McKinley had a net increase of 1,330. Theodore Roosevelt added 34,766. Taft increased the merit system to cover 40,711 additional jobs. Taft personally was one of the best friends the merit system ever had. In addition, he required that 10,300 first-, second-, and third-class postmasters (all those receiving salaries of more than $1,000) should be appointed as the result of competitive examinations held by the United States Civil Service Commission. He required the selection of the first person on the eligible list in every case. For "good political reasons" Harding changed this so that any one of the three highest might receive the appointment, thus making it possible to reward worthy Republicans.

Wilson effected a net increase of 14,104. Harding,

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Coolidge, and Hoover added 10,143 employees, but their low records are in part attributable to the fact that most of the positions in the Federal Government that should obviously become classified services had been so declared by previous administrations.

On January 30, 1932, 467,161 of the 578,231 Federal employees had been examined and given their positions on the basis of competitive examinations. At the present time, there are about 825,000 Federal employees, of whom almost 500,000 owe their jobs to the merit system. Mr. Roosevelt has increased the classified services by about 8,000, but in his administration many agencies have been created which Congress had not designated as coming under the civil-service requirements. There are still many agencies manned by political appointees which we hope will soon be placed in the classified service.

Mr. Roosevelt's recent executive order, changing the system of selecting presidential postmasters by requiring the appointment of the person standing highest in a competitive examination, is a step in the right direction, notwithstanding the wide criticism of its political significance which is centered on the provision permitting reappointment of present incumbents after non-competitive tests.

Now let's see what the merit system actually does, what happens when you don't have it, and how important it is to have the civil-service laws rigidly enforced.

Four cases will serve:

1. A representative of the Detroit *News* in 1935 made an analysis of the payroll of the State of Michigan for that year. His report showed that the lack of a civil-service merit system had cost the taxpayers $500,000 within a few months following the last change of administration, due in large part to political changes in personnel. Many departments had employed new workers to do the tasks already performed by the old employees, and the latter were being retained temporarily to train the new appointees who were supplanting them.

2. The President of the City Council of Seattle, Washington, at a hearing before the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel in 1934, reported that in Seattle, which is now under the merit system, the employees number about 6,000. However, "with the last political change in the executive department, I do not suppose there were more than 7 or 8 changes, perhaps 10, in the entire personnel. . . ."

The City Treasurer of Seattle stated:

"Under the spoils system in the year 1911 there were 75 employees in the City Treasurer's office, at which time cash transactions totalled $41,014,000. In 1929, under the merit system, there were only 50 employees, and cash transactions totalled $149,536,000."

3. The yearly budget for policing Cincinnati's 72 square miles with a force of 650 policemen is $1,000,000. The cost for policing 64 square miles in St. Louis with 2,000 policemen is $5,000,000. Both cities operate under the civil-service rules. The laws of Cincinnati are well administered and enforced, while those of St. Louis are virtually ignored. (Reported by City Manager C. A. Dykstra of Cincinnati at a meeting of the St. Louis League of Women Voters.)

NOW, GET SOME GOOD CIVIL SERVICE GUY WITH TRAINING TO COME IN AND DO MY WORK!
LUCKY FOR ME TH' PUBLIC'S DUMB ENOUGH TO LET ME GET AWAY WITH THIS!
GONE TO BALL GAME
SALARIES
HEAD - $2,750
FORMER HEAD $2,750
1ST ASSISTANT $1,0
2ND ASSISTANT $ 7
ASSISTANT $5
TAX PAYER
Will B. Johnstone

4. In March, 1933, when the New York Civil Service Reform Association threatened to compel the Municipal Civil Service Commission to place the positions of twenty investigators, agents, and other employees of the newly created Free Employment Bureau under the Civil Service Rules, the positions were suddenly abolished as entirely unnecessary.

The program of the National Civil Service Reform League is not intricate. It is, primarily, to effect an amendment to the Constitution which will make the merit system part of our fundamental law and compel its application to all positions in the Federal Government which are not primarily connected with policy. The League is also prepared and anxious to aid in the preparation of merit-system legislation for state, municipal, and county governments.

It knows that every result it achieves is a genuinely worthwhile public service. It wants to convince the people of the United States that their best interests lie in entrusting the routine work of government to employees chosen on the basis of merit — and merit alone.

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SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer, with illustration in color by an equally talented artist . . . see page 91*

Titus Is Different

JEROME BAHR

Now my old friend Titus is different. He wears a black suit and a wide black hat and a Roman collar whenever he appears in our town. He still calls us by our first names and jokes with us when we are waiting in the post-office for the mail to be sorted. But now we are always polite to him and wait until he has gone on before we finish our stories.

"Good morning, Father," the townspeople say to him.

"Good morning, Father," I say to him.

We were all there the day Titus said his first mass and became different. The church was crowded with people, all relatives and friends, but Titus did not make one mistake. He said every prayer and did everything right. I know because I was once a mass server. Titus and I used to serve mass together when we were boys.

That was long ago—before Titus took the holy orders. He was like us then. He lived next door to me. His father was a shoemaker and my father ran a store and we played together every day in the back yard.

Titus was two years older, and I always tried to be like him. He had two younger brothers and a sister, and we always let him be the leader. We did everything he said. Even when he told us to put tar on the Thompson boy we carried out his order, though we all got licked for it.

Titus's father was a stern old man who muttered and scowled when he fixed shoes. He did not make much money and seldom gave his children playthings. Often I had things that Titus wanted. But he would never touch them.

When my mother gave me a blue policeman uniform, I showed it to Titus. Titus counted the brass buttons and said, "Upstairs we got a policeman uniform with four more buttons."

When my mother gave me a go-cart, Titus laughed and said, "That is big enough for only one person. Upstairs we got a go-cart that we all can ride on."

I did not get to see Titus's policeman uniform or his big go-cart. They always remained upstairs, and often I thought he was telling a lie. But he laughed so much at my things that I too thought they were no good. I stopped wearing the policeman uniform, I let the go-cart rust in the shed, and then Titus was nice again and we all played together in the back yard.

I did everything Titus did except go fishing. My mother would never let me go fishing. When I begged her, she always said, "You're much too young. You might fall in and drown."

Neither my father nor my mother ever went fishing. They did not understand there was no danger in it. They thought people fished for carp in the deep river instead of for trout in the shallow creeks. I tried to make them see this but they would never believe me.

That way Titus's father was better. He took Titus along every time, and the next day Titus would say, "We caught some big ones yesterday. We had a fine time. Why didn't you come along?"

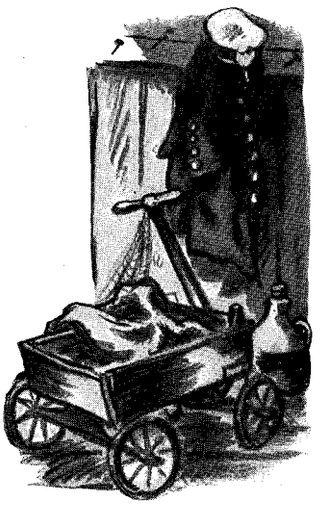
One day my mother consented to let me go along with Titus. I had begged her for a whole week, and at last she threw up her hands and said, "All right, you may go."

This made me very excited. I ran out the back door shouting, "Titus! Titus! My mother says I can go with you tomorrow!"

But Titus did not get excited. He went on playing with his dog and said, "All right. You be at our house tomorrow at six o'clock. But don't you come a minute late. My father doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"Will you tell your father I can go?" I said.

"Yes," said Titus. "I'll tell him."



All that afternoon I prepared for the fishing trip. From Willy Hohl I bought poles, lines, hooks, and sinkers; in back of his grocery store I found an old can for bait; and to the butcher shop my mother went for meat for my lunch. When I went to bed that night I had a hard time falling off to sleep.

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ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHELLHASE

"Titus, wait for me!"

I awoke at five o'clock. The mist was just lifting, but I bounded right out of bed. My mother wrapped up my lunch and then went into the pantry and returned with two bottles of root beer.

"Fishermen don't take root beer," I said.

"Yes they do," said my mother. "You'll need something to drink for lunch."

I did not want to take the root beer, but my mother made me. I was terribly loaded down with things when I reached Titus's house. It was ten minutes to six and I knocked on the door.

"Are they ready?" I said.

"They've gone," said Titus's mother. "Were you going along?"

"Didn't Titus tell you?"

"He didn't say anything."

For a moment I was speechless. I could not understand how Titus could have forgotten to tell his father. I asked his mother which way they had gone and then started after them.

They were far down the railroad track when I saw them. All over the day was coming to life. The grass was sparkling with dew, the crickets were ticking in the marshland, behind Schwarz's livery-barn the manure pile was steaming like an oven.

"Titus!" I cried. "Titus, wait for me!"

They turned around and beckoned to me. "C'mon," I heard Titus shout.

I started running with all my might. My shoes became smeared with wet cinders. My fish poles bounded on my shoulder. With my bottles of root beer I swayed dizzily between the long glistening rails.

When I looked up again they were crossing the bridge.

"Titus!" I cried again. "Titus, wait for me!"

Again Titus turned and beckoned. It seemed I would never catch up. They kept walking and walking. In my left arm the bottle of root beer suddenly became heavy. It slipped out of my hand, went crashing onto the rail. Then the other fell, too, breaking, splashing against my leg.

"Titus!" I cried. "Titus! Titus . . . !"

Suddenly the fish pole caught in my leg and I went sprawling to the cinders. The wet cinders smeared over my face, my shirt, my knee which began to bleed.

When I got up they had rounded the curve and were out of sight. Sparrows were hopping about on the rails. The grass was sparkling with dew, crickets were ticking away in the marshland. . . .

Now Titus is different. He has taken the holy orders. He wears a black suit and we don't joke with him any more.

"Good morning, Father," I say to him now.

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Now, Because in November

GENE SHUFORD

1

and the stars and stripes wave thinly
they smoke in the sky, the paper rockets burst
and over the hundred twenty million the shower of fire
ten million bands are playing somewhere
the hundred twenty million mouths open
we want jobs we want money we want heaven and earth
and the seven angels
the hands wave, the hats fly, the banners wave
he is god is christ he is judas he is pontius pilate
we love him we hate him crucify him he is god
the mouth of the candidate opens
i will give you i will give you i will give you
he is god is christ he is judas he is pontius pilate
crucify him he is god
crucify him crucify him crucify him

he is god

and in the warm night the lovers walk
one hundred twenty million under the hats
she has her arm around him, he has his around her
and you mr candidate open your mouth
so he will hear you so she will hear you
a car a job a little mortgage on your roof
roses round the roof mortgage round the roof
and a pay check sattidy night
two bottles of beer

2

the earth is there, it lies under the moon
the broad fields, the sprawled hills are there
the houses are silent, the people are sleeping
they are waking up in new york in philadelphia
but in iowa in kansas in new mexico in sanfrancisco
in portland they are in the darkness
the earth is there, the lovers are there
give them the night, give them always
hold back the sun, mr candidate
the lovers are there
they are there in the fields
and the cattle, the farms, the sheep, the ranches
the railroads, the highways, the towns, the cities
came out of the earth, the earth spawned them
but now they are yours, mr candidate
you must feed them, slaughter them, sell them
build them, repair them, pay for them
it is your farm your town your city your country
when the sun comes up, you raised it
when the drouth comes down, you made it
you're rain-maker for this drouth, mr candidate
go out with the cherokees
get a gourd-rattle for the stomp dance
get moccasins and a feather bonnet
the old gods are good, pray to them all
pray to somebody, you got to have rain

the rain comes, it fills the fields
beats down upon the roofs in a swishing flood
on barns filled with hay to the rafters
on houses, smoke-houses, pigpens, sheep-folds
the lovers have come in from the fields
under the tin roofs they hear the water drum
the long swishing roar of the flood

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the river is high, dark brown giant of the great maw
eats the earth, eats houses, the bridges go out
it's time for the militia, for the red cross
chickens are roosting on the combs of the houses
the hospitals are filled, the morgues filled too
and fence corners clot with the white faces of the drowned

why are they dead? why are they hungry?
the rains come, the dykes are rotten, who brings the rains?

you do
you do, mr candidate

the ten million bands go on playing

3

smoke fills the room knee-deep in ticker tape
is full of big fat men with black cigars
full of half-emptied bottles, of poll taxes
full of figures about brush creek township
about izard county about california about pennsylvania
about prairie states about tammany about father coughlin
about huey long, he's dead, he plays a harp now
remember the one about him and the three chorines
the ballot boxes are full, the lies are spread
that man, he's crazy, he's mussolini, he's nobody
has a tunnel under the treasury
has dynamite under fifth avenue
shot his grandmother, beat his wife
wall street backs him, he loves the peepul
brought in strike breakers, he loves the peepul
pensions, bonus, economy, he's a tight-rope walker

he loves the peepul

stuff the ballot boxes, beat up the guards
tell the judges they know where bread's buttered
tell the ward-heelers, the cops, the firemen, the highway
boys

kick in, you guys, stick your mitts deep
pull up the coin now, because in november . . .

4

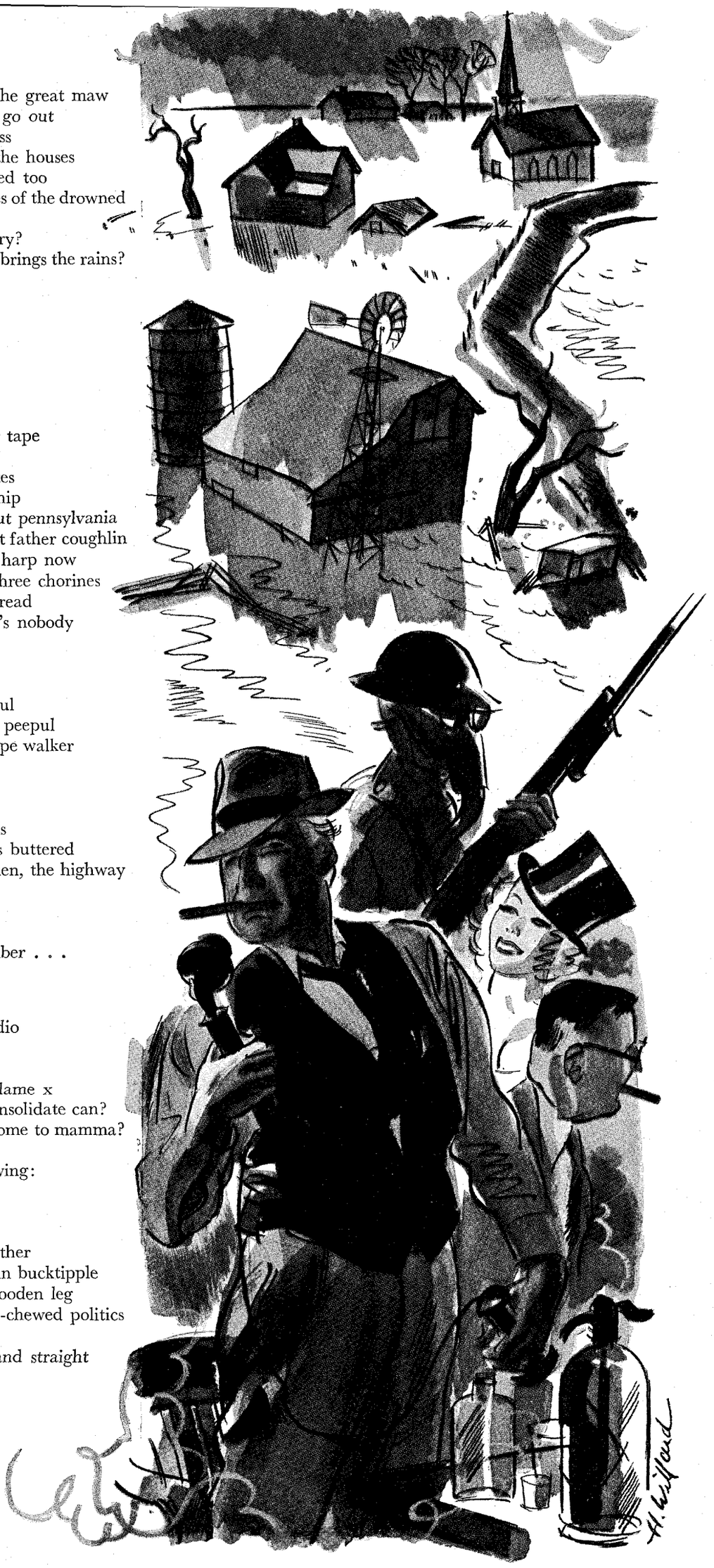
and at night the warm voice on the radio
or do you want to swing it?

and there's madame x
tells fortunes: take a trip or invest in consolidate can?
let the dark man cross your path or go home to mamma?

and in the darkness, the little light glowing:
". . . that this nation, under God, shall
have a new birth of freedom . . ."

and seventy-three years ago my grandfather
and your grandfather and old uncle john bucktipple
at gettysburg and came home with a wooden leg
sat on the courthouse steps and tobacco-chewed politics

the dead lie in rows, the crosses white and straight
roses over them and lilies and violets
and in the fields the dew has fallen



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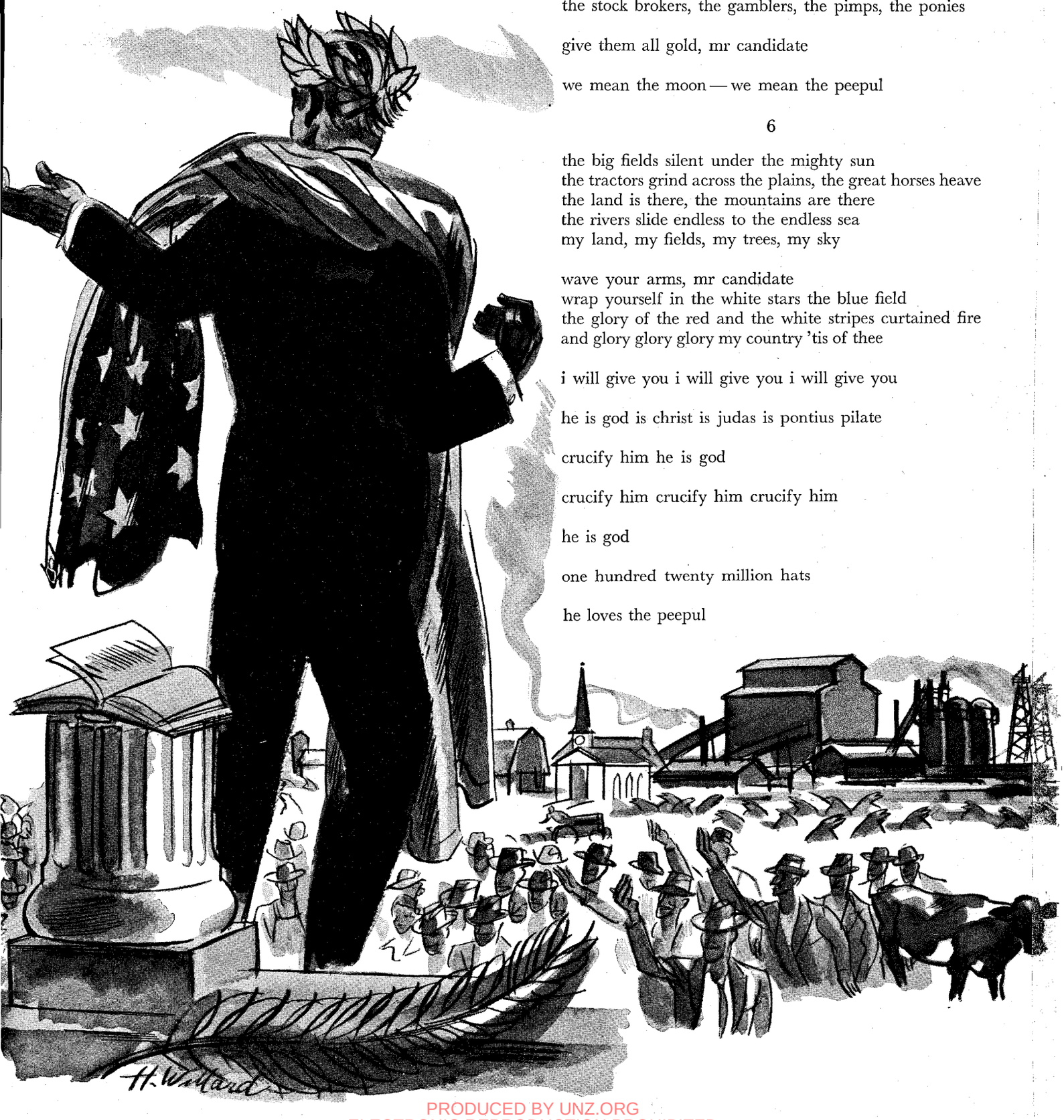
". . . and that government of the people, by the people,
for the people . . ."

remember the dead, mr candidate
they still vote the straight ticket
they're listenin', they've tuned their dials in too

". . . shall not perish from the earth."

warm voice in the night
night of roses and violets and lilies
the dead have heard, the lovers hear too
don't forget the lovers
they vote the straight ticket

one hundred twenty million hats



5

the moon is yours, mr candidate, we mean the country
we mean the rocks and rills the templed hills
we mean the wheat fields the grain elevators
the cotton fields the niggers the germans the jews
the scandinavians the armenians the wops the amurricans

we mean the moon

the gold mines the oil wells the copper the lead
the silver the dock handlers the farm hands the pit workers
hollywood wall street in God we trust or in somebody
and the dome of the capitol, you've seen it, it's gold

believe in freedom and justice for all
for the share croppers, the college professors
the bridge players, the subway strap hangers
the stock brokers, the gamblers, the pimps, the ponies

give them all gold, mr candidate

we mean the moon — we mean the peepul

6

the big fields silent under the mighty sun
the tractors grind across the plains, the great horses heave
the land is there, the mountains are there
the rivers slide endless to the endless sea
my land, my fields, my trees, my sky

wave your arms, mr candidate
wrap yourself in the white stars the blue field
the glory of the red and the white stripes curtained fire
and glory glory glory my country 'tis of thee

i will give you i will give you i will give you

he is god is christ is judas is pontius pilate

crucify him he is god

crucify him crucify him crucify him

he is god

one hundred twenty million hats

he loves the peepul

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Etude in Time Lost

ELICK MOLL

The blueberry patch was in a field across the creek, about a mile down the road from the Mountain View House. I was eight and a half that summer; and the year before, the paralysis which is especially designed for children had shortened one of my legs so that I leaned on that side already a little closer to darkness than to light, a little nearer to death than to life. Perhaps that was why finding the field of blueberries seemed a tremendous thing. Anyway, I know it was something apart from a six-month-old tradition in me of loss and adjustment, back and away from that, to a time of straightness, of brightness and beginning and the pureness that is a child's certainty that the world is nothing if not an expanding treasure chest of surprises for him.

Sometimes, when I am lucky, there is a kind of music I still hear, thinking about that blueberry patch and being eight and a half years old. It's a shimmer first of something blue against the eternal movement of a boy's scuffed shoe in tall grass, and then clusters of delicately powdered roundness lifted into view from under a screening of waxy green small leaves, and then a strange pure passion of belonging in the world, *belonging* — in a life of richness, in a time of infinite becoming. It is something composed of growth and ripeness, the feeling of them, made understandable in your blood and tissues; it is a knowledge of the urgency and potency of life focussing with almost maddening intensity into these wonderfully tiny, round, precise, miraculous shapes of livingness, there at your hand, millions of them, and yet untouchable for the moment, because they are not things but knowledge, music — not for one but for the many, the myriad ones you are all at once, by all the ones who have been you in all the times of becoming and ripeness.

But perhaps I cannot make it audible, after all. It is difficult to teach echoes to sing. There is a time for singing — and a time for weeping; there is a time for music and a time of things. And I have grown old.

I have seen the highroad to the infinite become merely a footpath to the obvious, have heard, year by year, the boundless harmonies shrinking, thinning into the narrow and bounded chords. I walk the world now almost untroubled by overtones at all, almost unhearing, sightless, invisible — and with hardly the necessity to speak any more — everything having been said, written, expressed, named — sea, sky, earth; fullness and death; purity and wholeness and abundance — all outlined with the precise and narrow words. Also I live, like you, in a house whose walls move in upon me a little closer year by year, accentuating my verticality and everything that is death and hardness in me, and except for these moments when

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the music returns to haunt me, I too have forgotten that I, now an abstract sum of fourteen thousand, two hundred and twenty-two things, and many hair cuts, shoe shines, and lies, was once a dream of God and unpossessed except by time.

Mother and I had only been at the Mountain View House a few days when I came upon that blueberry patch, and I felt as if I'd blundered on the Cave of the Forty Thieves, Captain Kidd's Treasure, Eldorado. It was quite a while before I could pick a single berry, I was so rich just standing there. Finally I did begin to pick them, kind of wildly. I filled my cap and my handkerchief and was wondering about what else I could use to put them in, if maybe I ought to build a cache. As yet I hadn't eaten a single one.

And then I saw the lady nobody talked to. She was walking along with her head down, her face practically hidden under her wide floppy hat, swinging her parasol at the grass. I'd already noticed her at the Mountain View House. There were a number of things about Grace that were different: her dresses, her floppy hats, her beautiful red hair—titian, it was called in those days. There was something about her walk too: the way she gave in to gravity a little at the hips—not so damn grudging and virtuous about it like most of the ladies Mother spent her time with. And there was something about the way those ladies, Mother among them, froze up whenever Grace came around.

I watched her as she came toward me, head down, swinging the parasol at the grass, like a hockey stick. She was quite close before she saw me. She stopped, and we looked at each other. I think that for a minute I was just a little afraid of her. And perhaps Grace had got so used to the idea of people not talking to her up there that she didn't stop to think I was just a kid. She looked so pretty and smelled so fine that I knew there couldn't be anything really dangerous about her. I think that I must have sensed, even then, she was lonely.

"Hello," she said, in answer to my greeting, accenting it a little, unconsciously, as if surprised that I had spoken at all. She looked at me now all over, and smiled. "What you doin'?"

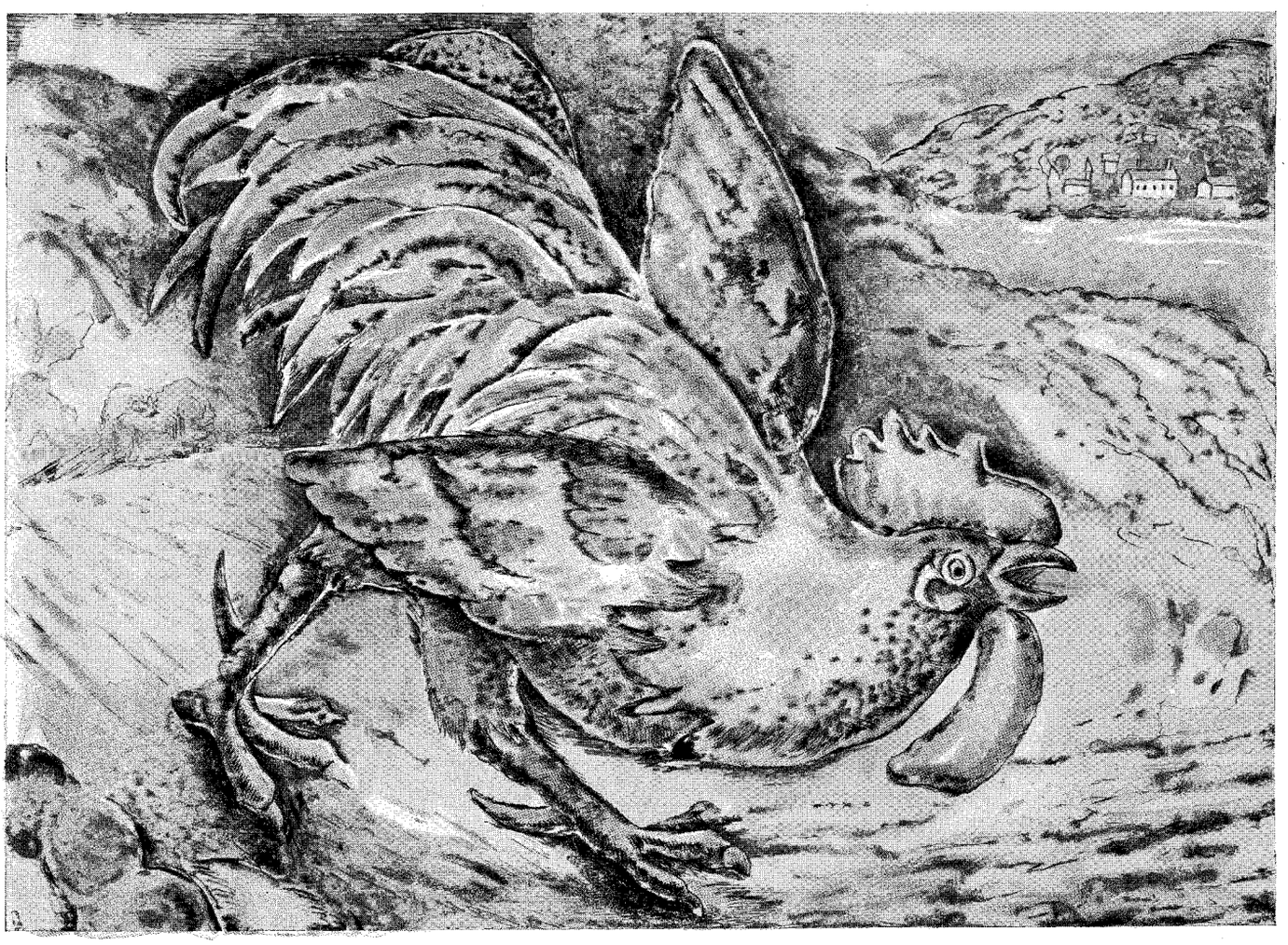
I showed her the berries.

"Say," she exclaimed. She stooped over to examine my treasure and then looked around appreciatively. "This is a bunk, for fair, isn't it? How'd you find it?"

I shrugged, as if I'd been finding this sort of thing every day.

"Can I pick some too?" she asked.

"Sure." They were mine, of course, but what the hell,



Sometimes Augustus didn't wait for Oscar to get tough

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I held the world in my cupped hands just then and I could afford to be generous. We went around picking, exclaiming now and again about some particularly rich vein we'd come upon. Finally, when we couldn't carry any more, we washed the berries in the clean cold water of the creek and crammed them into our mouths in handfuls and laughed a good deal, for some reason or other.

"Hey, you're going to get sick," Grace said after a while, and that too was very funny and we laughed like anything about it.

That was how it started. We saw each other almost every afternoon after that. We never talked about where we were going to meet beforehand, but we always managed to meet somewhere. I knew that Mother wouldn't care for the arrangement, so I just didn't say anything about it to her.

Grace was so jolly and fine to be with that I grew more and more mystified about why the ladies at the Mountain View House behaved so peculiarly toward her. I finally asked her about it one day.

We were sitting at the edge of the creek, under the bridge, watching the minnows and tadpoles play tag around the willow reeds.

"Why don't they like you?" I said bluntly.

Grace picked up a handful of pebbles. "Who?" she said.

"The people at the House. The ladies——"

She started to throw the pebbles at the water. "Don't they?" she said.

"Maybe it's because you're prettier than they are."

"Think so?" she said, giving her head a toss.

"Why don't you go to some other place? Maybe they'd be nicer to you at some other place." I tried to sound as if I were considering the idea impersonally, but I was a little tense waiting for her reply. I didn't want Grace to go anywhere else, ever.

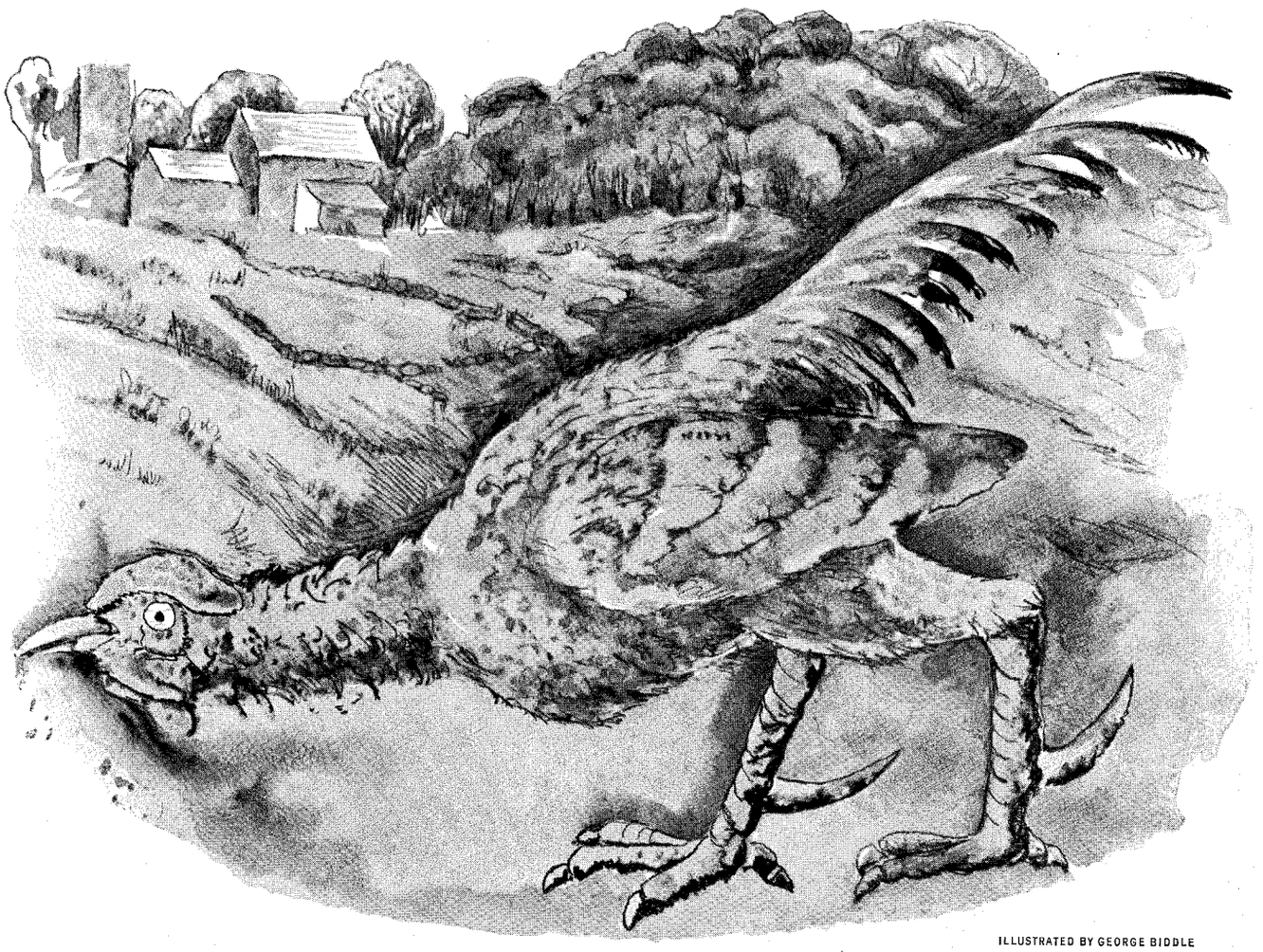
"It wouldn't be any different anywhere else," she said.

"But *why?*" I persisted.

"Well, I'll tell you," Grace said, leaning back on her hands. "It's like this. I'm a menace. A menace to society. . . ."

I thought of the Clutching Hand, and I looked at Grace and laughed. But I was troubled, too. I knew there was something more in this than a joke.

"Sure," Grace said. "I'm an adroit compendium of shame and respectability, but I am also elusive and fragile as thistledown and if they spoke to me, you see, they'd break the spell, and I'd disappear like a puff of smoke. Pouf," Grace said.



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BIDDLE

It was Oscar who seemed to be carrying the fight to Augustus

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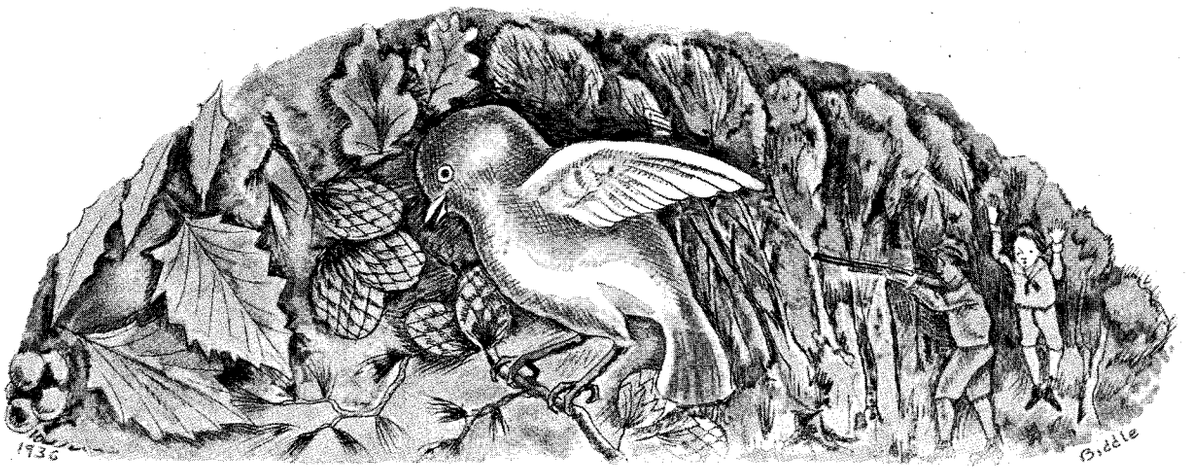

Or maybe she didn't. Maybe I'm just saying it for her. But I know she did say something about her shoes. "I'm kind of fond of good-looking shoes," Grace said, and she showed me the ones she was wearing, pert and snub-nosed, with brown and white pony-skin tops. "Twenty-two bucks," she said.

"Gee," I said.

"Yeah," Grace said.

There was another reason why I liked Grace, besides the fact that she was so companionable and jolly. Ever since I'd got the brace for my leg everybody was always being careful for me — Mother, and Father (when he came to the House to visit and took me out for a walk), and my friends; they would always be stopping to ask, was I tired, did it bother me, did I want to rest . . . ? But not Grace.

"Come on," she'd say while we were walking along. "You're slow as molasses," just as if there was nothing at all the matter. Only she'd always walk slowly, and every once in a while she'd stop and say, "Phew, I'm bushed. I'm going to rest up for a minute."

"I'm not tired," I'd say, just as a matter of form, and she'd look at me very seriously and say, "Well, I am. Plenty. And it's all right to get tired once in a while, you know. Even Bruce got tired." She'd make me lie down with my head in her lap and she'd tell me about Bruce and the spider, or some one else. She knew a lot, Grace did. Don't let anybody tell you her kind only read *True Confessions* and stuff like that. Grace knew plenty. She would talk to me softly, smoothing my hair back away from my forehead, laughing sometimes and giving me a hug when she thought I'd said something cute. And sometimes, for appearance's sake, I'd wriggle and make believe I wasn't liking it.

"Hey," I'd say, "don't. I'm no baby."

And she'd say, seriously, "I know it. But it's all right to *act* like a baby once in a while. Bigger guys than you do it. You're not so tough."

Only once she asked me about my leg. She put her hand on the brace and looked at it for a while and then she said, "How did it happen?"

I told her about the sickness.

She didn't say anything for a few minutes, just kept her hand on the brace. Finally I heard her say, softly, as if she were speaking to some one very near and yet far off, herself perhaps, some part of herself out across time. "If I were any good," she whispered, "if I were any good at all."

It gave me a queer feeling — though I didn't get it then. I don't get it now, exactly. It's just part of this music that comes back to me now and again. Maybe what Grace meant was that if a person were good enough — good *enough* — he could grow two inches of shriveled bone back into a boy's thigh from his own. But it doesn't work that way. Ten years later, a blaspheming surgeon, who didn't believe in a goddamn thing but germicides and sharp knives and cash in advance, fitted two inches of silver plate into my hip, and now I walk pretty good; you can hardly tell the difference. Maybe it's that we've come such a long way from Galilee. I don't know. I just know that Grace *was* good enough — and nothing happened that afternoon.

Sometimes over the week-end, when Grace was occupied with some friend other than myself (I was a little jealous of those friends), I would go out with Roy, Mr. Foster's son. Mr. Foster was the proprietor of the Mountain View House. Roy was thirteen and big for his age and usually he couldn't be bothered with me at all. But once in a while he'd condescend to let me tag along on his forays into the woods, and one time when he was going out to hunt woodchucks with a new .22 rifle, he took me along. I had seen woodchucks that Roy had killed before, sloppy-looking beasts they were, like overgrown rats. I knew that they destroyed things and I was anxious to see Roy knock one over with his rifle. But we tramped around quite a while without even seeing one, and finally Roy got impatient and took a pot shot at something in a tree. I couldn't see what it was he was aiming at, but I saw it fall to the ground, straight down, like a small rock. We went over to investigate. It was a tiny bird, a black and white one.

"Chickadee," Roy said.

It lay there, a little puff of feathers, with two tiny pink spindly legs curling up from its dead body.

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"That's a pretty small thing to hit from thirty yards," Roy said. He was waiting for me to say something admiring. It *was* a good shot, but all I could think of was that this was no woodchuck, this was a tiny feathered thing, a chickadee, a *chickadee* — a tiny innocent feathered creature — and dead now, dead, and some part of me was down on its knees before it, holding it, crying like hell, and all I could think of to say was: "But it's so little." I wanted to hit Roy, I wanted to say "God damn you" and kick him and smash his face in, and all I could say was: "It's so little."

That was a different kind of music from Grace and the blueberries, and it seemed bitter and very unmelodious at the time. Yet that, too, was integral in the score, and as I listen now I don't think I'd want to edit it out. Most important of all, though, there is the deep, maestoso strain of Augustus and his epic battle.

Mr. Foster kept some chickens in the rear of the house, and I used to hang around there some and watch them as they scratched and pecked and clucked their way through their highly bucolic existence. From the first, I'd been attracted to the black Leghorn rooster — he was such a proud, arrogant fellow, so lordly and sure of himself and his place in the world. I kind of adopted him after a while. I told Grace about him and sometimes she'd come down to the barn when she knew I was there, and we'd watch together. We christened him Augustus, after Cæsar. He was really a magnificent specimen. His plumage was glossy black with a bluish sheen; his tail came out of the deep swoop of his back in a cascading arc of iridescent green feathers; his spurred comb swept back from his little head like caught lightning; and his wattles lay against the broad puff of his chest like the plump folds of an imperial cloak. Oh, he was a splendid sight, a big shot, Augustus was. And didn't he know it! Wherever he stood in the barnyard, there was always plenty of elbow room around him, and when he decided to go somewhere, he went, slow, straight, stately — and if any one was in his way, he got out of it. Now and again you'd see Augustus make his way toward some group of hens who were perhaps bickering about something; suddenly you'd see a flash of movement and a couple of the hens would go phlumping away across the yard like feathered footballs, squawking as if they'd been stabbed. But you realized that it was just. He merely wanted it understood that nobody was going to make a pig of himself when he was around.

There was another rooster around, a young one whom Grace had named Oscar, because that was what he looked like, she said, Oscar. He was buff-colored — I think he was a Minorca — a gangling fellow with a scrawny neck and not much of anything in the way of comb or wattles yet. All the same he had a dream of himself in the world. I'd noticed him on several occasions when he got that way. He'd stand up very straight, with his neck feathers ruffed, glaring as if he was a very tough guy, but actually he looked sad and skinny and long-legged up against Augustus's magnificent tailleur. He himself knew he didn't have a Chinaman's chance. He'd try so hard to keep his neck feathers ruffed up fiercely, but despite himself they'd begin to wilt; he'd grow momentarily more crestfallen and finally he'd give it up altogether and try to walk off with a semblance of dignity. Augustus wasn't very gracious about it. Usually he'd step in just as Oscar was turning around and give him a nip on the rump, and then Oscar would let out a squawk and go phlumping across the yard like any old hen in the roost. Sometimes Augustus didn't wait for Oscar to get tough. He'd let fly a few fast ones at him in case Oscar had any doubts about who was boss.

I never dreamed that these encounters would ever get beyond the light-comedy stage. But along about the middle of August I became aware that Oscar and Augustus were engaged in a real battle. You had to watch for a while before you realized what was going on. For stretches of time they appeared to be going about their business as usual. But just as your attention was beginning to relax, they'd be in the ring again, heads lowered, feathers ruffed, glaring at each other as if transfixed, each on the other's beady eye, circling stiffly about each other as on some slow-moving axis. Then in a sudden flash, they'd mix it — claws and beaks and feathers flying.

What amazed me about the business was that it was Oscar who seemed to be carrying the fight to Augustus. That skinny lunk had just gone plumb crazy. He was no match for Augustus. While I knew that he probably deserved everything he was going to get, I hated to see him get it, and I thought something ought to be done about it. But the next day was Saturday, and some of the folks had chartered a haywagon for an all-day picnic at Lackawack Point. Mother and I were invited, and it was such an exciting event that I forgot about Augustus and Oscar until breakfast the following morning. As soon as I'd finished, I hurried back to the barn. When I saw them, I got sick in the pit of my stomach. They were a sight, with their plumage stained and caked with blood. They weren't making any pretense of attending to other business between rounds; they were just fighting, circling around with their heads lowered, clashing methodically, as if something beyond them were throwing them at each other. It wasn't amusing any more, it was terrible. I ran to tell Roy.

"They're going to kill each other," I said. I begged him to do something, to separate them. But he wouldn't. He said you couldn't stop roosters from fighting once they got started that way — the only way to stop them was to wring one of their necks, and they weren't so good to eat.

By now the men who'd come up over the week-end had become aware of what was going on; they'd taken sides and made bets on the outcome. From a three-to-one favorite Augustus, by afternoon of that day, had gone down to even money. The stamina of that Minorca was beyond belief.

They were at it all that day, the third of that incredi-

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ble combat. By late afternoon there was still no sign of their letting up, and I was desperate. I couldn't find Grace. I went to Mother. She didn't seem to think the thing very important, and besides she didn't see what she could do about it. Finally I besought Mr. Foster to come to the rescue. He laughed and patted me on the head and told me not to worry. They'd get it settled between them, one way or the other. Two grown cocks, he said, were always one too many in a roost.

"But they're going to kill each other," I said, my voice wobbling on the edge of tears. "They're going to *kill* each other." I couldn't seem to get anybody to understand what was going on.

At dinner that evening I left the table on the pretext of having to go to the bathroom, and ran back to the barnyard. It was growing dark, but there they were, still at it, as if in a trance. I didn't have any trouble getting hold of Augustus. He was just about done for, though it wasn't until I picked him up that he gave way, and his body seemed to collapse in my hands. He was in terrible shape. His feathers were torn away in huge patches and what remained were matted with blood. One of his eyes was a bloody pulp and I don't think he was seeing much out of the other. Oscar, in appearance, wasn't much better off. You'd have thought that after three long days of it he'd been glad enough to have some one throw in the sponge for Augustus. But he actually flew at me when I picked Augustus up. That ragged, bleeding, half-dead rooster wasn't a living, vulnerable thing any more, he was a dedication to some implacable and eternal hatred. All those nips that Augustus had been taking out of Oscar's behind, all the times Oscar had gone squawking ignominiously across the yard, must have been adding up in him, and he wasn't going to be satisfied until everything that had once been erect and proud in Augustus was down in the dust before him.

At first I was going to take Augustus up to our room, but then I remembered the summer house across the road. It was built down the little slope that fell away to the creek below; two rear supports made a clearance of about two feet on the far side and formed a suitable shelter for my purpose. I settled Augustus there in a nest that I hastily contrived of some sawdust and cotton batting I'd found. I banked these around him and ran back to the dining-room.

Afterward, I managed to get him a saucer of bread soaked in milk, from the kitchen, but he didn't touch it, just stood there, exactly as I had left him, huddled, dazed, shivering a little.

I didn't sleep much that night. For hours I lay awake thinking about Augustus who had been so proud, brought now so low, deader than alive, but still unwilling to lie down. I decided then he must go back to the city with me, and I'd find a place for him where I could nurse him back to health and strength and where he could live out his declining years with honor and dignity. He couldn't go back to his kingdom. He was finished. Oscar was boss now. I knew Mother would make a terrific fuss, and I began to formulate a campaign of nagging to wear down her resistance.

I can see myself, the boy I was, lying there wakeful, looking out the window at the dark shape of the hill across the creek, listening to the fuzzy roar of the river and all the mysterious night noises—thinking about tragedy and death, about life and dignity and pride, thinking of these things without knowing the words so that they made a kind of music in his heart, heavy and rich and sad. Yes, I think that boy knew more about these things than I know now, because many small deaths had not yet made the path to his soul a labyrinth. He could afford to make a fool of himself about such things. He could afford to lie there filled with heartbreak about an old rooster who had outlived his time, and who was not even good for stewing, as I'd been told.

Now the words are mine. I have taken them through many fires, and they are clear and hard and precise. But the music—well, sometimes it rises in me like the sound of a bell through layers of water, like the echo of a long-ago name through the mist of years, and I try hard to push the words toward it, to find the place, but it is like trying to recover the designs the waves make on the sand.

After a while I must have slept. I don't know what I dreamed, or if I dreamed at all. I know that when I awoke some nameless dread was in me that seemed to belong to something I had dreamed.

It was just beginning to be morning. I lay for a moment looking out of the window at the hill and the water in the purplish gray dawn. Suddenly I remembered. I jumped up and went to the window, half expecting what I saw and yet unable to believe, when I saw, that it was really happening, that it didn't belong to what I had been dreaming. Oscar had got out of the hen yard, and somehow Augustus had wobbled out from under the summer porch. There they were in the middle of the road, as if drawn by some mysterious, implacable vengeance, and Oscar was methodically clawing and pecking to death what was left of Augustus. And still Augustus couldn't believe. What was left of the proud, erect life in him couldn't believe. He just stood there, tottering, huddled as if he would like to be behind something, away from whatever it was that was tearing at the little life that remained in him.

I don't know how long I stood there in a kind of trance watching this nightmare, but when finally I saw Augustus topple over in the road, I really awoke. "Mommy!" I yelled, "Mommy!" with the same insupportable anguish that had been in me when I realized for the first time that my left leg was always going to be a couple of inches too short. "Mommy! He's killed him!"

Mother sat up with a jerk, but without waiting to explain I dashed downstairs. There was Augustus, lying in the road, an insentient heap of dusty, blood-caked feathers. Oscar was still standing by, as if dazed by his victory, not understanding that it was over and that he now at last was king of the roost. I couldn't even be angry with him for what he'd done to Augustus. The

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whole thing was too much for me. I knelt in the dust beside the dead bird and cried aloud.

Several sleepy-eyed people came running out on the porch, dragging bathrobes about them, staring, exclaiming, and some appeared at the windows. When they realized what had happened, I heard relieved sighs and laughter. Mother was standing in the window calling for me to come back in.

"Well, look at that," I heard some one say. "That skinny devil did him in after all. Can you beat it?"

"I told you."

"Well, boy, pay me. In spades."

I knelt there crying, feeling as if I'd never be able to stop crying, never again as long as I lived. Then Grace came. She was kneeling in the road beside me. Her hair was mussed and frizzy, and she was wearing a flamboyant red wrapper. "Don't cry, Leigh," she said. "Don't."

I was glad to have her there, but I couldn't stop crying. All I could do was to wail bitterly, "He's dead. He killed him."

"Leigh," Grace said. "Leigh. Come on. Don't take it so hard."

I sobbed uncontrollably.

"Come on, cheer up, honey," she said. "It's not so terrible to be dead."

I looked at her, so shocked that I forgot to cry.

"Sure," Grace said. "He's better off dead. He couldn't have gone back now, could he?"

No, he couldn't have. Even I had realized that.

"But I was going to take him away," I said, sobbing again. "He would have got better."

Grace shook her head. "It wouldn't have done any good. This is where he belonged. Come on," she urged, putting her arm around me, "snap out of it, honey. We're all going to get it some day, and Augustus got his in a fair fight, with his boots on. That's a good way to die, isn't it? Better than having your neck wrung."

No way seemed a good way to die, but I saw what Grace meant, and it did make me feel just a little better.

"Come on," Grace said. "We'll give him a grand funeral — the best."

Then Mother came between us saying something like, "If you don't mind——"

Grace got up and stood a minute, not looking at Mother or me, dusting her hands off slowly one against the other, as if she were thinking about something, or else just didn't know what else to do with them; then she walked away, without saying anything.

Mother took me upstairs and spoke with irritable tenderness: "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself, a big boy, making such a fuss about nothing? A silly old rooster. He probably deserved just what he got."

That didn't help any. Grace's words had, and I was anxious to see her again and talk to her about it some more. But I didn't get a chance to talk to her again. Walking down the road a little later, I saw a maroon flash go by; some one turned to wave. It was Grace. The car slowed momentarily, and I started to run toward it, but Grace turned back to the man at the wheel, and the car shot forward. That was the last I saw of her.

For a long time I couldn't get Augustus out of my mind. Sometimes I wanted to cry aloud when I thought of him standing there, huddled and shivering under the summer house. Sometimes the remembrance of it filled the whole landscape of my thought, and everything else in the world seemed insignificant. But I was eight and a half then, and I grew up. It's just a cock fight now, natural law, etc. Only sometimes the music comes back. I hear things, troubling things, echoes of something deep and timbred and lost — of which the natural law, or what we call the natural law, is only one horn note, fateful and mysterious.

I haven't always felt uniformly appreciative about the quality of the music, of course. I've thought it pretty lousy music at times, in fact — like the time I stood in the road watching that car shoot away from me, not understanding, hurt, and the times I've thought of it since when I've understood. There have been times when I wanted to jump up and yell my head off about how lousy it was, how it was just a lot of noise, brutal, cheap, empty noise. But that's a mistake. It's great music. Always when it's past you know it was great music.

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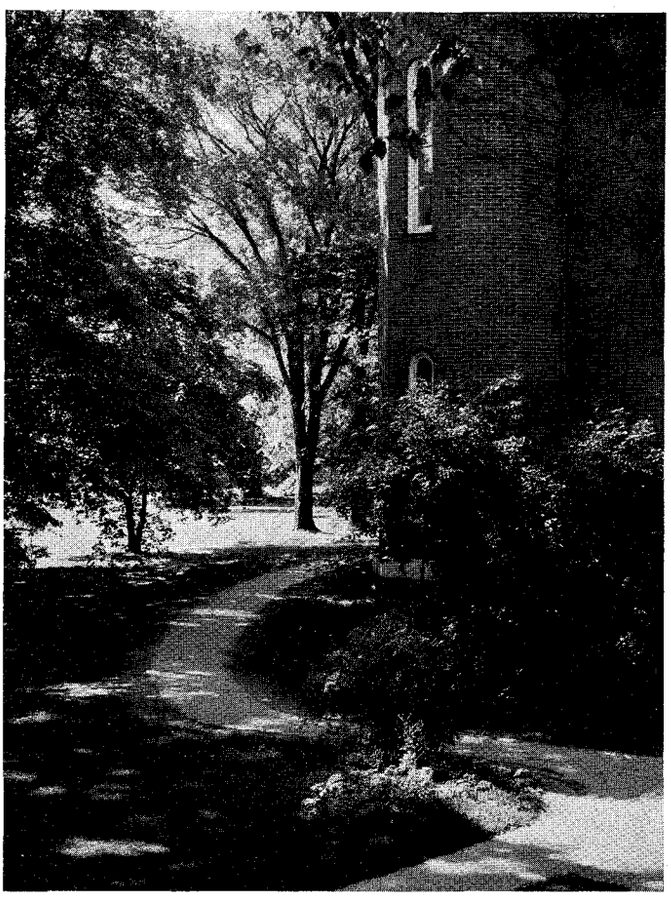
The Antioch Experiment

C. A. HOLLATZ

One of the country's boldest experimental colleges takes stock of itself fifteen years after the rebirth of the ideas of its founder, Horace Mann

AFTER almost a century of near-oblivion the name of Horace Mann is again beginning to command public attention. Vaguely catalogued by the layman as the "Father of the American Public School," Mann accomplished in a life-span of sixty-three years at least two very definite things. He rejuvenated the Massachusetts public schools and through them the schools of the nation; and he was the initial president and presiding genius of Antioch College, probably the first "experimental" college in the United States.

Public schools everywhere will celebrate the centennial year 1937, the hundredth anniversary of the year in which Mann became Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. In accepting this post, newly created by the legislature through the effort of Mann and his friends, he gave up a lucrative legal practice for a pittance of $1,500 a year, unmitigated hard work, and general misunderstanding.



The Mann tradition still persists on the campus

Mann at this time was forty-one years old, with a gift for language and the courage of his convictions. His hair was white from the shock of the death of his young wife five years before; and her death had also left him emotionally unstable, super-sensitive, and subject to periods of deep gloom. He had a spiritual need of self-sacrifice, and of driving himself to exhaustion. Without this particular spur it is doubtful if any man could have accomplished what he did during the next eleven years.

In the eleven years of his secretaryship, Mann crusaded tirelessly for better schoolhouses, more intelligent and better-trained teachers, normal schools in which these teachers might be prepared, good school libraries, adequate textbooks, instruction free from sectarianism, and methods and materials based to some degree on the child's own nature and interests.

Valuable as these separate contributions were, more valuable by far was Mann's educational philosophy. To him education was the most important, the noblest occupation in the world, because education was the prime tool toward that "accelerating improvability of the race" in which he so ardently believed. And rightly directed education, especially for the masses, was, he felt, vital to a democracy. It was not by accident that the topic "The Function of Education in a Democracy" was chosen for the Horace Mann Centennial Conference at Antioch this autumn, an event which formally opens the nation-wide celebration of the Mann centennial year.

Mann's acceptance in 1853 of the presidency of the newly founded Antioch College in the backwoods of Southwestern Ohio has commonly been regarded as a minor incident in the life of a great man. His friends looked upon it at the time as madness. And six years later, when he died, many a man would have called the results of his labors a failure. Yet he did not fail. Spared but six years to do for higher education what he had done for the public schools in eleven, in an institution which was bankrupt before it even began, Mann at least established a tradition so strong that some seventy years later it could effloresce in a new educational bloom.

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The cooperative plan has grown and widened in scope, the students alternating periods of work and study. Facts learned in the classroom and laboratory find application in commercial jobs with employers scattered through twenty states

In method, Mann at Antioch was not an originator but a synthesizer, bringing together into one unified whole the scattered educational inspirations of his contemporaries. The Antioch of 1853 was a symposium of the advanced educational ideas of that day: complete co-education (there were several "lady professors" who had full rank), no educational discrimination between races, the importance of health and of physical exercise, the introduction of the natural sciences, hygiene, and the first teacher-training courses into the curriculum, opposition to the spirit of competition in study and to the spirit of sectarianism in religion, some measure of student responsibility in matters of conduct, and the then new idea of elective courses.

Just as Mann's chief contribution to the cause of public-school education was not the detail of his reforms but their underlying philosophy, so again his chief contribution to higher education through Antioch was not these specific ideas nor even the synthesis of them so much as the basic principle from which they sprang. That principle was the firm conviction that education does not concern the mind alone, but the body and the moral nature as well. Mann stated this belief very fully in his inaugural address at Antioch, and his last public words at Antioch betray the same unwavering bent: "Be ashamed to die," he told the graduating class of 1859, "until you have won some victory for humanity."

This central tenet of Mann's creed — that higher education should properly concern the *whole* individual and not the mind alone — became the corner stone of a new educational faith fifteen years ago, embodied in the Antioch College reorganized by Arthur E. Morgan.

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President Morgan, like President Mann, was a synthesizer. From the University of Cincinnati he borrowed the cooperative plan of work and study, changing, however, its emphasis and scope; he gathered into a whole the current but diverse ideas of survey courses, comprehensive examinations, autonomous or self-directed study, intramural athletics replacing varsity, the honor system, the faculty advisory system, a broad required-course program, and a closely knit community social life. He set up a physical organization embodying all these features which is still unique in American college administration.

The Antioch plan has now been in operation for some fifteen years. How has it stood the test? Is it accomplishing its original objectives? Does the plan have a permanent future, either at Antioch College or in American higher education?

Measured crudely by materialistic standards, the reorganized Antioch has been a success. From 1921 to the present time, approximately $2,700,000 has been given by friends of the college. With this money the original college buildings have been renewed, and Antioch's modest but reasonably adequate facilities improved. The value of the physical plant has increased five times since 1921. The enrollment has grown from 78 to 700. The college faculty and staff have increased nearly fourfold. The college budget, which stood at an annual $15,000 fifteen years ago, is now $400,000. The success of an educational institution, however, can hardly be measured by such criteria. Education is obviously not a matter of physical plant, of growth, or of prestige. The question is: How have the basic ideas of the Antioch plan measured up to the vision of its founder?

The cooperative plan of work and study is the most outstanding feature of the Antioch program. This plan was originally designed to give the student some experience of reality, which was regarded as an indispensable part of a liberal education; to help him find that calling in which he could release his energy with the greatest satisfaction to himself and to society; and, incidentally, to help him finance in some measure his college career.

Basically, this original conception has not changed. Today the chief aims of the cooperative program are still educational and vocational, in the order named; the plan also helps students bear part of the expense of an admittedly not inexpensive education, but this advantage is a by-product. It is impossible to "work one's way" completely through Antioch on the cooperative plan.

Originally the cooperative program was set up as a local device, confined to a limited number of employers in the Miami Valley. The college also planned to establish a series of self-supporting industries offering cooperative employment on the Antioch campus itself. This latter scheme never got fully under way. Before capital for such a venture could be raised, outside employers showed themselves quite willing to absorb the Antioch student supply.

Three of these original projects are worth mentioning, however, not because they have been a source of employment to cooperatve students, except to a very limited extent, but because they have proven successful business ventures. The Antioch shoe project, the bronze foundry, and hybrid seed-corn project — each of these was the outgrowth of significant scientific research, usually considered the special prerogative of the large university. Research flourishes, however, in at least one small college. Seven years ago Antioch was spending $500 a year for this purpose. Now eight major research projects require an expenditure of $85,000 per year, and it is the hope of the college to finance itself, at least in part, from such income.

Epilogue to a college "bull session"

A feminine version of the above

The willingness of the employers to absorb more students changed another conception of the reorganizing group. Originally, students were to be encouraged to establish small business ventures for themselves. Actually, from the very beginning the majority of Antioch students have tended to line up with the organization of the business world as it stands, entering ventures that have already been established. While this development was more or less inevitable, it represents — to those who do not worship size and business as such — some grounds for a

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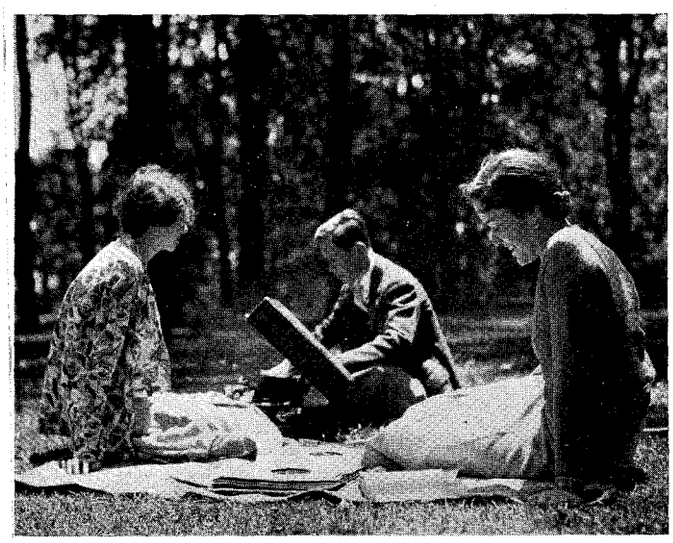
valid criticism of the plan. It denotes perhaps a certain spirit of regimentation, an unwillingness to take chances, that may not so much be characteristic of Antioch youth as of the American youth of today as a whole.

The cooperative plan has shown a tendency to spread geographically. Of Antioch's 116 cooperative employers during the first year of the plan, 115 of them were in Ohio. Today the college has more than three hundred cooperating employers, located in twenty states. The swing has been toward a greater variety of jobs, better jobs, and fewer jobs with any one employer.

That employers are finding recruitable personnel among Antioch students is shown by the fact that over half the members of each graduating class accept positions in firms with which they have had cooperative experience, or with which the college has cooperative connections. Even at the depression's lowest ebb, 90 per cent of the Antioch alumni had jobs. The vocational stability resulting from the plan is suggested by the fact that although a little over half of the students change sometime during their college course from the vocational choice they expressed on entrance, nine-tenths of them continue after graduation in the general vocational direction which they finally chose in college.

Immediate goals in the further development of the cooperative plan at Antioch include a closer correlation, both educationally and vocationally, between the student's cooperative job experiences and his academic program. A second goal in the working out of the cooperative plan is greater precision in the use of this instrument. Antioch has long since ceased to feel that any job will give any student valuable experience, and is trying to fit the individual student with the job that will best meet his personal and vocational needs. Vocationally, the college recognizes the need for more long-term planning, so that the student's cooperative experience may be increasingly progressive and less haphazard.

In the main, Antioch feels that the cooperative program has justified itself with both employer and college.



Brahms and Beethoven in the out-of-doors

Much remains to be done in the way of increased precision and refinement, but the basic idea appears to be sound. Its one great limitation as an educational device, the one handicap it can probably never entirely overcome, is that like so much of life it is in part a compromise. It can probably never be perfect because it represents a tension between the interests of the business world on the one hand, and those of the academic world on the other. All education more or less faces the same problem, but at Antioch the issue is at least clear-cut.

What of the academic program? Antioch is, after all, a liberal-arts college, with a liberal-arts aim. Is this aim being fulfilled?

In the main, yes. As measured for the last four years by the annual American Council on Education tests, the academic achievement of Antioch students is consistently higher than the general college average. In the spring of 1933 these tests were given to the students who were half way through their college course. The same tests were given at 134 colleges to more than 10,000 students. The Antioch average score in every subject was well above the average score of the whole group; in fact, in eight out of twelve rankings, it was in the highest ten per cent. In the poorest result, Antioch dropped only to nineteenth place from the top. In general science it ranked third.

In the tests given to freshmen in the fall of 1934, the Antioch freshman class made scores comparable to the scores earned by Antioch freshmen in previous years, ranking the college among the top five per cent of 240 participating colleges.

Many members of the Antioch faculty feel that during the reorganization of the college an opportunity was missed for significant experimentation with new curriculum forms. The new academic wine was poured into the same old bottles of credits and grades and daily assignments, of required courses and formal class attendance. The trend of academic thinking at Antioch now seems to be away from measurement of the student by his progress through a certain amount of course material, to the more adult conception of measurement by achievement. A step toward this end was the adoption in 1929 of the comprehensive examination, both field and general, the main purpose of which is to test the student's actual college achievement and his ability to correlate what he has learned. Under President Algo D. Henderson's administration it seems likely that academic experimentation will be somewhat accelerated, and that more of an attempt will be made to make the formal measurements of grades and credit-hours conform to a better standard of intellectual progress.

A fundamental paradox of Antioch academic life has long been the required-course program on the one hand, and the constant trend towards individualization, flexibility, and autonomy on the other. Antioch probably has more required courses, especially in the natural sciences, than any other liberal-arts college in the country. A notable omission is a foreign-language requirement.

The educational tendency of (*continued on page* 91)

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REMIE LOHS

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the bottles and glasses on the tables behind us, cleaning up, we supposed.

The beer was a long time coming, and we were up to our ears in mayonnaise when Anne poked me in the ribs. I followed her eyes to the mirror behind the cake cover and saw Lois, hostess and Prop. of the Dine and Dance, moving sleepily about from table to table, assembling our beers from the remaining dribblets in the bottoms of glasses and bottles. Once, much to her exasperation, she carelessly poured in a water-logged cigarette end, but she fished this out with a finger and went on to the next table. I nudged the others and whispered, "*Don't* drink the beer," just as Lois rounded the end of the counter and came toward us with four glasses of warm, headless beer on a smeary tray.

Ed and Nancy, who had not had the benefit of the mirror, held up their beers to the light, sniffed it, made faces at us, and were about to try it when they caught our looks of horror and put their glasses down in some annoyance. We were conscious of the close scrutiny of our hostesses and felt oddly unable to complain. Whether it was sympathy for

their hangovers, the realization that there was no more beer anyway, or a fear of bodily harm, I don't know. But we needn't have been so delicate, for just as Ed, inspecting his glass, pulled a fragment of cigarette out with a fork, there was an explosion of laughter from both the girls. It wasn't very loud, but it was all they were capable of. Perhaps we should have been mad. But we felt silly, ridiculously silly. They didn't do anything or make any gesture of apology. They just stayed at the far end of the room, grinning and giggling and whispering, while we sat there stupidly with four empty plates and four glasses of warm flat beer, as if hypnotized. Then I threw down some money for the sandwiches, and we all got up and fled. As the screen door banged behind us and we stumbled down the three or four steps to the road, I caught sight of something bright and nickel-plated lying in the dust. I picked it up and polished it on my sleeve. It was a star-shaped shield and in elegant lettering bore the single word SHERIFF. Back in the Dine and Dance we could still hear laughter and Pearl saying, "Didja see the tall guy's face?"

A Race of Rootless Women

JANE REITELL

I AM a Rootless Woman — without permanent home or neighbors. Yet I cannot remember the time when a simple house on a tree-shaded street has not seemed to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I cannot choose a Christmas card that isn't a winter edition of John Howard Payne's humble cottage, and the sight of a Currier and Ives "American Homestead" in a Fifty-seventh Street window makes me eager to exchange the highest-bred lobster served in New York for one egg cooked in Grandmother's kitchen. Yet since I have been married I have never once had a real home.

At the age of four, my Sunday-school teacher asked me to choose a song to sing at the Children's Day exercises in the village church. Its wording I have forgotten, except that it began, "I was a wandering sheep." When in later years, I revisited the tiny community which was the scene of my first public appearance, one or two ancient relatives laughed reminiscently over that occasion. "Funny," they said, "for a dear little girl such as you were to choose a song like that."

Funny? Yes! But also prophetic. For ever since my marriage, my fate has been that of a Daughter of Hagar, wandering in the wilderness, looking for a place she might call home.

The early years of my life were spent in the type of neighborhood which many of my generation love to remember. It consisted of a few pleasant houses clustered around a church and school, with a store, a mill, and a blacksmith shop close by. Many of the inhabitants had lived in the town, or on nearby farms for generations, and most of them were related. If not related by blood, they were bound together by their utter dependence upon each other in the crises of life, for there were few trains and no automobiles to connect them with the outside world. Every able-bodied woman was of enormous importance. When Aunt Mary was ill, Grandmother and Mother took turns caring for her, and baking pies or cookies for her family. When a new baby was born, Aunt Sally, who lived alone, went to stay with the mother until she was well again. A hard-working, self-contained community — equipped by necessity to take care of its own fundamental needs of body, mind, and soul from birth until death. Simple, provincial, unglamorous — yet with an ordered permanence about it for which all the fluid glitter of modern life cannot compensate.

We left Grandfather's home when I was six, amid, it is no exaggeration to say, the tearful farewells of our kin and neighbors. Summers, my family allowed me to return to the old brick house that smelled faintly of well-seasoned wood and spicy cooking, and which housed the indigestible but pleasant family reunions. In such manner, the psychologists might say, was I conditioned by childhood experiences to become an acute lover of home and large family relationships. At any rate, reproducing this atmosphere was what I planned to do in later life.

At the time of marriage, shortly before the war, my middle-class world still presented an intact appearance to the casual observer. The lurid insignia of chain stores had not yet replaced the names of solid citizens along the main streets. Factories were local enterprises, financed largely by local capital. Though industrial opportunites called many of the young men to distant cities, a large proportion of them remained to carry on family and business traditions in their

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Dine and Dance Ranch

CREIGHTON PEET

We had pulled ourselves out of bed by four-thirty and were on the road by five, after a cup of coffee apiece from a thermos. It was our seventh day out from New York, and Los Angeles was only a day ahead — that is if we made our quota of 350 miles by night. Still loggy with sleep, but grateful for the rush of air against our faces, we fled over the flat Arizona landscape while the sun lighted up a million extra burners and brought the desert air up from a mere 90 degrees to its usual daytime average of 120. Looking dully into the dazzling baking distance, I mumbled of having read about the beautiful coloring of the desert in the early morning light. But the only answer to this was a grunt from Ed and something about the beauties of nice cold glasses of beer from Anne and Nancy. Then we got to thinking about the heat and became silent again. About nine we changed over and I took the wheel, and this shifting about limbered us up and reminded us we hadn't had any breakfast. Although we had passed nothing but a couple of cars for over an hour, we immediately started a lookout for a place to eat. At the end of ten minutes we were starved and inside of half an hour we were sure we were suffering horribly. Then, about eleven, there was a small speck on the horizon which grew and grew in a few minutes into a couple of brightly painted frame buildings leaning against each other and surmounted by a gigantic neon sign, still blazing feebly in the sun, which announced that we were approaching Lois' Desert Bar-B-Q Dine and Dance Ranch.

We crawled out of the car, shook off clouds of fine yellow dust, and went through a fancy plaster portal into the Dine and Dance Ranch. At first we were sun-blinded, but after a moment the four of us found ourselves alone with the wreckage of what must have been a pretty thorough-going party. The half-dozen enamel-topped tables were alive with empty bottles, glasses, half-eaten sandwiches, saucers of cigarette butts, and crumpled paper napkins. A necktie trailed from the edge of one table, and over by the cigarette slot machine the remains of a compact made a big powdery spludge. Down one side of the room ran a counter, or bar. We plopped ourselves on stools and waited for the counterman. But he did not appear. For a long, long time nobody at all appeared — not until we had banged on the bottles, whistled, and shouted "Hello!" and "Service!" a good many times. Then, from the back room, we could hear the creaking of bedsprings and some mumbled cursing, and a few seconds later two dance-hall girls straight out of an old Charlie Chaplin comedy groped their way in, blinking and furious. I suppose the proper modern term for them would be hostesses, but although their platinum heads and blood-red finger nails belonged to our marvelous age, the heavy eye-shadow around their eyes, and their frowzy, bespangled, knee-length evening dresses belonged back with Chaplin, Bill Hart, and the early Westerns. After glancing bitterly at us, they turned with one accord to a big aluminum pitcher and poured themselves a couple of glasses of water apiece without even consulting us.

After this they made futile efforts toward pulling themselves together, hoisting their shoulder straps, fluffing their hair, and patting their noses with ratty powder puffs, while squinting in a mirror on the wall behind the celluloid cake cover. The one in the red dress cut very low in front then turned around and resignedly dealt us four paper napkins and, without even attempting a stage smile, asked what we wanted.

MARSHALL DAVIS

We said something about breakfast and coffee, but she stopped us triumphantly with the news that there was no coffee. "Combination sandwiches," she suggested defiantly, "and what will you have to drink?"

"Is the beer nice and cold?"

"Beer? Sure, the beer's O.K."

At this the one in the yellow dress, who had relapsed to the far end of the counter and was leaning on her elbows, staring at us blankly, came to life. "Hey, Pearl," she called, "come look here."

Both of our hostesses then retired to the far end of the counter, rattled bottles, and held a long whispered conference with their heads in the electric refrigerator. Then Pearl came back, viciously slammed out slices of bread on a board, and defiantly made the most enormous sandwiches I have ever seen, each one bulging with Swiss cheese, ham, and many, many tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise. Meanwhile Lois, shuffling in bedroom slippers, was clattering

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own home towns. Unless a girl married a Methodist minister, she had a fairly good chance of remaining in one locality all her life. Secure in the belief that my husband was established for life, I counted among my most cherished wedding gifts several valuable antiques which were to furnish the Early American Farmhouse that was the ideal House Beautiful of twenty-five years ago. Deprived of their rightful destiny these family relics have more than matched their value in moving bills, and have attempted to dignify everything from the golden-oak wilderness of a Philadelphia row to the steel and marbleized brittleness of an ultra-modern apartment.

For, since my marriage twenty years ago, we have made eight major moves. That is, we have moved eight times with the chance of permanency, and it has seemed worth-while to pack up and take along everything from Grandmother's bureau to the electric sweeper. During that twenty years, just once have I lived — briefly — in a house that could rouse any echo of "Home, Sweet Home" in my soul. That was the gray stone farmhouse in a lush Pennsylvania valley that I made into a beautiful picture by becoming painter and wall-paper hanger, and visiting every antique hunting ground for miles around. We moved into it at the time the old shrubberies were beginning to blossom. We left it before the dahlias which I had planted were in bloom. And just once have I stayed long enough in one place to become an integral part of a community which viewed with regret my departure to another city. Never could I attain what I desired — an old-fashioned home and an ingrown social life at the same time.

The closest I ever came to this achievement was in the latter place, a large Middle-Western city whose industry-scarred hills and soot-stained suburbs were repellent with ugliness. With cream-colored paint and sunny wall-paper, I managed a miracle in the dark interior of our ugly, standardized house, and by exposing myself to various social contacts, I experienced a sense of belonging that brought deep satisfaction. But this pleasure had its balance of pain, and when we moved at the end of eight years, I knew the poignancy of homesickness. I learned then that when one enters into a group spirit too heartily, it hurts too much to leave. And I decided never again to be exposed to such agony by growing roots which would bleed when they were broken.

Since then, instead of cultivating the soil to which I am transplanted, I have been forced to cultivate detachment. This does not mean that I have not enjoyed the advantages peculiar to each of the three cities where we have lived more recently. But I have had to learn to maintain a temporary point of view that is a defense against the most gracious environment, and engage in activities that are personal rather than gregarious. For example, wherever I go now I study music and attend concerts, instead of becoming part of the inner circle of some musical organization. The first activity, which is purely personal, builds up fortifications against loneliness. The second, which knits one into a group, exposes one to loneliness if one happens to be the unfortunate type of individual who is slow in forming social ties, but whose ties are of steel rather than of tinsel, and therefore hard to break. As a further guard against the propensity for homesickness, I have stopped hunting for a vine and fig tree of my own to cultivate, and, in self-defense, have yielded to the impersonal comfort of apartment houses. In this way I have managed so that the last three uprootings have been almost painless, and also have proved to be shock absorbers which, a year ago, slid us smoothly into New York.

New York was inevitable. The modern concentration and centralization of industry and business have meant that promotion of employees carries with it the necessity of moving to major plants, or supervisors are transferred from a plant in one state to another hundreds or even thousands of miles away. This is particularly prevalent among the technicians and key men of industry and of business, most of whom are university-trained men. In this category are thousands of statisticians, engineers, trade analysts, physicists, chemists, and factory and chain-store managers. Tracing back these individuals, you find that they have been drawn through smaller communities to the vortex of the funnel that is New York. Sometimes their stay is temporary. Oftener, especially if they are middle-aged, it is permanent.

We are not likely to move again. My husband has become a member of a firm of industrial engineers whose offices are in New York. He is away on prolonged trips, and I stand almost as good a chance of seeing him for brief periods in any one of a dozen localities situated along the main trunk lines of the Eastern railroads, as I do here. Now is my opportunity to pick out a place which he can reach over an occasional week-end, buy my home of dreams on a tree-shaded street, and dig in.

But I shall not do it! I should not know what place to choose. If we returned to either of the two small towns in which my husband and I grew up, we should be desperately disillusioned. They have become mere filling stations along the highway, depending on the stream of traffic for their life blood. On the neighboring hills the buildings of our ancestral farms stand abandoned, mute ghosts of a plenteous past. There would be no friends for ourselves and our daughter, no neighbors who shared our intellectual interests. Education has drawn away the ambitious young people. The "opportunities" of large centers have taken the cream from the smaller villages and towns and left only the skim milk.

Even in the middle-sized cities where the Intelligence Quotient is high, I should be lonely. There would not be enough of my own kind. My detached point of view, my lack of fervid interest in local affairs, would cause me to be distrusted by the descendants of first families who, by choice or by chance, have remained in their hereditary environment. Such people often find an exaggerated importance in what, to the cosmopolite, is no longer of much importance. Moreover, they are likely to think that their static way of life is the correct way, and both dislike and distrust the newcomer whose Lares and Penates are a bit worn from travel. No, I shall remain here where, amid the heterogeneous population of New York, there are so many of me.

Now I live in a tenth-floor apartment in the heart of the city. When my daugh-

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ter goes away to college next year, my husband and I are planning to dispose of our dining-room furniture, and move into an apartment hotel. So almost the last vestige of old-fashioned housekeeping, the family dining-room, will disappear. I lead a pleasant, desultory life which is envied by some of my too-busy friends, for I have plenty of time to follow up my own particular interests. Yet I am haunted by the convictions that the ancient female birthright of building up a home in the midst of some community, and of becoming a necessary unit in that community, has been sold away from me.

And frequently, in solemn moments, I am given to wondering what history predicts for a race so many of whose men and women have become a tribe of transient people.

I Hope I Worry

ANONYMOUS

LAST FALL when I told my mother and father that I was going to have a baby, their joy was distinctly moderate. When my intimate friends heard the news, they greeted it with well-tempered enthusiasm. I was delighted, but, I was told, I should be worried. How did we dare to bring a child into a world where steel could go down to 97? Didn't we know that modern parents should have harvested a savings account of ten thousand dollars and be assured of an income of at least three thousand dollars a year before they ever achieved parenthood?

When I had a miscarriage, they were even more out-spoken. It was just as well, they told me consolingly. Children were a source of constant anxiety from the moment of their birth. Look at the Whitneys' son, mentally deficient and morally degenerate. Look at the McCabes' daughter, who spoiled her social career by marrying the garage mechanic.

No one can say I haven't been warned, but I still hope to have, not one child, but two or three, and I hope I *shall* worry!

About what? Certainly I shan't worry about those four years in college that my friends consider so necessary. I have seen too many children sent to college at a tremendous sacrifice on the part of their parents — children who had no aptitude or desire for an education beyond high school. On the other hand, I have seen five children in one family, my husband's, earn their own college degrees, and a self-education in the bargain. If my children want an education, they'll get it. I don't worry about that.

I hope I worry about their eagerness and curiosity, their hunger to learn — not necessarily about the geological structure of the Grand Canyon or the first manuscripts in Anglo-Saxon, but about anything and everything that is not superficial and obvious.

I shan't worry about problems of sexual and social adjustment, but I hope I worry about my children's respect for other people and their refusal to exploit others for their own pleasure or profit. I hope I worry about their being social and gregarious animals and, above all, about being tolerant and quick to understand others. I hope I get a few gray hairs when my son talks about Jews or Roman Catholics as if they were men from Mars, strange and unpleasant and "impossible." I hope I stay awake at night when my daughter says of a classmate, "She's all right, but her father's a motorman." And when they begin to measure success and failure by the possession of things ("Mother, they have *three* Packards!"), I hope I lose my appetite!

I hope I worry about my children's false standards, their jingoism, their militarism, and their irreverence. It won't bother me a bit if they join a church other than ours, or refuse to go to Sunday-school. I shan't turn a hair over a slight touch of atheism or agnosticism. But I hope I worry about that blindness and deafness of the heart which holds reverence for nothing and can be left unmoved by mystical experiences.

I hope I worry about a passion for money, that false standard based on personal exploitation of others. When my son tells me with bated breath that the father of his new acquaintance makes a hundred thousand a year, I hope my heart will sink. If the question as to how that money is earned doesn't trouble or even interest him, I hope I shall not be too feeble or infirm to smack him properly. He'll want money, I imagine, because he is an American. But I'll worry about what he wants it for. He'll want power, by the same token, but I'll have anxious hours about the way he uses it.

Perhaps — no, probably — a strange sea-change will come over me when the children for which I hope are actually mine. I may become so passionately involved with them, as apart and distinct from the rest of the world, that it will matter terribly whether or not they belong to the Junior League and the Harvard Club. My hope of salvation lies in the fact that I am my mother's daughter. She worried about her children, and taught me how it should be done! She cared about our personal integrity, about our desire for honesty and peace and social justice. She worries to this day over the lack of judgment and balance and wisdom we show in managing our lives. But I honestly believe that she worries, not so much because we are hers, and therefore should be happy and wealthy and President of the Women's Club, but because we are *people;* because the decisions and conclusions at which we arrive, the standards and principles we embrace, are an influence on the community, no matter how obscure our lives may be.

I hope I worry about my children as part of a new generation in a new world; as decisive factors, with millions of others, in issues of war and peace, and in the government of this country. I hope that I and my husband worry so consistently and generously and liberally that we *do* something about it; that our midnight watches and sleepless dawns startle us out of complacent suburban parenthood; that we, and all our generation, shall care so furiously about the world we shall not live to see that we never quite relax into placidity.

I hope I have a baby. And I hope I worry.

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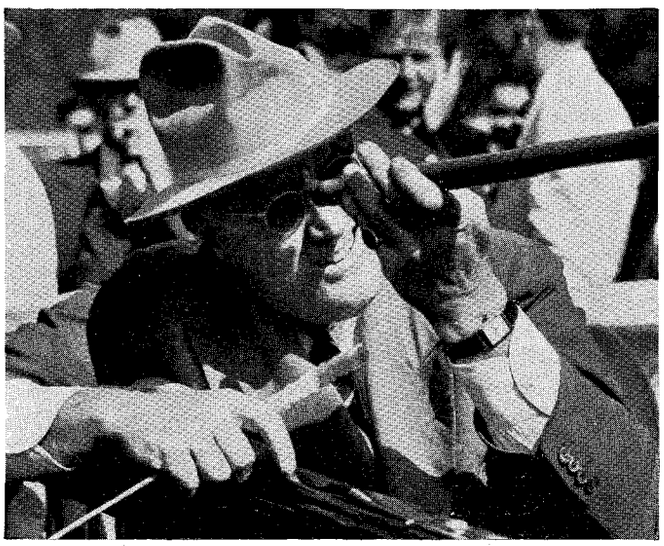
The Race . . . Unsolved Mysteries . . . Fifteen Men

EDWIN C. HILL

One of the country's great reporters comments on the news of the month—news that is often world-changing, sometimes unimportant, always interesting

John Hamilton called for his pet augur . . .



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What do the straw votes tell him?

MR. JOHN D. M. HAMILTON sent for his pet augur the other day and asked him what about it. "Well," said the wizard, "the figures up to date show 305 for the Governor, but I'm going to discount that and give you the rock bottom. When the numbers go up on the night of the third of November, here's the way they'll read: 'Landon, 283 electoral votes; Roosevelt, 248.' You can bank on that." And that is exactly what Hamilton is doing. Those are the inside figures that the Republican National Committee honestly believes will condense from this whole boiling pot of partisanship.

On the basis of the closest mathematical calculations, based on half a dozen national or sectional polls, and upon "cross-section" surveys ordered by Hamilton, they are sure of the following states: Maine, 5; New Hampshire, 4; Vermont, 3; Massachusetts, 17; Connecticut, 8; Rhode Island, 4; Delaware, 3; Maryland, 8; Kansas, 9; Colorado, 6; Nebraska, 7; Michigan, 19; New York, 47; Pennsylvania, 36; New Jersey, 16; Indiana, 14; Illinois, 29; Ohio, 26; Minnesota, 11; Iowa, 11; total, 283.

All over the country wizards peep and mutter. And the truth is that all these straws in the wind point to Landon. Something may be wrong somewhere, but there it is—*Literary Digest,* Grass Roots, Hoozis, all of them. Most important of all, because of the astonishing accuracy of its past performances, is the poll being taken by the *Literary Digest.* The latest figures show Roosevelt beginning to catch up with Landon as more votes come in from the South and the big cities. Landon still leads, but by a narrower margin.

The really significant thing in this very incomplete tabulation is the drift toward Roosevelt of those who voted for Hoover in 1932, and the defection to Landon of those who supported Roosevelt four years ago. Just about twice as many have deserted the Roosevelt of 1932 as have turned to the Roosevelt of 1936. If that ratio is maintained, the current Great White Father is done for. This much is certain; every experienced politician that this writer has talked to believes it will be the closest race since Woodrow Wilson edged out Charles Evans Hughes, just twenty years ago. The electoral vote of New York alone will most probably determine the result, and that was so fully comprehended by the Democratic strategists months ago that the President himself begged Governor Lehman to reconsider his decision not to run for another term.

The fact that it may be necessary to take a photograph of the finish to name the winner is amazing when one considers just two propositions: one, the terrific defeat and demoralization of the Republican Party in the election of four years ago, and two, the billions poured out in one form of largesse or another by the gifted spenders of the New Deal. Yet, here is the Grand Old Party full of fight and putting up a battle, to see which Mike Jacobs would charge you $40 for a ringside seat.

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With all of the contributions made by the Administration to one class or group or another, with all of the manifestly good works that occasionally meet the eye in this strange jumble of New Deal achievements, the Democratic cause is menaced by the feeling which has been steadily growing in the past two years that the party now in power is more of a radical-socialist party than the party of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland, and Wilson. There is apprehension that it is swinging to regimentation and collectivism, to the peril of individual enterprise and liberty. And there is the further feeling that the Administration has been widely extravagant for the past four years and would be again if returned to power. And with all this goes the suspicion that true prosperity is being delayed, perhaps frustrated, by the curious hostility displayed toward Big Business, rich men, and the successful generally. Almost daily Charley Michelson swats a Du Pont or a Rockefeller on the nose. Of course, this is soap-box stuff, old in the days of Andy Johnson.

And, of course, a lot of nonsense is vented in the heat of partisanship. But it plays its little part in the formation and solidification of class hatred, especially in confused and nervous times like these. Very surely, it delays the restoration of a solid and enduring prosperity, because men so accused and attacked are human and cannot summon confidence to extend their businesses and investments, productive of labor and wages, when so belabored. There is no doubt that the natural vigor and vitality of America is bringing us back to better times. But the happy days have been delayed and may be delayed much longer by this strange disposition to hunt down rich men.

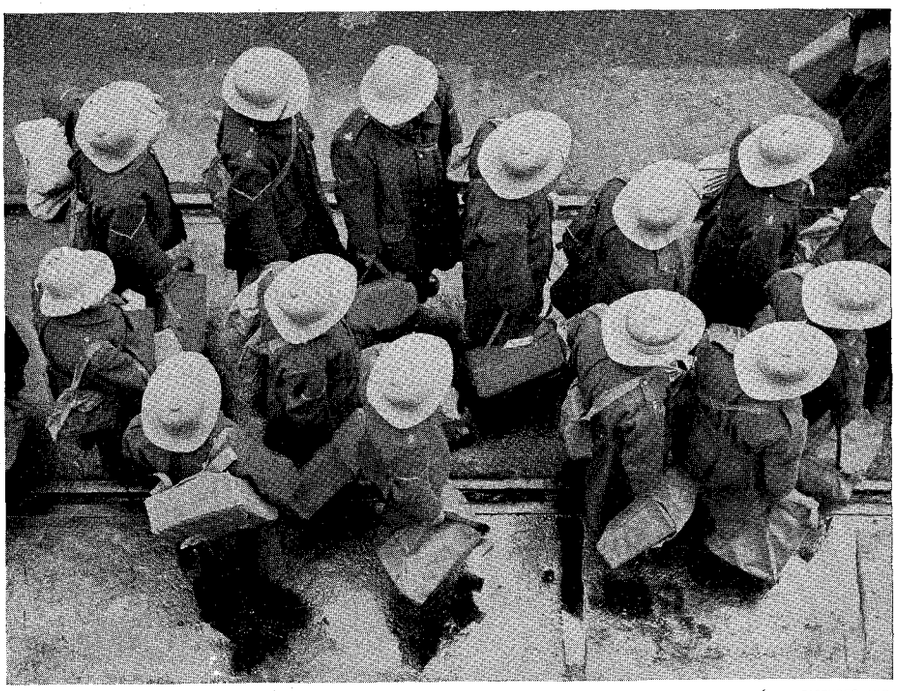
To hunt wealth, as Winston Churchill once remarked, is not to capture commonwealth. This money-gathering, credit-producing animal, the millionaire, can not only walk, he can run. And when frightened, he can fly. And if his wings are clipped, he can dive or crawl. When in the end he is hunted down, nothing is left but a very ordinary individual apologizing volubly for his mistakes, and particularly for not having been able to get away. But meanwhile, confidence is shaken and enterprises are chilled, and the unemployed march out upon public works with ever-growing expense to the taxpayer, and with nothing more appetizing to take to their families than the leg or the wing of what was once a millionaire.

A Sea for the Victor

England prepares an entire army corps with the most modern equipment to halt the bitter conflict of Jews and Arabs in her mandated state of Palestine. The clash derives, of course, from ancient racial and religious hatreds, in what is a holy land for both Jews and Arabs. But it is interesting to note, I think, that a prodigious treasure will be the prize of the eventual victor, and that is the huge reservoir of wealth known to the world as the Dead Sea.

For thousands of years, the Dead Sea has lain, bitter and unfriendly to human beings. Until a little while ago it was as worthless as it was in the days of Abraham. Caravans avoided it; nothing lives in its waters. But for thousands of years the River Jordan has poured into that great pool, forty-seven miles long and nine and a half miles at its widest, a greater treasure than is locked up in all the banks or in the gold reserves of the great nations — immeasurably greater. The value of the Dead Sea today is four times the wealth of the whole United States. It's there in the form of magnesia and potash and other mineral salts without which glass, matches, cotton goods, and a thousand other necessities could hardly be manufactured at all.

For thousands of years the River Jordan has been pouring these minerals into the Dead Sea, which lies thirteen hundred feet below sea level, a catch-basin for thousands and millions of years for the chemical treasures of the desert. A simple way was found to pump the brine of the Dead Sea into great shallow basins; the sun does the rest through evaporation. The dry salts are packed into bags and shipped wherever industry calls for them. A shipload came into Baltimore just the other day. The inland sea over which the old prophets of Israel raised their voices in lamentation now helps clothe farmers in Nebraska, brown men in Asia, Cape Cod folks.



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More British troops leave for the Holy Land, a holy land for Jew and Arab alike and a battle-ground for both. To the victor will go one of the world's great treasures — the Dead Sea. Into it the desert has poured its chemical wealth

Fifteen Men

There are fifteen living men whose combined riches would liquidate even the national debt of the United States. Oddly enough, only three of the names are American — Rockefeller, Ford, and Mellon. Richest of all the fifteen is H. R. H. the Nizam of Hyderabad. One might say there are five Americans in a list of seventeen, and name both John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and John D., Jr., and Henry Ford and Edsel Ford. But in each instance the fortune is a family holding.

Many years ago, so the late Ivy Lee told me, the elder Rockefeller, retiring from business to achieve his ambition of

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INTERNATIONAL

Pictures interest him most

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The Aga Khan races thoroughbreds

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The Ford collection of Americana grows and grows . . .

WIDE WORLD

. . . Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia, medical research in New York

living a century, handed over to son John close to seven hundred million dollars, retaining for himself barely enough to scrape along. And Ivy Lee remarked, in utter seriousness, "Why, I doubt if the old gentleman has a hundred million dollars to his name." They have made good use of those millions, the Rockefellers. There's the Rockefeller Institute, the huge endowments for science and medicine, a great hospital and health service in China, yellow fever stamped out almost everywhere — and what a contrast between Colonial Williamsburg and that amazing city within a city, Rockefeller Center.

As for the Fords, the elder is still active, though gradually relinquishing the reins. Their motor plant is valued at seven hundred million, and the total of their personal wealth is reckoned at half a billion. Henry still cherishes the search for early American objects, still buys a spinning wheel or a barn with equal ardor. There are two Mellons to consider, as well as a pair of Fords and a pair of Rockefellers. Together Andrew and William Mellon stagger along on half a billion, of which Andrew Mellon possesses four hundred million. Through the years, of course, the former Secretary of the Treasury has amassed one of the world's great collections of paintings, and in this respect Mellon greatly resembles Henry Clay Frick, steelmaster and partner of Andrew Carnegie.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, however, must come first. By universal reckoning the Nizam is worth at least one billion dollars. But it must be taken into account that his is an indestructible fortune — one that belongs to his house. His Exalted Highness, Lieutenant General Sir Mir Usman Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, the richest man on earth, and the most powerful potentate of Mohammedan India, has eight hundred tons of the yellow metal stacked up in the strong room of his palace — more gold than the Bank of England holds today. The stoop-shouldered, coffee-colored master of thirteen million lives has so many diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls that he could use a coal shovel to take them from the bins where they are stored.

Still another nabob is Prince Aga Khan. In his Mohammedan realm he

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Haile Selassie has appealed to the League in vain. An utter inability to look facts in the face and a willingness to go to any length to maintain the stupid status quo established at Versailles have characterized the League since the day it was whelped. Recently it admitted to its counsels a delegation from the "Empire of Ethiopia." This, mind you, in full knowledge of Italy's resentment and further menace to peace. This, too, after pusilanimously looking on while Mussolini seized Ethiopia, while Japan raped Manchuria, and while Bolivia and Paraguay fought for two bloody years. The truth is that the League, from the start, so far as world statesmanship goes, has been nothing more exalted than a convenient instrument to preserve the harsh terms exacted by the Allies over the Teutons and the Turks. The luckiest thing we ever did was to keep out of it.

enjoys the veneration of forty million people; annually he receives as tribute his weight in gold. Since the Aga Khan is a very portly gentleman, scaling at least two hundred and fifty pounds, you can figure it out for yourself, with gold at $35 an ounce. His holiness is so authentic that even his bath water is bottled and sent out to India. The Aga Khan's great interest is in racing thoroughbreds on French and English tracks. Next comes the Tin King of the world, Señor Simon Patino of Bolivia. It doesn't matter who you are or where you live; if you use tin in any form, you pay toll to Señor Patino. Señor Patino struck out in the early days and grabbed it all alone. Bending an ear to an ancient legend, scoffed at by others, Patino sold or mortgaged his small possessions, borrowed money, lost himself in the wilderness, and came back one day with a secret worth six hundred million dollars. Señor Patino has an iron grip on one of the world's great monopolies.

Prominent in the list is Sir Basil Zaharoff, munitions salesman, of whom it has been said that he has had a hand in more wars than anybody except the Devil. We enlarge the list with the names of the ex-Kaiser, William of Hohenzollern; the Gaekwar of Baroda, a native state of India; Lord Iveagh of England, G. de Wendel of France, Louis-Louis Dreyfus of France, and Fritz Thyssen, German industrialist. And we might add a few more names and increase the roster to nineteen. For example: Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, the oil magnate of Armenia, with one of the greatest fortunes of Europe and Asia; the Petscheks, coal kings of Czecho-Slovakia, said to control the largest fortune east of the Rhine; the princely Radziwills of Poland, and the enormously rich Esterhazys of Hungary, whose estates are equal in area to more than one American state.

221-B, Baker Street

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, gone now to solve in another world the problems of life and death which so concerned him, wearied at the latter end of his career of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and yet, if the creator of the world's most famous detective is in tune with earthly vibrations, he must feel a glow of pride in Doctor Watson's friend and hero. Not a day passes that the Post-office in London does not receive quantities of letters addressed to "Mr. Sherlock Holmes, 221–B, Baker Street." Not a year passes that thousands of such letters — most of them appeals for help — are mailed to a man who never lived and a house that never existed — so real are both.

Conan Doyle was a struggling country doctor when he conceived the idea of a fiction detective with uncanny powers of deduction and the faculty of observation so acutely developed that he could read at a glance the whole life history of a visitor. Conan Doyle modeled Holmes after a remarkable character — Doctor Joseph Bell, who was consulting surgeon to the Royal Infirmary and Royal Hospital for Sick Children at Edinburgh, Scotland, where Conan Doyle received his medical training. Doctor Bell, thin, wiry, dark, with a high-nosed, acute face, penetrating gray eyes, angular shoulders, and a peculiar walk, with a voice high and discordant (Holmes to the life), possessed a knack of personality diagnosis as amazing as his skill as a surgeon

Sir Arthur died half a dozen years ago without, unhappily, leaving us an account of innumerable mysteries whose solution had reflected glory on the name of Sherlock Holmes. In the stories he wrote, there were frequent references to cases which the great detective had solved, and perhaps sometime Sir Arthur intended to write them down. But he never did, and he died, leaving the world infinitely poorer. I, for one, would have given a lot to know what really took place in "The Singular Tragedy of the Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee," or to learn more of "The Adventure of the Amateur Mendicant Society," whose members had a luxurious club in the lower vault of a furniture warehouse. . . . I, for one, would walk miles to get the truth of "The Singular Adventure of the Grice Patersons in the Island of Uffa," of "Colonel Warburton's Madness," of "The Adventure of Ricoletti of the Club Foot and his Abominable Wife." . . . Millions, I am sure, would lie awake of nights to read what really occurred in "The Case of Wilson, the Notorious Canary Trainer," "The Delicate Affair of the Reigning Family of Holland," "The Incredible Mystery of Mr. James Phillimore," who, stepping back into his own house to get his umbrella, was never more seen in this world.

So many more untold tales whose very suggested titles cause us to breathe a bit faster: "The Affair of the Politician, the Lighthouse, and the Trained Cormorant," "The Strange Case of Isador Persano," who was found stark, staring mad with a match box in front of him which contained a worm unknown to science. . . . Conan Doyle is gone, but Sherlock Holmes lives in a peculiarly definite sense as real as D'Artagnan or Cyrano.

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Can you RELAX?

PERHAPS, at this moment, you are frowning or hunching your shoulders, clenching your hands or holding your neck stiffly. Do you notice any physical strain? Now let the muscles go limp for just three minutes and notice how much "smoother" you feel.

When the muscles relax, the nerves to and from those muscles are relieved of tension and get much needed rest. If you are nervous and high-strung, the chances are that some of your muscles are tightened and are wasting your nervous energy.

In this high-speed age, "nervousness" is becoming more and more common. Too many people work, play, travel—even sleep—under tension. They pay little attention to fatigue until they near exhaustion.

You may not realize what a severe toll tightened nerves will take. Long continued high tension is often associated with high blood pressure, heart symptoms, intestinal disorders, insomnia or nervous irritability. One of the first signs of nerve tension is irritability, most likely to occur during the years when you strive with all your might to reach your goal.

Some persons can relax naturally, but for the majority it is an ability to be acquired only by practice. If you are one who cannot relax easily, try lying down regularly each day and train yourself in relaxing groups of muscles—those of the hand, arm, or face—until you can relax the entire body. When not called upon to work, every one of your muscles should be thoroughly relaxed.

Muscular and nervous tension can in many cases be overcome by a hobby or some healthful game, or by sufficient rest or massage. Warm baths may be helpful. But if, despite your best efforts, you are unable to relax, see your doctor. Most likely he will soon find the cause of your difficulty and start you on the road to better health.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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No More Swing?

GILBERT SELDES

I WISH that Mr. Clive Bell had come to America for the late summer and early fall of this year and had observed us as we got through with the game called "handies" and started on the game which consists of counting from one to eighty, substituting "unh" for seven, and multiples of seven, and "woof" for the multiples of ten. If he had been able to bear this, he would have been prepared for the popularity of "knock, knock" and by that time he might have been able to hear the complex rhythms of swing music.

The reason I invoke the name of Mr. Bell is not only that he is the best company in the world, but that fifteen years ago he wrote the most brilliant sustained attack on our national music of the moment under the title *Plus de Jazz*.

"No more jazz," said Mr. Bell in 1921, "jazz is dying." The latest information I have from England indicates that the death of jazz has been inappropriately, like linked sweetness, long drawn out, and here at home it would only be safe to say that jazz is dead if you mean that swing music has taken its place; and even that would be inaccurate because in many ways swing is now what jazz was in the beginning.

In 1924 I used to carry a record of *The Livery Stable Blues* with me on lectures and played it as a contrast to Paul Whiteman's soft and smooth rendering of *A Stairway to Paradise*. The earlier record was made, I think, by the Dixie Jass Band — even the spelling had not become definite at that time, which was about 1913. The freedom, the violence, the feeling of improvisation in *The Livery Stable Blues* are precise counterparts of the swing music of today.

In the twenties Ted Lewis and a few Negro bands were the only ones to keep jazz hot; Whiteman, Lopez, Ben Bernie, and half a dozen other bandmasters encouraged the virtuosos in their bands to brilliant technical flights, but the whole orchestra was disciplined and regularized. When these groups began to play on the air, with each number precisely timed, the opportunity for cutting loose was even more restricted, and hot jazz naturally was kept alive by smaller bands in rather obscure places. It first became talked about by amateurs after it had been discovered in Paris.

In Paris, probably, the English composer Constant Lambert heard the remarkable trumpet playing of Louis Armstrong and the records of the Negro composer-conductor Duke Ellington, whom he calls "the first jazz composer of distinction." In the hot records made by Negroes he finds a genuine energy, as compared to the merely galvanic energy of the imitators. We might be inclined to suspect any music which makes so much appeal to the technician and the professional, but the truth is that our common jazz also attracted the experts and so did the cake walk and the spiritual before that.

The literature of swing is not only extensive, it is pedantic and violent. There have been quarrels about the origin and meaning of the name, as there were about the name of jazz; there have been disputes about the genuineness of various swing artists, so that for a long time you could not say that you had actually heard swing music, because whatever you heard was bound to be put down as an imposture, the true swing being played only by artists as difficult to encounter as those little restaurants in Paris to which no Americans penetrate. There was a definite snob-appeal.

A shattering silence . . .

As for the technicalities in swing, the written descriptions of them are as complicated to the layman as the purling and knitting and dropping in the directions for the making of a woolen dress. I have even read an economic interpretation of swing in the strictest canon of Marxism, which somehow got mixed up with the fact that two or three of the most notable interpreters of the new music had either disappeared from view, committed suicide, or joined famous orchestras and lost the wild freedom of their more private days.

I suggest that most of this literature is as irrelevant as writing about music usually is. We know that, coming out of ragtime, jazz was meant for dancing. Somewhere in the twenties both the composers and the band leaders became so expert at their work that jazz could be listened to, at least for a brief time, without movement. When Paul Whiteman, after a concert at Carnegie Hall, took his orchestra across the country and played to people seated in auditoriums, instead of to people getting up from night-club tables to dance, he was actually preparing the way for the radio. It is true that people will listen to any agreeable sounds, but I am pretty sure that the simple ragtime of about the year 1900 would quickly become tiresome, whereas the complicated rhythms and the startling harmonies of modern jazz are steadily interesting.

On the other hand, jazz paid for its gentility. The surprises and impudences of the late twenties were missing; the orchestras were admirably precise, but a little mechanized; they were on the way toward the splendid nullity of their more respectable brothers in symphony halls all through the country. From that, swing has saved them. It is totally un-

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predictable; if there are rules in its creation, they are discovered by the critics after the event.

The members of a good swing band instinctively improvise harmoniously. Individuals will no doubt remember a particularly hot "lick" and repeat it on later occasions; there will always be tremendous pace, exciting rhythms and counter-rhythms, and in most cases a frenzy of noise. I have heard a swing band rise step by step in speed and tone, repeating some thirty or forty bars of music until it seemed impossible to listen to it any longer. Yet that was only the beginning, and it was after the music had reached apparently its extreme limits that the really expert work began and the effects were multiplied by geometric progression; in this sort of thing the idea of a climax followed by a lower pitch and a quiet ending simply could not exist. When the leader was exhausted, he said "close," and abruptly a shattering silence followed.

Incidentally, this occurred at the Onyx Club, in New York City, where Stuff Smith leads his band, and no room whatever is provided for dancing. In as much as drinks are the same more or less everywhere, the conclusion is clear that the patrons — almost too many for comfort — crowd in for the single, specific purpose of listening to the music.

It might be more accurate to say "feeling the music." You do not lend an ear; to swing, you expose your entire body. Noise and rhythm, the balance of one set of noises against another, one set of rhythms against another, are the great elements. If you wish to be melodramatic, you might say that swing marks the death of melody.

Melody, the simple singable tune, has had a difficult time in any case. Bandmasters and arrangers have not only elaborated their "own conception" of popular songs, but have actually altered the tunes. It is a common complaint of Tin Pan Alley that radio kills off a song almost as soon as it becomes popular. This is true, and the reason is not only that the song is too often played. The corruptions and distortions, arrangements to suit crooners who cannot hit the notes, or for close-harmony trios or rustic quartets, have a great deal to do with spoiling a song for the public.

Swing, which is often a series of frank arabesques on a given theme, makes all these arrangements seem feeble. Consequently it is the enemy of the prima donna — male or female. Few singers can stand comparison with the swing band. Such singing as there is is usually a series of shouts, and ideally the singer with a swing band should be reduced (or *raised*) to the rank of fiddler, trumpeter, or banjo player. Perhaps this will occur. In that case we will all have reason to be grateful to swing music.

I do not know whether the disappearance of words from the combination "words and music" has been sufficiently

Animal cries are far more effective

noted. In ancient folk songs you may find the use of syllables, and in Shakespeare the use of meaningless words as catches in a song, but except for *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,* I recall no precise forerunner to the invasion which, I suppose, began with Helen Kane (boop-boop-a-doop) and proceeded through hi-de-ho and yo-do-de-o-do to Bing Crosby's bu-bu-ba-dub and ended with the straight yo-ho-ho of *The Music Goes Round and Round.*

The lyric writers for musical shows (stage or screen) have become monstrously polysyllabic under the mistaken impression that this is a sign of sophistication. (W. S. Gilbert had fun with triple rhymes, but the memorable verses are like these:

> Blue blood involves no shame.
> We boast an equal claim
> With him of humble name
> To be respected.)

The average citizen very properly does not take these complicated songs to his heart; yet it must be startling to a proper writer of lyrics to find that animal cries are far more effective than words which actually convey a meaning.

It is at this point that you can connect swing with some other movements in the arts. Mr. Lambert, whom I have already quoted, has suggested that the Marx Brothers are the ultimate Dadaists, and parallels have been drawn between Mickey Mouse and Salvatore Dali or Pierre Roy. But there is an important distinction to be made, to which the grunts and howls of some of our popular songs give us the clue. These cries are meaningless, but at least they are universally meaningless. They convey the same emotion to, or produce the same effect on, everybody in more or less the same degree.

At the opposite extreme is the unintelligible, the secretly significant, word of James Joyce, the adjective which is privately interesting to the writer, the shape and color which is relevant to the painter alone. Mr. Bell, in the essay I have mentioned, blamed the jazz spirit for breaking down discipline and exalting the untrammeled free spirit; but more now than then, he would know that the intellectual who chose to be unintelligible had more to do with this breakdown than the popular artist who was cheerfully insignificant — in the literal sense, signifying nothing.

Now and again a professional in the great arts is quick to see that the popular arts, being without traditions, hit upon happy inventions and methods. At first the superficial tricks are used: early plays influenced by the movies, like Elmer Rice's *On Trial,* were in effect only movies seen on the stage. The novelists, waiting a longer time, have done better, and this year you can roughly divide your fiction into the novels written by those who have read Stendhal and the novels written by those who have gone to the movies instead.

Among the first, Mr. Briffault bowed to *The Red and the Black* by naming the hero of *Europa* after Julian Sorel, but that is as far as his talent took him, for he produced a novel for which, I am reasonably sure, the clear, dry, penetrating mind of Stendhal would have had a vast contempt. Mr. Vincent Sheean has acknowledged the debt of *Sanfelice* to *The Charterhouse of Parma,* but has missed the essential thing in that masterpiece, which is that it is first of all interesting to read. Mr. Komroff's *Waterloo* I have not read, but it takes its cue, according to report, from Stendhal's cynical and brief report of the same battle. It has been a great year for

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Dickens, too, and he has been more fortunate than Stendhal, because Mr. Santayana, proposing to write a philosophical novel, caught the Dickensian sense of character and caricature and used them both admirably for his purpose.

The writers who have formed their style on the movies have had a more difficult problem, and two of them have succeeded because they went beyond the technique and tricks of the movies to their true magic, which is the creation of new relationships in time and space. Aldous Huxley has used relations of time in *Eyeless in Gaza,* giving the cue when the little boy counting a series of billboards dissolves into the grownup man counting as he strokes the arm of his mistress.

It strikes me in this connection that we may not deserve so subtle and intelligent a writer as Mr. Huxley. A number of people seem to be intensely annoyed by the method of the book, and some have gone to the extreme of listing the episodes in their chronological order so that you can read them consecutively as if Mr. Huxley had intended to write an adventure serial for the radio. The whole point of his juxtaposition of events is in the connection between them. He has obviously not left the order of his episodes to chance, and although he deals faithfully with the boy who can't stand his father's sentimentality about a funeral, or the man, the same person, who rejects his mistress's sentimentality about love, all the episodes and the emotions take on importance because they are communicated to us by the character who emerges at the end. I should say that the only way in which *Eyeless in Gaza* can render its meaning is the cinematic way Mr. Huxley has chosen.

John Dos Passos has done even more; he has, in fact, been using Hollywood's pet trick, the process-shot, for several years in the earlier volumes of his trilogy. In the process-shot, a moving picture of Singapore as seen from a departing cruise ship is thrown on a screen, and in front of this is placed a section of railing on which two actors lean while they speak their lines; the whole is photographed and is indistinguishable from a movie of these actors taken in Singapore. In *The Big Money* and its predecessors Mr. Dos Passos has thrown a news-reel of world-events on the screen as the background for his characters; he has divided his screen so that the relationship between groups of characters can be felt; he has faded one action into another, printed one film on another; and sometimes he has given in words the shimmer of action which the movies give. No printed scenario, not even Mr. Wells', has nearly so much of the feeling of the movies. The only thing that checks movement in Dos Passos is the occasional intrusion of his feeling for paint on canvas, as disturbing as a still photograph suddenly shown in a movie. Perhaps Mr. Dos Passos will take the next natural step and adapt to his purposes the technique of the Silly Symphony, a separate and thoroughly usable technique which no artist will despise.

The movies have more than taken their own back from the writers. I note in an announcement from Mr. Will Hays that of the distinguished forthcoming pictures at least eight out of ten are based on books and plays. We have to reconcile ourselves to this. These are the movies which are substantial and respectable; but I confess to a special fondness for those pictures which, although they are often trivial, have the freedom and lightness and impudence which come from original work, or which at least use for their scenarios a kind of fiction you can properly call post-movie. *The Thin Man, It Happened One Night, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* are familiar examples. More recent ones are *Sing, Baby, Sing* and *My Man Godfrey.* My guess is that *Gone With the Wind* will turn out to be another because, as you read it, you see the settings, the gestures, and the actions of whatever Civil War movie you best remember.

About *The General Died At Dawn* there is a special point of interest. Mr. Odets' dialogue is effective largely because the words he says, the thoughts he utters, have not been heard before; actually, when the picture goes into its climactic action, the words are moderately good melodrama and nothing more. But by that time Mr. Odets has had his hero say to the warlord, in effect, "Your destiny is tied up only with the military power you wield, and my destiny is tied to the destiny of millions of men who one day will destroy you and walk upright on the face of the earth." And this one touch of awareness, this suggestion of the deep forces which are struggling for possession of the modern world, not only gives the picture its meaning, but actually makes it extraordinarily exciting.

Presenting Gypsy Rose Lee

This suggests to me that we have not long to wait until the awareness of the social conflict will be used merely to give us a new thrill. Mr. Odets' use of it seems to me entirely an honest one; the movie itself withdrew to the safer channels of a straight melodrama (with, I regret to say, a labored, rather intellectual, all-too-verbal solution of the hero's dilemma when the warlord is persuaded to order the mass suicide of the guards and the liberation of the hero and heroine). But I suspect that Hollywood has seen the light and that one pinch of Marxism will be diluted in the usual hundred gallons of socially filtered water to give us an intellectual kick, and to prove that moving pictures made by capitalists in a capitalist country and for the beneficiaries and victims of capitalism are not really favorable to the capitalist system.

I suspect that no one who knew the theater before knowing the movies is really competent to pass judgment on both. I see a dozen utterly worthless pictures without being offended and am affronted by one stupid play; and I suppose that this is because subconsciously I consider the theater so much more important.

The theater does its best to convince me that I am wrong. Nothing less important than the opening of the current season could be imagined. In *Reflected Glory* even the serious George Kelly can only show us the theater being sorry for itself, representing a temperamental actress, amusingly played by Tallulah Bankhead, as a person of exceptional interest, which she is not. On the other hand, the *Ziegfeld Follies* pretends to be nothing but rowdy good humor, with both Bobby Clark and Fannie Brice at the very top of their extraordinary comic powers. I do not know whether it is an important event in American culture that a strip-tease artist, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, appears on the comparatively legitimate stage in this show. The perfection of any technique is always agreeable to watch.

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If Landon Wins

(*continued from page 24*)

pieces of legislation in America is always non-partisan. So I imagine the worst effects of complete deadlock would be avoided. On the other hand, I think it likely that very little New Deal legislation would be repealed. The Republicans would trust in the Supreme Court.

If balancing the budget means either raising taxes or cutting expenditures, or both, do you think Mr. Landon could get a balanced budget from a Democratic House?

He couldn't get it from a Republican House, let alone a Democratic House. In Kansas he had a Santa Claus in the form of the Federal Government. In the White House he couldn't get it. The Angel Gabriel in or over the White House couldn't balance the budget.

What effect would Mr. Landon's election have upon farm subsidies?

Probably he would find a different form for continuing subsidies. Once you start to subsidize a large class you cannot cut it off suddenly.

What effect on the TVA?

Probably he would be inclined to hamper its operation. More likely to put difficulties in its way, to hog-tie it, rather than to kill it outright.

Do you think Mr. Landon would try to get the Stock Exchange Act repealed?

No, I do not think he would. I am not sure he would care to. He and the Republicans might amend it for the worse. I do not think, however, that the Roosevelt appointees are doing a brilliant job.

How large a part do you think Colonel Knox would play in a Landon administration?

From the looks, he would like to play a large part. He would be a very unwilling Throttlebottom. But actually, after his vigorous campaign, I suspect the rest would be silence.

Do you think Mr. Landon would carry us back to gold?

No. We are not really off gold now. I wonder that everyone talks the way they do. We have over ten billion dollars in gold. This talk about "back to gold" is a good deal of bunk. It is a question of the content of gold in the dollar.

Do you think Mr. Landon would change that?

He might change it, but I think he would go mighty slow. Notice how he hedged in his telegram to the Republican Convention. It will probably be a long time before the conditions laid down in that telegram are met to his own satisfaction.

What effect would Mr. Landon's election have upon labor organization?

It would put new determination in labor to trust in itself and go ahead. It will take more than the election of Landon to proscribe the organization of labor.

Upon the activities of John L. Lewis?

It might intensify them. I give Lewis too much credit to abandon his campaign just because Landon is elected—a result that I think is very doubtful.

Do you think Mr. Landon's election would mean a constitutional amendment in regard to minimum wages for women?

Not necessarily, and anyhow not a good one. His proposal to give the states more power is not very good. I think that there are differences between the Roosevelt-Democratic combination and the Landon-Republican crowd. From my point of view, the Roosevelt-Democratic combination would be more liberal and progressive, but the difference is not important enough to matter, and the magnification of the differences is dangerous for the people. It is like cough-drops — they may differ in color and in taste, but they are all cough-drops, and they will not cure tuberculosis.

Putting Public Opinion to Work

(*continued from page 39*)

but putting aside concerns of editorial policy, they print the facts just as they are received. To me that is a healthy sign.

Perhaps there may again be a question of the importance of reporting facts. In a certain sense the November election will answer the question. If our predictions are reasonably close to the election results, the polls of the Institute will continue. Since it is my belief that the figures will be accurate, I feel privileged to point out that such polls as we conduct have been the dream of certain political thinkers, and that they offer a more complete picture of American beliefs and ideas than it has been possible heretofore to construct.

James Bryce, one of the acknowledged authorities on American government, prophesied that "A final stage in the evolution of government by opinion would be reached if the will of the majority of citizens should become available

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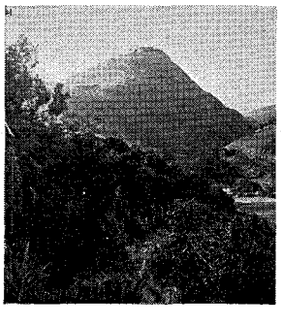

Napoleon's Spirit Walks on St. Helena

Octave Aubry, probably the greatest living French authority on Napoleon, traces the slow, tragic unfolding of the banished Emperor's last six years of life. M. Aubry even lived on that stern, forbidding rock in the Atlantic in order to absorb fully its musty, historic atmosphere.

Old Forgotten Documents

Drawing his material from French and English sources, much of it from unedited and truthful documents, he has recreated a dramatic, accurate picture. "The Little Corporal" swaggers majestically through these nostalgic pages. M. Aubry has made this one of the most important, most absorbing works in contemporary literature. "*St. Helena*," translated by Arthur Livingston, retains the full flavor of M. Aubry's exciting style. "*St. Helena*" is published by Lippincott, fully illustrated, at $5.00.

Globe Trotting Jewel Thieves Match Wits

Captain Valentine, the engaging rogue of "*Moons in Gold*," is reminiscent of Arsene Lupin. This novel, by C. S. Montanye, is one of the three best uncovered by the recent Lippincott Mystery Story Contest. The debonair Captain, his rival, St. Julien, and Baron Grunoff's beautiful daughter, all race from Paris to Shanghai for precious opals. "*Moons in Gold*" has glamor, thrills aplenty, and suspense to the last exciting page. Published in October, by Lippincott, at $2.00.

Carolyn Wells Scores Again with Fleming Stone

The popular author of "Murder in the Bookshop," "Money Musk," etc., has again scored a hit with detective story fans in her latest Fleming Stone triple-murder thriller, "*The Huddle.*" A big time promoter is killed under the very noses of his associates, two of whom die subsequently to the mystification of the great detective and the police. Published by Lippincott, at $2.00.

LOVE AND REVOLUTION BREAK OUT IN MEXICO

Carleton Beals' Fascinating Story of Beautiful Peon Girl Torn in Strife of War and Love

A noted author reveals a vivid picture of the Mexico of today in his latest novel, "*The Stones Awake.*" Esperanza, lovely illiterate peon girl of Milpa Verde, is the brave heroine of this epic saga of modern serfdom.

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Life on the Hacienda Magdalena was unspeakably cruel. Esperanza's betrothed is craftily shipped off to the army by Don Joaquin. Serf-born peons, flogged to desperation, join a futile revolt. Rapine, murder and starvation are situations Esperanza must face. How she triumphs over them makes this one of the best books ever written on Mexico and her people. "*The Stones Awake,*" by Carleton Beals, just published by Lippincott, is $2.50.

Karl Marx Portrayed As Man and Fighter

New and Hitherto Unpublished Material from Private Files of Marx and Engels—from Berlin, Dresden, and the First Internationale in Paris.

A new biography and a unique contribution to Marxist literature has been written by Boris Nicolaievsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen.

Marx from a Different Perspective

Much has been written about Marx's economic and philosophic teaching but there never before has been a single work on Marx as a man and a fighter. Nor, until now, has there been an authoritative source of information on the controversies between Marx and Lassalle, and Marx and Bakunin. This book shows the principal stages in Marx's life of combat; from his stormy, tormented youth in Germany through all the years of his immensely productive life . . . a clear and complete delineation of the man and his age! "*Karl Marx, Man and Fighter,*" illustrated, just published by Lippincott, is $3.50.

Chemists Make Amazing Discoveries

According to A. Frederick Collins, F.R.A.S., never before in history have there been so many spectacular discoveries in the world of chemistry. To keep abreast of these achievements, and apply them in daily life, one must know how they were produced and what effects they have.

Gasoline from Coal!

Mr. Collins explains all this in his new book, "*The March of Chemistry,*" and includes numerous experiments which one can easily do at home. He tells how gasoline and oil are made from coal; all about rayon, fabricoid, streakless paints, etc. He also includes a chapter on Biochemistry, explaining enzymes, vitamins, hormones. "*The March of Chemistry*" (104 illustrations), just published by Lippincott, is $3.00.

Remarkable Book On Game Birds

Seventy-five splendid etchings of America's game birds by the well-known Richard E. Bishop—have been reproduced to constitute a most attractive and reliable illustrated guide. Every sportsman will surely want a copy of "*Bishop's Birds*" for ready reference in his library.

If you prefer the De Luxe Edition, limited to 125 signed copies, and with an original etching as a frontispiece, the price is $35.00. The regular edition, handsomely bound in buckram, and limited to 1,000 numbered copies, is only $15.00 a copy.

New Grace Livingston Hill Novel Published

FOUND: Not only the old-fashioned Christmas he had secretly longed for—but a true love and a new happiness as well! That, in brief, is the résumé of a new romance—and one of the most beautiful ones that has ever come from Mrs. Hill's beloved pen. Title? "*The Substitute Guest.*" Just published by Lippincott, at $2.00.

Falcon Defies Police; Preys on Gangsters

The Falcon, steel-nerved hero of a new novel by Drexel Drake, is a lone, free-lance "G Man," without authority or credentials. But he doesn't need them. Crooked police officials cringe. And he shows no mercy on racketeers as he swoops down and deals his own brand of quick justice. "*The Falcon's Prey,*" another of the great books discovered in the recent Lippincott Mystery Story Contest, is published by Lippincott, at $2.00.

at all times." Like such other students of government as Woodrow Wilson and Walter Lippmann, Bryce saw that the difficulty in trying to operate a government by public opinion was simply the difficulty of ascertaining that opinion with any degree of accuracy.

More recently Professor DeWitt Clinton Poole, Director of the School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton University, has suggested, "If public opinion is to be the direct guide of public policy, perhaps it will become necessary to supplement our traditional procedure of rather widely separated and cumbersome elections by almost continuous tests of the movements of public thought."

Our results convince me that such "continuous tests" offer definite and immediate gains, not alone in perpetuating or even developing the American tradition, but also in the important field of cultural and social analysis. It becomes possible to record nation-wide sentiment on subjects whose popular acceptance or rejection have heretofore been matters of controversy, not of fact. It becomes possible to go beyond this and analyze the opinions of different groups, to investigate trends and shifts of opinion, to construct perhaps a living motion picture of ideas emerging upon the national scene, coming to importance and finding fulfillment in significant political and social measures.

Already, however, Institute polls have had an illuminating effect upon practical, day-by-day politics. Polls of Republican voters during the winter and spring of 1936 made it possible for delegates to the Republican nominating convention to identify the man who was the overwhelming choice of his party for the Presidential nomination, Governor Landon. They have likewise illuminated the foundations of the Townsend pension movement, showing that only a very small proportion of citizens are followers of the California doctor in his demand for $200-a-month pensions for the aged. Our poll of March 29, which reported overwhelming sentiment for civil-service reform, preceded statements of devotion for this principle from the Republicans in Topeka and the Democrats in Washington. Another poll recently outlined the sympathies of both labor itself and the general public in regard to the dispute between the craft and industrial unionists.

The rise of a public opinion which shall be at once accessible and reliable means the fading of minority pressure groups and pressure politics from the American forum.

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BOOKS

❦ The Book Fair, sponsored jointly by the *New York Times* and the National Association of Booksellers, will be held in Rockefeller Center, New York City, November 5 to 19.

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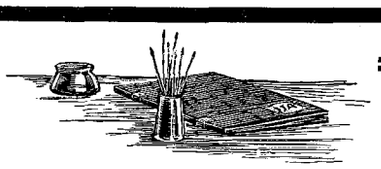

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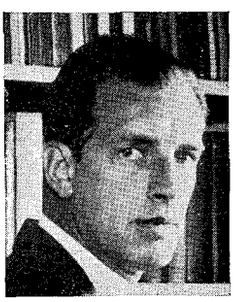

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BOOKS

They Love America

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

To Gilbert Seldes it is *Mainland* (Scribner's, $3); to Stuart Chase it is *Rich Land, Poor Land* (Whittlesey House, $2.50). Both love it, both want to save it from something worse than death. To Mr. Chase's solid certified-public-accountant's way of thinking, that "something" is waste — the waste of soil exhaustion, of erosion, of the gutting of mines, oil pools, forests, all of which points to the ultimate waste of human beings. To Mr. Seldes the "something" is more indefinable; it is anything that smacks of "Europe." "Europe," to Mr. Seldes, is Fascism, Communism, the sterile subtleties of Marcel Proust, Cole Porter's musical efforts to record the emotional crises of harlots, foreign lending, wars to keep Germany on the Rhine or Italy out of Africa, and Mr. Herbert Agar's hopes for building an "agrarian" society (Mr. Seldes thinks "agrarianism" is a euphemism for "hill-billy aristocracy"). Simply because Mr. Seldes is dealing with states of mind, he is more fun than Mr. Chase, although he is probably not half so profitable. Mr. Chase's prose is downright and final; there is no gainsaying him. But Mr. Seldes is mainly concerned with posing questions even when he is not asking them; hence practically every sentence in *Mainland* invites an argument.

There is a lot of sense in Mr. Seldes, make no mistake about that. When he reads past American history as a rhythmic fluctuation between the gods of Wall Street and the gods of Populism, he is right but not original. His portraits of Americans whom he finds expressively typical — John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the Oneida Community; William James, the pluralist, who made a philosophy out of escaping from philosophy; William Jennings Bryan, whose hunches were better than his logic; Irving Berlin, whose melodies can be rueful without indicating a feeling of inferiority; and Henry Ford, mechanical engineer and cultivator of soy beans — these have a bounce that Mr. Seldes's more analytical sections frequently lack. And Mr. Seldes's celebration of virtues that are both American and democratic is a heartening thing to see.

But Mr. Seldes's discovery of the land beyond the Alleghanies has unsettled him a little. It has made him self-consciously anti-intellectual. And, since Mr. Seldes is nothing if not intellectual, this is an act of self-betrayal. It is as if Mr. Seldes were performing a rite of lustration in public for the years which he spent on *The Dial* and *The New Republic* among esthetes and critics who have failed to be lyrical about the United States. The lustration may be necessary for Mr. Seldes's soul, but it makes him sound more royalist than the king — or, to be precise, more anti-royalist than Big Bill Thompson. Mr. Seldes's latest hero is the man in the bleachers, which is all right with me. But if he wishes to convince a nation of ball fans that he has the common touch, he should not refer to J. Franklin "Home Run" Baker, a mighty man in pre-Ruthian ball days, as Hobe Baker (see page 45). Hobe — or Hobey — Baker was a hockey player.

Mr. Seldes is very, very angry with a whole generation of American writers. He knocks H. L. Mencken, chides Sinclair Lewis, sideswipes Waldo Frank, reproaches Van Wyck Brooks, mocks Glenway Wescott, and takes gentle pokes at Eugene O'Neill, George Kaufman, *The Nation,* Ludwig Lewisohn, Floyd Dell, and Lewis Mumford. Their attack upon America, he says, "has been ill-natured or ignorant or both." Well, so it has been; but many of them have been spending the past seven years in doing just the same sort of sackcloth-and-ashes penance that Mr. Seldes, ex-writer for *The Dial,* is doing in *Mainland*. The truth is that most of Mr. Seldes's crew of anti-Americans are profoundly American at heart and always have been.

Take Sinclair Lewis, for example. Mr. Seldes makes the sort of remark about *Main Street* that has become the standardized thing of late; he thinks *Main Street* was written out of an uncritical emotional dislike of the small American town. But has anyone reread it lately? And has anyone marked what Sinclair Lewis was saying? Wasn't Lewis putting Carol Milford on the pan precisely because she was the sort of anti-American person whom Mr. Seldes now delights in taunting? Carol Milford was superior to Gopher Prairie — but the superiority was phoney, and Mr. Lewis says as much. Her idea of culture was to bring in a carload of Maeterlinck (a Belgian). The aspiration to higher things was American, but it was also callow. Sinclair Lewis sympathizes with the aspiration, but satirizes the callow expression. And you know that Lewis would prefer to spend an evening playing poker with Doc Kennecott than a day in the company of Carol Milford.

It is an old American custom to get heated about the rights of man; and when Mr. Seldes asperses Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's career on *The Nation,* he forgets that Mr. Villard is trying to carry on in the great American tradition of his maternal grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison. H. L. Mencken's anti-democratic utterances are, as Gustavus Myers so ably demonstrated in his *America Strikes Back* a year or so ago, just as native as James Fenimore Cooper's similar animadversions. It is American to grouse about America. When Americans cease (either voluntarily or perforce) to shoot off their mouths about the government in Washington and the low preferences of the people next door, the United States will cease to be the United States — and Mr. Seldes can then be sure that we have been Nazified or suborned by Moscow gold.

Is Floyd Dell "un-American"? If he is, then my memory of *Moon-Calf* and

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The Briary Bush (dedicated in Mr. Dell's own words to the "tangled beauty" of American life in the midwest) is egregiously at fault. It is true that Mr. Dell became a Socialist and wrote for *The Masses,* but so did Jack London, who glorified the American he-man in *Burning Daylight;* and, for that matter, was Gene Debs an American, or was he an Egyptian? Mr. Seldes thinks little enough of Theodore Dreiser (the old Indiana Hun), but it was an interest in Mr. Dreiser's Frank Cowperwood (who made money out of street railways) that led me to a period of preoccupation with such things as Tom Johnson's career in Cleveland, Henry George's *Progress and Poverty,* and Brand Whitlock's mid-west autobiography, *Forty Years of It,* and I can think of no education that is more American. I defy Mr. Seldes to read Dorothy Dudley's story of Dreiser's life, *Forgotten Frontiers,* without feeling that he is touching America. After all, no one has to wear buckskin and drink snake oil to prove his title to citizenship.

Van Wyck Brooks is particularly vulnerable to Mr. Seldes's arrows. But in spite of deficiencies in education that have caused him to say idiotic things about American history, Mr. Brooks led a whole generation of Americans to Walt Whitman, to Thoreau, to Melville—and away from the idea that Irving Babbitt's taste for classical French literature is a typically American college professor's taste. So, as the balladist says, what the hell, boys, what the hell.

By this time I hope I have proved my point that America is a name that is not to be taken in vain. Real love of country should be bone-deep; it should consist of delight in the contours of a landscape, in the flavor of a native apple, in the verve of one's prose-writers (even when they are criticizing the government). When Mr. Seldes says, "For the love of Mike let's not get mixed up in any more European wars," my instinct is to cheer. I am American enough to hate drill sergeants, goose-stepping, cap-touching, or deference of any kind —and it is my greatest worry as an American that corporations are creating that un-American thing, the Yes-Man. It is to Mr. Seldes's everlasting credit that he, too, hates Yes-Men; his *Mainland* is his passionate answer to those who have tried to yes him into Communism, Fascism, Spenglerism. But he shouldn't permit himself to be yessed into the "my country, right or wrong," Native-American-Know-Nothing attitude. There is a fashion in these things. Just now the fashion is to be all hopped up on native potlikker and corn pone and to yell for the fiddle and the bow. It is a little super-heated, a little perfervid, a sign that one is not quite at ease in one's buckskin shirt. My impulse is to yawn and go up to the ball game. Not because baseball is "American" and therefore superior to pelota, cricket, or bowls. It just happens that I was born in Connecticut.

All of this is a little severe on Mr. Seldes, whose quality of light pugnacity makes him a charm to read on a variety of subjects. When he is kidding Marxists for applying a ready-made critique to a country and a capitalism whose idiosyncrasies and variations from the European rhythm they have utterly failed to explore; when he is writing about Ethel Merman and George Gershwin; when he is twitting Mr. James Truslow Adams for some fatuous remarks about the movies; when he is doing any one of the dozen things he can do well, he is a joy to have around the house. But when he goes off on the intellectualized, anti-intellectual tangent, he is no dice with me. When a straggler from the era of Eugene Jolas's *transition* yells "Rimbaud," it doesn't prove very much to shout back at him "Ring Lardner." It is merely the highbrow way of saying "My father can lick your father," or, "So's your old man."

Stuart Chase doesn't make any such mistake in *Rich Land, Poor Land.* His love of America is apparent in the way he writes about the pines below Chocorua, the bones of the buffalo. And because he loves America very much, he is concerned to see her soil blowing away in dust storms and flowing away in rivers at flood-time. His answer is not "We're better than Europe and we don't have to worry." He says, "It's our country and we ought to keep it fruitful, even if the effort involves a departure from the idea that 'inevitable' is the un-American word which Mr. Seldes says it is."

P.S. George Milburn's *Catalogue* (Harcourt, Brace, $2) is in the American tradition of frontier slapstick realism and frontier melodrama. Even though it isn't structurally good as a novel, it is a lot of fun. It proves Mr. Seldes's point: Americans can write. Did you ever doubt it?

Book Notes

Beards are coming back again. We have it on the authority of a distinguished barber who probably knows more about the history of his craft than most of us about our respective businesses. The reasons for this reappearance were lost in a shifting conversation and, besides, that is part of his own story which he is now writing in book form. But we did hear snatches about "times of stress," "interest in uniforms (alas) and changes in men's dress generally." We may agree or disagree with all this, but beards or no beards, we actually seem to be on the edge of a new Romantic Era.

Here we have *Anthony Adverse* (at $2 to be sure) creeping slowly back to the best-seller lists after a lapse, and a large New York department store advertising an Anthony Adverse dress, copied, one gathers, from something in the movie version. The public is going glamorous with Anthony.

Travel books, if they're really good, have always been popular, but never more so than now. The Abbe children have been whirling around the world for months on the best-seller lists, and publishers' announcements contain such promising notes as *Three Wheeling Through Africa,* by James C. Wilson (two young men, two motorcycles with side-cars doing thirty-eight hundred miles of jungle footpaths, desert caravan trails, and military road); *The Southern Gates of Arabia* (a lone woman's journey to the Hadhramaut), by Freya Stark, author of *The Valleys of the Assassins; Westward Bound in the Schooner Yankee* (round the world from Gloucester and back), by Captain and Mrs. Irving Johnson; *News from Tartary* (seven months' trip across Mongolia and Tibet), by Peter Fleming, author of *Brazilian Adventure;* and *Restless Jungle* (the story of a jungle safari), by Mary L. Jobe Akeley, the widow of the famous African explorer, Carl Akeley.

Book Fair

What is described as "the largest and most comprehensive exhibition of books and bookmaking ever held in America" will be held as the Book Fair in Rockefeller Center, New York City, from November 5 to 19. Paper will be made before your eyes on a papermaking machine especially loaned by the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia; authors will speak in the evenings; typesetting, printing, and binding will be demonstrated, and all the deep-hidden publishing secrets will be made clear to an ever-increasingly book-minded public. A non-profit-making venture, it is sponsored by the *New York Times* and the National Association of Booksellers.

Waldo Walker, of the *New York Times* and manager of special activities

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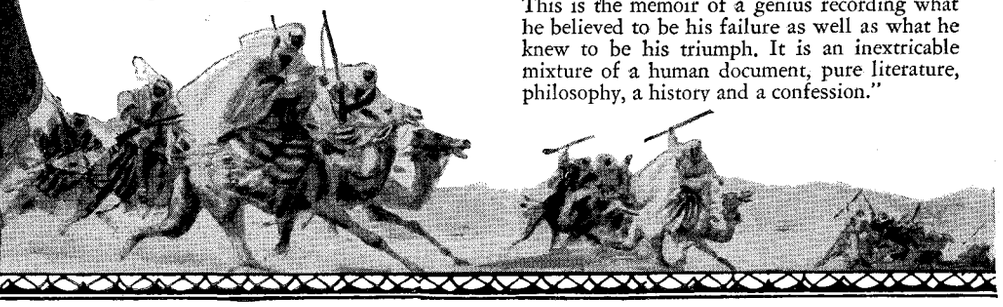

THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station in London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book.... The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, a history and a confession."

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for the Fair, writes of some of the difficulties encountered in putting on a show of this kind and size, and of some of the idioms that those not in the know have had to have explained.

"Everybody is working together so beautifully," Mr. Walker starts off, "that there haven't been any difficulties except the vast amount of time that everyone is putting in without complaint." Then in the next paragraph he says, "We shall have to hoist the Philadelphia papermaking machine from the street level to get it through a Rockefeller Center window that will only allow a fraction of an inch to spare on each side. I hope we make it. The riggers assure us that we will.

"We non-bookmen have been stumbling over some strange idioms, both in bookmaking and in architecture. For example, we had to learn that a 'wet' column in a structure like Rockefeller Center means a column that contains electricity and plumbing facilities, whereas the columns as a whole are entirely structural. One of these 'wet' columns provides the hook-up that will permit us to show the model papermaking machine that is being loaned by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. This machine requires a constant flow of water in order to demonstrate, as it does quite strikingly, the full process of papermaking from raw pulp to the finished paper stock, in the short distance of eighteen feet.

"We also find that when the bookmanufacturing trade uses the word 'signature' it doesn't mean what we mean. If the trade uses the word 'signature,' it refers to a quota of printed book pages before they are bound and assembled between covers to make a book. Live and learn.

"We learn, moreover, what it means to 'blow up.' At first I thought it referred to conferences between editors and authors, but we find it refers to pictures. A photograph is blown up when it is enlarged from Kodak size to the panoramic size of, say, 4′ x 6′ to make a panel in a photo-mural. The Book Fair will have some very interesting photo-murals in the entrance concourse, as background for the Seine bookstalls, and also in the Machinery Exhibit photo-murals will be carried around three walls to show each mechanical step in the making of a book.

" 'Association' books with rare first editions and authors' manuscripts will be featured in an interesting display being assembled by a special committee of bibliophiles.

"An 'association' book didn't mean much until we were told that it described a copy that had some special personal association with the author; for example, a book of short verse which Matthew Arnold might have presented with some inscription in his own hand to a friend.

"Architect Harmon, of Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, puzzled most of us for a long time, when we were discussing floor plans, when he kept getting off the word 'furring.' 'Furring' is a word architects and contractors use to describe the finished work (trim, doors, archways, rounded corners, and the like) after the basic construction of a room is completed. In other words, furring is the light construction that makes the finished line of the room, as distinct from the original building of the room itself. The Book Fair is to be a succession of rooms within the mezzanine floor at the North International Building at Rockefeller Center, and hence the 'fur' will fly." Says Mr. Walker.

No New Patriot

Stuart Chase, whose *Rich Land, Poor Land* is probably the clearest picture we have of what is actually going on in the waste and conservation of our natural resources, is no new patriot. His interest in America and his knowledge of it started long ago when his father, an ardent mountain climber, used to march him up and down the White Mountains almost as soon as his legs could carry him. From that time on he has needed no urging, and mountain climbing is still an important part of his recreation. Nor is "planning" anything new in his scheme of things. His father wanted him to learn to study, and so he was sent to M. I. T. to study accounting. From there he went to Harvard before entering the accounting business with his father. The careful precision and planning which goes into his business carries over not only into his economics, his friends say, but into everything he does. He is a good tennis player, though he took it up only a few years ago, because he goes at it from the ground up. First he bought a book on tennis which he read from page one to the end; then there were long days of practicing strokes with no playing at all, till finally he felt the time had come to start. Skiing he took up the same way, over a ski-run which goes from his own back door in Georgetown, Connecticut, over a stretch that is part of the old Mark Twain place. He had books, the proper equipment, and all the fixings before he even got on the skiis.

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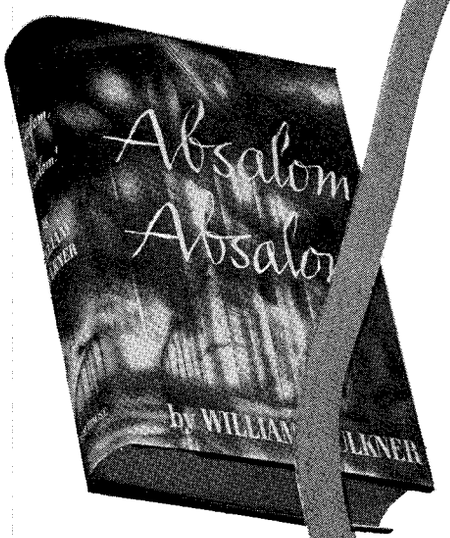

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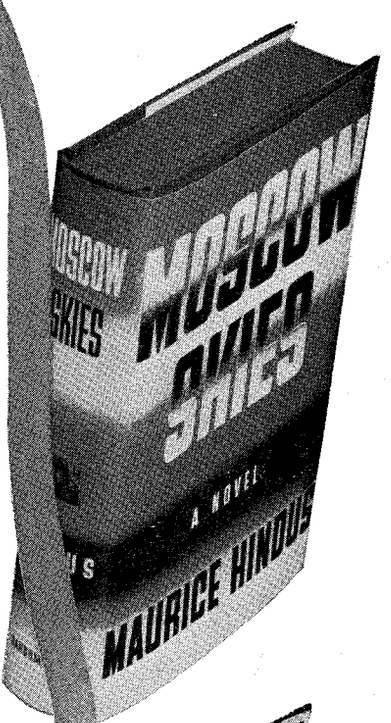

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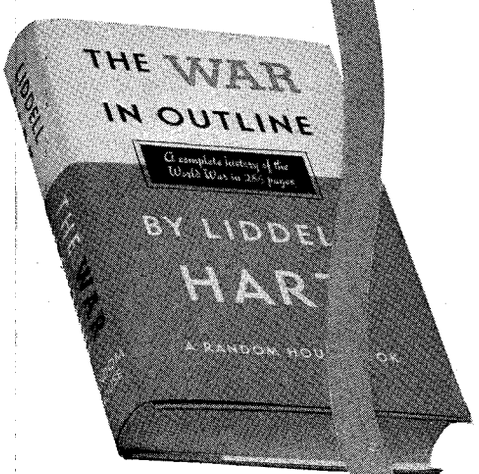

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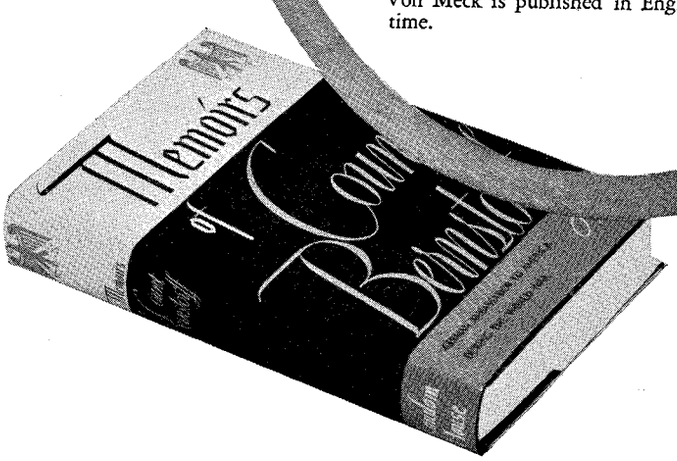

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His friends tell a story on him. At a meeting of heads of the departments of economics in the New York high schools last winter, the man who addressed the meeting announced that he would take up "Economics, B.C." To the astonished group of modern economists, he explained that it was necessary now to differentiate between the subject as it had been studied Before Chase, and After.

Gets What She Wants

While V. Sackville-West's *Saint Joan of Arc,* the October choice of the Literary Guild, is being widely read, a few notes come to hand about her.

"Has two sons and doesn't look it. One is at Oxford. Both have probably been raised in public schools, away from maternal interests. Mother was busy being first lady of Empire in Persia as wife of Minister Harold Nicolson during their childhood.

"Dominant passion is Knole, once residence of Archbishops of Canterbury, until surrendered to Henry VIII, given by Elizabeth to her cousin, Lord Treasurer Thomas Sackville. . . . Wrote a book on it called *Knole and the Sackvilles.* Her cousin Edward Sackville-West, author of recent biography of DeQuincey, *A Flame in the Sun,* lives there now. Knole in her childhood she portrayed in *The Edwardians.*

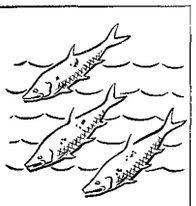
"Has friendly ease of all aristocrats, interested in people, as a diplomat's wife, knows how to handle them. . . . Hasn't the conceit usual with second-rate literary people, knows that she has written several first-rate novels, but it doesn't alarm her into thinking she's a genius. . . . Doesn't read novels, likes biography. Has traveled all over the world, is a true cosmopolitan. Hates London and all cities.

"Was largely self-educated on Knole's splendid library, Latinate father. Qualities she has (or seems to have) in common with Joan of Arc are: decisiveness, sense of leadership and air of authority, common sense, ruthlessness of purpose, honesty, ability to go after something, get it and come away satisfied with price which had to be paid for it, and vitality. Is not spoiled, but is a woman who gets what she wants, or else. She's a woman you wouldn't cross swords with in fun.

"Someone once wittily remarked that she'd be an excellent writer if she could forget she'd lived at Knole. In *Saint Joan of Arc* she probably does forget it. But it isn't true anyhow. Her best books have drawn heavily on her background."

The publishers' advance voting on the

The herring was the forefather



of the battleship

Much of England's sea power, from trawler to frigate, was built up through the growth of the herring fisheries.

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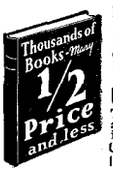

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check list of October books chosen by John Chamberlain and the Scribner editors, puts William Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* ahead of all others by at least three votes. James T. Farrell's *A World I Never Made,* three votes behind, took second place with the rest following along as indicated.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *Absalom, Absalom!* by William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50.

The author of *Sanctuary* tells the story of a Southern family from the time it settled in Tennessee, through the Civil War, till its final disintegration and ruination.

2. *A World I Never Made,* by James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.50.

The brilliant young writer whose *Studs Lonigan* is now almost a classic, more than comes up to expectations in this new novel.

3. *The Right to Heresy,* by Stefan Zweig. Viking. $3.

A philosophical biography by a man whose interpretations are always of first significance.

4. *Kit Brandon,* by Sherwood Anderson. Scribners. $2.50.

The long-awaited novel of a distinguished author tells the exciting story of a Southern mountain girl who ends up driving a bootleg truck.

5. *Death of a Man,* by Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

A strong novel of love and conflict between a young Austrian doctor and an American girl, set in the Austrian Tirol.

6. *The War Goes On,* by Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam. $3.

A writer of epics paints on another wide canvas a distinguished novel of post-war Germany.

7. *A Prayer for My Son,* by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

The present uneasiness of the English countryside shown in the dramatic story of a mother who gave her son to the wrong man to bring up.

8. *Green Margins,* by E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton-Mifflin. $2.50.

The first book to be published under the Houghton-Mifflin Literary Fellowship Awards, and the October Book-of-the-Month.

9. *The Unexpected Years,* by Laurence Housman. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

An unpretentious and charming autobiography by the author of *Victoria Regina* who is also the brother of A. E. Housman.

The New Caravan, Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld. Norton. $3.95.

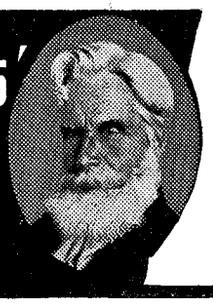
A pre-view of American literature. Hitherto unpublished work of authors who, the editors feel, will be famous in coming years.

10. *News from Tartary,* by Peter Fleming. Scribners. $3.

An adventurous trip from Peking to India.

(*continued on page 86*)

HAVELOCK ELLIS'
PSYCHOLOGY OF
SEX



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The Choice of a Mate
Preparation for Marriage
Fertility and Sterility
Divorce
Monogamy; Polygamy
The Nature of Birth Control
The Question of Abortion
Frequency of Coitus
The Sexual Athlete: Satyriasis; Nymphomania
Jealousy
Married Love
Psychoanalytic Concepts of Sex
Pre-marital Knowledge and Experience
Modesty; Nudism
Childbirth: Sex Life during Pregnancy; Immediately After
Sexual Feeling in Women
Sex Practice in Marriage
Methods and Technique of Coitus
Sexual Pleasure and Conception
Positions in Coitus
Sex Life and Nervous Disorders
Sexual Difficulties
Freud's "Unconscious"; "Libido"
The Art of Love
Dreams: Their Significance
Sex Life of Unmarried Adults
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Sexual Adjustments
Sex Happiness
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Winter Fiction Number

THE December issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE will be the largest published in recent years, the present schedule calling for 128 pages with 12 to 16 pages in color.

An outstanding feature will be the *Holiday Book Section,* with a leading article by John Chamberlain, an article on children's books, check lists for help in Christmas book buying, and gossip from the writing front.

Stories by Paul Corey, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Albert Maltz, and others. As a "Scribner's Presents" story, we are publishing *Ring in My Hand* — the like of which you have never read — by Donald Wayne. And you will find Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's story about a Florida mule named Snort one of the funniest stories ever printed.

Among the articles will be:

The Decline of the Male, by Thomas Uzzell and V. E. LeRoy, who show with facts and figures how today's world turns on a woman's word. . . . A new publisher, David Stern, is abroad in the land — like Hearst and unlike him — building newspapers in a way never done before — a full-length portrait. . . . *Mrs. Ralph Borsodi* says that most women can earn more money for their families in the home than they can working in an office — and proves it. Also *I Can't Write as I Choose* — a professional writer's experiences. . . . *The Motorist Girds for War* — an account of the millions of dollars in highway funds being illegally diverted . . . and *Literature of Today and Tomorrow* — the second of two articles by Mary Colum.

In January — The Anniversary Issue, *containing the outstanding stories and articles of the past fifty years — with contemporary illustrations by Rockwell Kent, Will James, and others.*

Great Laughter, by Fannie Hurst. Harpers. $2.50.

Sympathetic and compelling story of a matriarch and her family. The motion-picture rights were sold from galley proof for $100,000.

Sagittarius Rising, by Cecil Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

A story of the *Personal History, Way of the Transgressor* type, by a young man who was a British ace at seventeen, Senior Flight Commander at twenty, and adventuring aviator in China at twenty-two.

Nijinsky's Diary, edited by Romola Nijinsky. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

A tragic, agonizingly sensitive life, described by the man who lived it.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that two books tied for ninth place and four books for tenth.

. . . that Houghton-Mifflin gets first place for sportsmanship in this vote, being the only publisher to check only one out of three of their own books on the list.

. . . that nearly every publisher checks at least one Scribner book, and that for that reason we demote the Scribner books several steps in the ladder.

. . . that several publishers apparently misunderstood that they were free to *substitute* but not to add to the list, for obvious reasons. We, ourselves, could add, indefinitely. The problem is to eliminate. If we have chosen badly, we are glad to run corrections in the form of substitutions, but we cannot include every apple of every publisher's eye.

. . . that since there may have been misunderstanding on this point we make exception in this issue and note:

. . . that Dodd Mead added *The Old Ashburn Place,* by Margaret Flint, *The Best Plays of 1935-36,* edited by Burns Mantle, and *Fifty Years of American Golf,* by H. B. Martin.

. . . that Knopf added *The French Quarter,* by Herbert Asbury.

. . . that Putnam felt that the English translation of Georges Duhamel's *Salavin* should be added.

. . . that Random House added *The War in Outline,* by Liddell Hart, and *World Politics, 1918–1936,* by R. Palme Dutt.

. . . that Reynal and Hitchcock added *Pascal: The Life of Genius,* by Morris Bishop.

. . . that Viking added *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence.*

*

In the Christmas number a special book section will include summaries of the best poetry of the year, the best children's books of the year, with suggestions for a library for children; the best in detective stories, and the usual reviews and notes to help with ideas for that Christmas list.

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The Antioch Experiment

(*continued from page* 59)

the cooperative plan, however, has been steadily towards the individualization of education to suit the individual's proved interests and abilities, and the required-course program has come in for severe criticism on this score. Some modifications in the requirements have already been made, and other changes will probably follow.

When Antioch was reorganized in 1921 there was no required "major"; it was felt that the student would specialize sufficiently through his industrial experience. This plan did not prove feasible, and the requirement that every student select an individual "field of concentration" was adopted in 1926. The field of concentration is like a major in that it demands specialization, but is more flexible in its requirements and frequently cuts across departmental lines.

Antioch's autonomous, or self-directed, courses of study for upperclassmen belong to that genre of honors courses and tutorial systems tried with varying effect elsewhere. They represent a serious and admittedly not altogether successful attempt on the part of the college to encourage its students in the habit of intellectual responsibility and the ability to work alone.

As first tried out in 1926 and 1927, the autonomous plan cut all Antioch classes of sophomore rank and above to one meeting a week. With this amount of guidance, the student was supposed to be able to do the rest by himself. Teachers began to discover, however, that this régime was too Spartan for the majority; and gradually some of the original class sessions were restored, with attendance optional. Syllabi were made more elaborate and more explicit in course content.

Autonomy, though modified, has not disappeared. The spirit of the instruction is more informal and more mature in tone. Instructors have tended to work out the teaching method best suited to their own abilities — lecturing for some, a method more closely approaching the tutorial for others. As the system now stands, it supplies the usual academic props for those who want props, and leaves the others — a "disappointingly small number," said one teacher — free to work independently. But perhaps the number of those who want and are able to work independently is always small. Some students find autonomy stimulating. Others find it merely confusing.

The chief question Antioch College must answer about autonomy today is whether it is giving the students enough stimulation to take full advantage of the opportunities it offers. Can independent thinking be encouraged by any device of organization, or must it spring from an imparted attitude? How long does it take to build such an attitude? Imperfect as it is, the autonomous plan is one step in the direction of intellectual adulthood, and the Antioch faculty in general would be sorry to give it up.

When Antioch was reorganized, the conventional type of student government was instituted. Joined to this was the honor system, and the group solidarity of a band of pioneers. In time the pioneering complex wore off, but it left the feeling of group solidarity behind it. "Student" government became "community" government, with a proportionate increase in scope. It includes faculty representation as well as student, and now regulates such important matters as the campus social life, standards of student conduct, safety regulations, and the college bookstore.

Social and extracurriculum activity is probably as extensive at Antioch College as it is anywhere, but it has not developed in the direction of expensiveness, varsity athletics, or the fraternity-sorority spirit. It is essentially a group life, and it is essentially adult.

Supplementing the three years of physical education required in the curriculum, which emphasize skill in individual sports as well as in team games, is the Antioch system of intramural athletics, in which nearly 90 per cent of the students, both men and women, voluntarily participate. Intercollegiate football was abolished by vote of the Antioch student body in 1929, on the basis of expense, the difficulty of working it in with the cooperative program, and the superiority of the intramural system.

All of these separate ventures, more or less successful, are, however, but parts of the main Antioch educational aim: to produce a finer pattern of living. Whether or not Antioch is succeeding in this aim is not for the institution itself to appraise. It is a goal particularly unsusceptible to statistical proof; and certainly no such goal can be reached in the short space of fifteen years.

Perhaps the most subtle change in Antioch during these fifteen years of finding herself has been in the temper of the student body and of the faculty. While the attitude of critical inquiry has always obtained, the spirit in the early days was one of eager reform, of almost complete absorption in the things that were actually being accomplished.

This "pioneer" eagerness — and sometimes blindness — has now passed. At the breathing point of these first fifteen years, Antioch realizes that the work has barely begun and that the test of strength is yet to come. Potentially, her brightest history lies before her; her place in American education will depend on what she will do in the next fifteen years, rather than the past.

•

Scribner's Presents

(*see page* 44)

THE AUTHOR:

Jerome Bahr doesn't fit into any of the easy classifications applied to writers on their way to the top. He says he's no proletarian because he has never been a dishwasher. "The globe trotters and adventurers won't claim me either, because the best I can offer in the way of foreign travel is a trip to Canada. I have no hobbies, have never gone native, and have not even starved successfully. My boyhood was uneventful, and my high-school days were wasted on sports."

Mr. Bahr later attended a state university and worked as a reporter in the Middle West. He is now living, temporarily, in New York. He says that for a year he managed a heavyweight boxer, and at another time took care of an insane man. "The job was pleasant enough, but one day he coaxed me into Macy's, and before I could stop him he had bought a map of the world and a motor boat. I was fired the next day."

THE ILLUSTRATOR:

To illustrate Mr. Bahr's story SCRIBNER'S *selected George Shellhase, a young artist who is gaining recognition as a water colorist. He has done cartoons and spot drawings for other publications, and has illustrated a few articles. This is his first work in the illustration of fiction. Subjects which usually appeal to him are distinctly American, such as corners in restaurants, grog shops, Coney Island, backstage in night-clubs and theaters, and the like. His post-office address is New Canaan, Connecticut, and he manages to steal time off from work occasionally just to go up there and see how things are going.*

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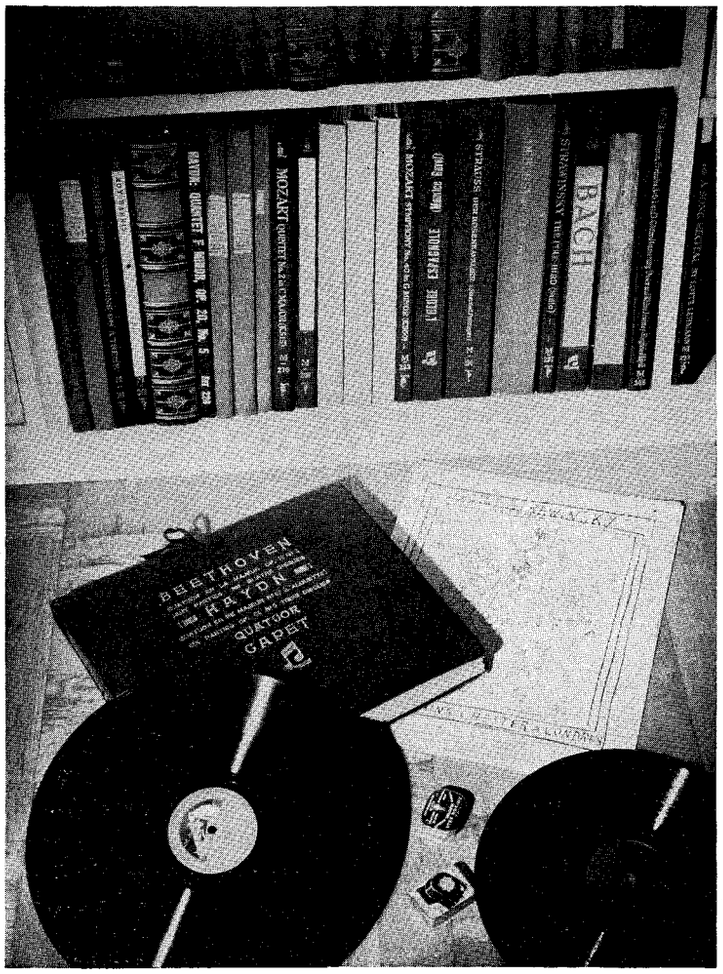

OTTO HESS

Wanted: Fifty Titles for a Record Library

RICHARD GILBERT

THERE seems to be no let-up in the flow of splendid recordings of masterworks. Record reviewers in all honesty find themselves urging, at the end of their reviews, "Give *this* work a prominent place in your collection of discs." The impecunious collector reads and tears his hair. When so many are desirable, what recordings should the Average Man choose for his own home collection?

An anthology of records such as that contained in the sumptuous *Music Set,* given to schools and colleges through the benevolence of the Carnegie Corporation (about which more later), would prove a precious adornment for any home. But until something more workable than the Townsend Plan comes through, whereby music lovers of all ages may insure for themselves a great variety of Utopian blessings, I am afraid many listeners must be content with something less than a five-foot shelf of records.

The question has been raised frequently as to which type of music will best stand constant repetition such as the phonograph offers, and thus be the most satisfactory investment. Without debating the comparative merits of classic, romantic, and contemporary music—a discussion as interminable as the currently popular one of defining "swing"—I believe that in the formation of individual and trustworthy tastes it is necessary for the listener to approach each style and period with as open a mind as possible.

Letters to this column from new enthusiasts have occasionally requested a list of recordings, about fifty, the possession of which would guarantee their owner a fair yardstick by which to measure his own tastes and experiences. With such a collection to serve as a nucleus for a library, surely the listener will acquire catholicity of taste and the ability to choose for himself other works, the constant repetition of which will not become wearisome.

For many newcomers a list of superlative recordings, selected from all the catalogues, covering in the best possible manner all of the important forms and styles of music, would prove of immense value. While those of us whose good fortune it has been to have heard practically all of the records published during the past decade should have little difficulty in compiling an anthology of fifty highly desirable works, I cannot resist the temptation of giving experienced phonophiles an opportunity of expressing their preferences. Hence, a contest. The foremost phonograph concerns have obligingly donated a number of opulent prizes. Obliging also are the gentlemen whose names you will find in an adjacent box, who have consented to act as judges. Here are the details of the contest:

List *fifty* works which, in your opinion, would form the best nucleus for a comprehensive library of recorded music—a library representing the various peaks of musical art presented by interpretations and reproductions that you feel are the finest available today. List them under *composers* whose names will follow alphabetically. List each item in the following manner:

Brahms: *Symphony No. 1 in C minor.* Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor set No. M301. Five discs.

It is not necessary to show the development of musical forms; nor yet to make your selections conform with a definite outline of musical history. Symphonies, concertos, sonatas, suites, tone-poems, chamber works, instrumental solo pieces, and the like should be treated as complete works. Operas, whether represented by complete recordings or miscellaneous discs of excerpts, may be

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listed under a single title as one work. Songs may be listed as individual works or under the title (as one work) of a cycle or collection in which they may appear. The number of discs required for a given work does not matter. The judges will be influenced, however, by the list—in their opinion the best—which requires the least number of discs.

Mail your lists, together with your name, address, and occupation to Record Contest Editor, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City, not later than December 10, 1936. The winners of the prizes will be notified by telegram before December 25, 1936. The February issue of SCRIBNER'S will contain the first- and second-prize lists, as well as editorial comment on the contest.

The New Records

Apart from the fact that both works are based on ancient Greek literature, there seems no reason to bracket Gluck's *Orphée et Eurydice* and Darius Milhaud's *L'Orestie d'Eschyle*. Yet the appearance of music from both works on Columbia's list this month prompts me to point out that the problems of finding a perfect balance between drama and music have been prevalent for centuries, and probably are no nearer a completely satisfactory solution now than in the days of Sophocles and Æschylus. A number of masterful strokes of good fortune have occurred since Peri's trail-blazing *Euridice* (*c.* 1600). Gluck's *Orphée* is one. Mozart, Rossini, Bizet, Verdi, Wagner, Moussorgsky, Debussy, and Berg accounted for others. The musical declamation of each line of dialogue in the plays of the ancient Greeks originally brought up the question of the *naturalness* of the combination of music and drama. Hence for several thousand years composers have been shifting the operatic center of gravity, now in favor of music, again to the side of drama.

Gluck's works occupy a rare layer in the operatic stratosphere. His talents and reputation as a reformer of eighteenth-century opera are widely appreciated by historians and critics, but his music is more honored in books than in performance. *Orphée* had an airing at the Metropolitan as recently as last spring. The less said about it the better. The recorded production, published about a year ago by Pathé in Paris, restores permanently the greater part of a work that does not depend upon scenic effects and wire-suspended Cupids for complete enjoyment.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is well known. Alice Raveau, as the lyrist, provides the finest example of contralto singing in an extended recording I have heard. She infuses the part with dignity and delicacy, bringing out the character of Orpheus as "not merely a plaintive human being, but also a symbol of the singer's most exalted art transcending all that is personal." Orpheus's music

Scribner's Recorded Music Contest

First prize: RCA Victor "Higher Fidelity" Electric Phonograph, Electrola Model R-99.

Second prize: *Columbia History of Music by Ear and Eye, Vols. I, II, III, IV;* Bach: *Art of the Fugue* (Columbia set No. 206); Bach: *Six Brandenburg Concertos* (Columbia sets Nos. 249 and 250).*

Third prize: Wagner: *Die Walküre, Act I* (Victor set No. M298).*

Fourth prize: Gluck: *Orpheus* (Columbia Operatic set No. 15).*

Five additional prizes: *The Gramophone Shop's Encyclopedia of Recorded Music.*

THE JUDGES

Roy Harris, composer.

R. D. Darrell, editor of the *Encyclopedia of Recorded Music.*

Arthur Mendel, critic; author of the chapter, "The Early Twentieth Century," in Pratt's *The History of Music* (1935 edition).

Peter Hugh Reed, critic; editor of *The American Music Lover,* a record review.

Richard Gilbert.

** Should winners desire other recordings, the donors will be glad to offer any selection of an equivalent list value.*

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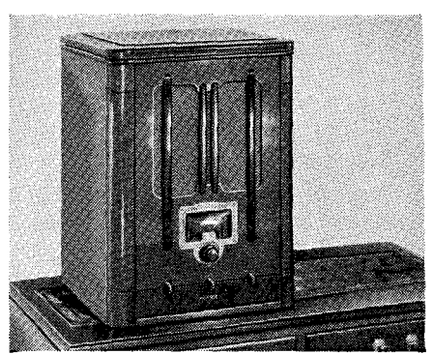

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charms the Furies; Mme. Raveau convinces us of it. If the Eurydice of Germaine Feraldy and the Cupid of Jany Delille fail to achieve the heroic proportions of Mme. Raveau's magnificent characterization, some of the fault must be placed at Gluck's door, for he gave to Orpheus exquisite and eloquent music. The work of the chorus and orchestra, under Henri Tomasi's direction, is superb. The recording obscures nothing. (Columbia Operatic set No. 15—eight discs.)

Gluck's reforms were accepted blandly if not unhesitatingly by his contemporary listeners. I would not attempt to place Milhaud on the same plane as the composer of *Orphée,* but he also is a revolutionist. Except through the medium of the phonograph, his works are rarely heard in America. They come under the heading of "debatable music." However, the more one becomes familiar with Milhaud's music—his emancipated system of harmony, his lyric aptitude, and exceptional command of technical resource—the more one becomes convinced that he possesses unusually fecund gifts, and should create some of the outstanding works of our epoch. Perhaps he has already done so.

The fragments from his incidental music to Æschylus's trilogy—*Agamemnon, Choephorae,* and *The Eumenides*—contained on the two records (Columbia set No. X64) made by soloists, the Antwerp Coecilia Chorus, and orchestra, under the direction of Louis de Vocht, are difficult to identify because the score is not obtainable here. No explanatory leaflet accompanies the set. The first record contains a *Vocifération funèbre* and *Libation* from *Les Choéphores.* These excerpts concern themselves with that part of the tragedy wherein Electra and the Choephorae offer libations at the tomb of Agamemnon. The first side of the second disc, *Exhortation et conclusion,* depicting the appearance of Orestes with the murdered body of his mother, Clytemnestra, and his subsequent flight from the Furies, projects a magnificent piece of ultra-dramatic declamation by Clare Croiza, accompanied by a curious and highly effective instrumentation of stage noises and a chorus all alive with the gruesome implications of the text. This passage represents Milhaud's most daring experiment with instruments of percussion employed together with combinations of whistling winds, human groans, and cries of despair. The *Processional* at the conclusion of the last play of Æschylus's trilogy, *The Eumenides,* for chorus, completes the excerpts. I feel reasonably certain, despite Milhaud's daring use of polytonality, that for anyone familiar with Æschylus's plays, this tumid music must convey something of the redundance and efflorescence we have been told the Greek language possessed, and which the more temperate languages of today cannot hope to follow. In setting Paul Claudel's translations to music, Milhaud copes with age-old problems, trying out new technical resources, but he has been successful, I think you will agree, in matching Æschylus's gory lines of violence and vengeance.

The reproduction is only fair, having been made early in 1930.

Miscellanea

With the advent of a new Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York season in mind, Victor releases an extraordinarily fine recording of Mozart's piano *Concerto in E-flat* (*K482*), the accompaniment to Edwin Fischer's playing of which is conducted by John Barbirolli, soon to undertake the precarious task of succeeding Arturo Toscanini (Victor set No. M316). . . . Also slated to conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony is Georges Enesco, Roumanian composer-pianist-violinist-conductor, teacher of Yehudi Menuhin. The *Sonata No. 3 in A Minor* of this versatile musician is played rapturously by Mr. Menuhin and his talented young sister, Hepzibah. A work of no great depth, it nevertheless holds much of interest, especially in its reflection of gypsy music and folk-like rhythms (Victor set No. M318).

Swing recommendations: *Sugar Foot Stomp,* by Artie Shaw's Orchestra (Brunswick 7735). The introduction smacks curiously of themes in Darius Milhaud's 1923 jazz ballet, *La Création du Monde* (Columbia 68094/95). *Bluin' the Blues, Tiger Rag,* and *Clarinet Marmalade:* classics from the early twenties played by the boys—Nick La Rocca, trumpet, and Larry Shields, clarinet—who started it all, the Original Dixieland Band, augmented here by a newly formed and snappy ensemble (Victor 25403 and 25411). *My Melancholy Baby,* by Teddy Wilson, superb swing pianist, and his orchestra (Brunswick 7729). *In a Jam* and *Uptown Downbeat:* the incomparable poly-timbres of Ellington's band instrumentating two new but not first-rate Ellington miniatures (Brunswick 7734). The Benny Goodman Quartet—clarinet, vibraphone, piano, and traps—continue the chamber music of swing with *Dinah* and *Moon Glow* (Victor 25398).

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Cruising the Avenue

KATHERINE KENT

LEAF the pages of history for glamorous military highs and you have the key to the season's intriguingly contrasted fashions for formals.

Empire waistlines and sinuous, contour-revealing silhouettes. Molded bodices, skirts full from the waist, panel backs, and the deep square neckline of the let-them-eat-cake period. Slit skirts, camisole tops, and peplum treatments reminiscent of "Over There." Then there's the "Gone With the Wind" influence — stiffened hems, demure waists, devastating décolletage, and posies to wear above innocent, wide-eyed expressions. Add a dash of good Queen Bess, a flicker of Castillian, and you will have skimmed the main circuit.

But in no sense have we a period season repining the past. Rather, here are influences cunningly knit to the modern temper. Nor are they without common factors: trim waists *important;* sweeping back hemline, fine detail, and the liberty to choose what does most for your figure and psyche.

*

Net, that paragon of packing fabric, with its twin in comfort — lace, finds all sorts of new expressions this year. Best's has a blithe little model threaded with a silver flower pattern all through it. It's smooth-fitting, from its winged heart-shape top, to the hips, where the skirt begins its flare to the stiffened hemline. A taffeta slip comes with it to keep you sleekly swishing. And now for a glimpse at the dinner dress that you'll buy for an extra (because the budget can give you no back talk about it) and wear as a special for the compliments it nets you. A sheath of transparent velvet from neck to toe, with circular fullness below the knees, swirling to the merest suggestion of a train. The waistline is empire, and the sleeves are slashed from elbow to shoulder, revealing contrasting velvet that's repeated fleetingly at the waist front. American beauty is used on black, gold on royal blue, and my pet (which is saying a lot for one who shies wide of the purple tones) is fuchsia on violet blue. Stay out in the rain in it (if you must) with impunity, for the velvet is processed by Neva-Wet. Nineteen ninety-five. The net threaded in silver on white, green, royal, and black is thirty-nine ninety-five.

A little farther up the Avenue you'll find a net, tiered in horizontal velvet bands and flaring beautifully. The flattering low square neck, little puff sleeves, and narrow skirt bandings are just right for you tall ones threatened by the long-line, wide-hem mood. Lord and Taylor's, forty-nine ninety-five.

At Wanamaker's (New York and Philadelphia, too) there's a white hammered satin for the slim figure, a gem for that perfect simplicity which means infinite care in the fashioning. A deep "V" forms the neck, flat roping of tiny gold and crystal beads outlines the high empire waist and armlines. Skirt fullness is all to the back, kept slim and smooth by a sweeping inset panel. Thirty-nine seventy-five.

In the same period feeling, but designed for the maturer figure, is a black Crush-Less velvet that comes with its own directoire jewels of rhinestone. The sheath silhouette widens gracefully; straps form the shoulder. In Crystelle satin there is a gracious affair with full back panel, bodice draped sashwise, and above it broad shoulder straps to square the neck. In platinum, provence blue, and grape for forty-nine seventy-five. The velvet, sixty-five dollars.

Blistered lace (new this season) makes

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a dinner dress that will give you an indispensable standby. A deep "V" neck, ample shoulder coverage, princess lines that widen at the right places, and elbow sleeves shirred to the shoulders — in all, a boon to hips that want slenderizing. Plum or wine at forty-nine seventy-five.

*

For those less formal moments after sundown that promise invitingly to lengthen into the "must dress" hours, the Avenue awaits you with *double-duty* affairs that are no longer compromise measures but right in themselves.

Witness the black taffeta and velvet sketched. The full wide skirt, banded in velvet, sweeps upward in narrowing lines to the close-fitting gown bodice that's caught at the jeweled breast-clasp by a velvet band which loops the neck. The high-at-the-collar, button-to-the-waist jacket is Lyons velvet, seductively demure, reassuringly smart with its squarish shoulders and little flared peplum. It's at Wanamaker's in New York and Philadelphia, and can be had for just under fifty.

From Lord and Taylor's comes the lace double-duty sketched. Slim, assured. Narrow velvet bands emphasize the notched lapels of the jacket and the skirtline, and form shoulder straps for the gown. Thirty-nine ninety-five.

A heavy imported thread lace (to be had in red and white, as well as black) makes a jacket and gown that will take you reveling or keep you in smart not-too-formal distinction as the occasion demands. Deep "V's" scalloped out of the lace make the waist different; insets assure princess lines where fitting is needed, while stiffening emphasizes the sweep of the hemline. An inspired frame-the-face collar gives the very modern wide-shouldered jacket an indispensable old-world air. At Bonwit Teller's Débutante Shop, thirty-nine seventy-five.

*

For entrance and exit you'll simply have to have one of the new wraps. Handsome lamés, sumptuous upholstery-type fabrics claim the field with velvets, while faille and bengaline silks, velveteens, and broadcloth call for increasing recognition.

For stark simplicity and well-bred line, there's a Vionnet copy at Lord and Taylor's. Black broadcloth, of course. Notched lapels vanishing to the double-breasted closing at the waist, squared shoulders, slender bodylines with just enough sweep at the back to take the rear fullness of your evening gown. Forty-five dollars.

If it's velvet you're searching for, here are two suggestions: Before you leave Lord and Taylor's have a look at the collarless model with round melon-sleeves that enhance by contrast its svelte long lines. The wrap is innocent of trimming other than self-corded bands that border the neck, cross at the shoulders, then descend to the waist, marking trimly the deep armlines. Just under forty dollars. At Best's see the crush-resisting velvet wrap with the mitten collar of ermine. It's everything it should be in clean, good line with close sleeves boxed at the shoulders in a new treatment. The ermine frames the face flatteringly, and the little space in it reserved for fingers adds a new delight. Seventy-five dollars.

The knee-length evening coat in the free-and-easy mood is with us again, and simple to find. Mostly velveteens and quilted velvets. Sequin boleros and snug jackets to add lustre and rival the night's gaiety abound in a wide choice of styles and colors — white, chalky pastels, bronze, silver, gold and, inevitably, black.

Just one last stop now for velveteen in a full-length wrap, and that stop is at Altman's. Goupy thought up the idea upon which this consciously directoire wrap is fashioned. It models the figure firmly, widening as it reaches the floor. The stand-up collar and broad lapels are stitched row upon row; a jeweled button marks the waistline. Not an ordinary velveteen, this, but processed by Neva-Wet to rout the elements. In bright colors and in black at thirty-nine seventy-five.

*

Can you, dare you, wear any or all of the new colors?

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Dorothy Gray is not so sanguine. She asks you to proceed on your color hunt with caution. She will give you a salon consultation (gratis), during which you may try out samples of the new shades, choosing those that do best by your skin tones and natural coloring. She'll show you the make-up that's *right* for you, and which you can depend upon equally for good days and the just so-so ones.

Lest you take Elizabeth Arden's affirmative too literally, let me hasten to add that it holds good only when you vary your make-up with skill. Arden has a new wrinkle to steer you straight. At any of her counters over the country you'll find capes in sixteen important new colors. Slip the cape of your choice around your shoulders, consult her new color-harmony chart, and the make-up secret for that shade is yours.

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Transparent velvet kerchief caught in triangular folds by clips makes the new wrist bag for dancing. Its twin winds the head. At Bonwit Teller's. There, too, the evening bag with flat metal base and sides jewel-ornamented.

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